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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1885.

THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XXV.

MADAME VANDELEUR'S IMPRESSION OF LONDON.

AND what of Madame Vandeleur? Well, it has been seen that the little woman had, at any rate, contrived to carry out one part of her project, as announced to her husband that summer's evening on her father's farm upon the Beauport slopes.

Madame had determined to come to London, and to London she had come.

Now, were it possible to stretch out a tale to the length of nine volumes, as was done by a few notable pioneers of fiction in the days of our great-grandfathers, it would be possible to follow more closely the history of the Vandeleur family, and to find a good deal of interest in that history, too. Seeing, however, that the remainder of this story must relate principally to events which occurred many years later than those of the last chapter, it will be necessary to take our friends' intervening experiences at flying leaps—touching only upon such as may be requisite to a clear understanding of the events in question.

Still, so far as Madame Vandeleur is concerned, we must begin at the beginning, to the extent, at least, of giving a brief account of the first few weeks after her arrival in London, as, also, of recording her earliest impressions of the city.

From a fellow-passenger, who had come across with her in the same vessel from Canada, Madame had obtained the address of a boarding-house—the proprietress of which was accustomed to vertise herself as familiar with the French tongue.

The boarding-house was situated near Sten

although Marie's informant—a French Canadian like herself—acknowledged that he had not personally tested its recommendations, he had, he declared, heard it well spoken of, and knew the terms to be eminently reasonable.

At Madame's request, her obliging acquaintance had written down for her the directions of this establishment, and on arriving at the North-Western terminus (she had brought her family straight on from the Liverpool docks), Marie handed it to a hackney-coach driver, with the inquiry: "Know dat house, you?" During her voyage—throughout which she had happily escaped sea-sickness—Madame had diligently applied herself to picking up as many English words as she could, and the above sentence was the proud result.

Intimating, with a smile at the foreign accent, that though he did not exactly know the house, he was well acquainted with the district wherein it was situated, the driver set off with his fares.

For fifteen minutes he was suffered to proceed in peace along the crowded, bewildering streets, broad and narrow, of that huge forest of brick and mortar—a forest which, to the strangers, seemed more formidable in the sameness of its features, more labyrinthine and perplexing even than those lonely primeval glades of straight-stemmed spruce, those dense, interminable woods that had closed around their old home. At the end of fifteen minutes, Madame tapped importunately at the window-pane, and put out her head to remonstrate. She had heard that London was a big place; but surely, by this time, they must have been carried from one end of it to the other! Had not the driver lost his way? Was he not going over the same ground again? In reply to these voluble utterances (in her excitement Madame had reverted to French), the good-humoured man held up the address which had been confided to him, and nodded reassuringly.

Madame Vandeleur resumed her seat. But, when another ten minutes had gone, she felt constrained to repeat her anxious interrogations. The result was the same. Then the little woman gave it up. With her face directed towards the window, she sat and gazed out—watching the streaming crowds hurrying this way and that, past the vast waste of houses and shops—noting how the streets ran into and across one another, in a confusing maze and tangle, like a monstrous, impossible puzzle-map—until, by-and-by, she began to feel that the whole thing was fearful. Paul and the children, astonished, likewise, by all they saw, chatted together with frequent interjections of excitement and interest. But of their talk and their presence alike, Marie had now grown oblivious.

By degrees, as the cab rattled on and on, for fully an hour, she became oppressed and, in the end, utterly crushed. Could wishing have done it, the whole family would have found itself at this juncture transported back to the forest wilds of Canada. For once in her life, in the first opening of this new experience, Madame repented her of what she had done. The crowds appalled ; the city humbled her. She felt like a monarch self-deposed and discrowned. She who had reigned over her little community at home—to whom consequence and power were as the breath of her nostrils—who had fancied herself born to rule anywhere—what was she here, in London ? Who was *she* in the midst of this teeming, uncountable populace ? A slight, dark-eyed, pale-faced, insignificant little woman, who did not even know the language of those around her ! With a stunning shock, Madame realised the truth—she was nobody ! nobody !

That drive was dreadful to poor Marie, and so, though in a gradually lessening degree, was the week that followed. Crushed, humiliated, yet, at the same time, filled with amazement and awe, the little woman freely exposed herself to these novel impressions and sensations.

Leaving Paul, whose curiosity respecting the great capital was easily satisfied, to stroll about with the two children in the neighbourhood of the boarding-house, Madame would betake herself alone to various places of interest, remaining away the whole day, but never, despite her ignorance of the language, losing herself or getting into any sort of difficulty. She visited St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, &c., and probably no one was ever much more impressed by these stupendous monuments of antiquity than was this little unlettered Canadian woman, with her keen perceptions and powerfully imaginative sensibilities.

But it was, perhaps, in those great thoroughfares where the mighty tide of humanity flowed in such unbroken continuity, that Madame Vandeleur found her strongest fascination. Creeping into a doorway wherever she could find one suited to her purpose, she would stand there for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time, watching the ceaseless stream go by. And the end of all this was that Madame grew intoxicated with London. The sublimity of its vastness, the overwhelmingness of its population, stole into the little woman's soul and possessed it. She began to love the huge city with a love that grew more passionate and absorbing day by day, and week by week. Here was life, movement, excitement ! Vitality at its highest pitch, energy with its keenest edge on ! Here Madame felt that she could live and breathe. Now that she had gathered

herself up from the dust of abasement into which she had at first been flung, she would not for worlds have changed her present situation for her past. Better to struggle for bare existence amidst all this surging life, than to sway her facile sceptre in that stagnant unknown corner of the globe. Besides, even here, why should she not rise to the surface of the stream? There were those that did. There was a section of this vast community that floated at ease above the rest, like oil on the restless heaving waves below. They were the people who inhabited those massive houses in the great West End squares, who drove in those magnificent equipages—for whom all the unimaginable luxuries and refinements of those splendid shops were designed. And what kept them afloat there? *Gold*. Marie had answered the question for herself thus by the force of her own unaided observation. As yet, she knew and had heard little of the higher caste of rank. Wealth, she had concluded, was the open-sesame to distinction of all sorts. For wealth, accordingly, Madame began to pant. All these hurrying crowds were seeking in their own ways for a portion of the great boon, ready to snatch at it wherever they could find it. Madame was eager to be off, too, on the quest, although she knew not yet which way to direct her course. She felt like a racehorse held in from starting, but she felt, too, that she had it in her to turn out a winner, if only she could get a fair start.

Here, however, was the rub. How was she to get that start? Madame had recognised that “if money go before, all ways lie open.” Money, therefore, she must have—*must make*—but how? Already this clever little woman, in the light of her large ambition, had learned to regard the two thousand pounds, which had once seemed to her so huge a fortune, as a mere nest-egg—the foundation on which the grand superstructure must be laid. As a beginning, that capital was of immense importance; but how to set about utilising and multiplying it? This was the question to which Madame felt she must now bend every faculty of her mind. And one thing, at all events, had already become clear to her through her observant wanderings, viz., that, for an answer to this question, she had not come to the right quarter of the city. All around her temporary abode in the East, Marie found a throng of busy “toilers and moilers,” who, with all their efforts, seemed only able to keep body and soul together. At the opposite end of the town, on the other hand, were those who, whilst they apparently neither sowed nor reaped, yet gathered in a plentiful harvest of gain. Marie felt that she must go to that end of the metropolis and try to learn the secret of its

inhabitants. She must live in that quarter whither the tide of prosperity flowed—if she was herself to float on its sunlit surface—not in that from whence it ebbed.

Accordingly, in less than three weeks from the date of their arrival in London, this adventurous little woman and her family took another long drive through its bustling highways and byeways. But, as there never can be more than one “first time” for any experience, the impressions produced upon this occasion, even on Madame Vandeleur’s perceptive mind, were of a distinctly weakened quality.

When the hired coach, which had brought the little party away from the Stepney Green boarding-house, came to a halt, it was in front of another boarding-house, of so decidedly superior an aspect that Paul drew back in dismay, and it required an exertion of Madame’s marital authority to induce him to enter its portals. Poor Paul! he had found the establishment they had just quitted quite fashionable enough for him. The terms of that establishment had been sixteen shillings a week, “inclusive,” for Marie and himself, whilst the children had been taken at half price. The “company” had consisted of a retired publican and his wife, two young ladies engaged at a draper’s shop in the vicinity, a superannuated police officer, and a lady who had once occupied the position of cook in a nobleman’s family, and who considered herself a very aristocratic person indeed. This new boarding-house was in Wardour Street, a street which in those days was held in much higher estimation than at present, and Madame, after driving a sharp bargain with its conductress, had agreed to pay the sum of five pounds a week for the family. Such an expenditure appeared to Paul the height of reckless extravagance, and he wondered how his wife dared venture upon it. What was there that Madame dared *not* venture upon, so long as such venturing seemed right or wise in her eyes?

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WARDOUR STREET BOARDING-HOUSE.

IN advertising herself as conversant with French, Mrs. Groves, proprietress of that select establishment in Stepney Green, had not deceived the public. Her first husband (she had long mourned loss of her second in perennial weeds of rusty black)

French gentleman, whose profession had been that of hair-cutter and perfumer, and from him she had acquired a knowledge of the language. Probably during the ten years since she had opened her boarding-house, she had never before been called upon to exercise that knowledge, but on the advent of the Vandeleurs it had come in extremely useful, especially as regarded Paul and the children, to whom Mrs. Groves had proved very kind.

The hostess in Wardour Street, by name Mrs. Campbell-Browne, was, also, a widow. Her late husband—so, at least, she averred—had been a physician. From some former boarder, however, who professed a knowledge of facts, a tradition had been handed on through successive occupants of the house, to the effect that the defunct “Brown” (without the e) had been a country shopkeeper, who sold groceries over one counter and drugs over the other.

Be that as it may, his relict was a very distinguished-looking personage. Tall and remarkably portly, she wore, as a rule, robes of handsome brocaded silk, which rustled imposingly as she moved.

Like Mrs. Groves, she, too, claimed to speak French. But whether it was on account of her French being (as she declared it to be) “purely Parisian,” or on account of these new guests speaking a Canadian dialect, the effect of any attempt to interchange remarks in that language was as though each was addressing the other in High Dutch.

Had Mrs. Campbell-Browne kept to English, Madame, at any rate, would have found her more intelligible. If, for instance, she had made in her own tongue the observation, “I trust that you will find this house all it has hitherto been pronounced by high-class referees,” Madame would have echoed politely, “Dis house? Yees, yees,” to show that to the extent, at all events, of those two words, she had been able to follow the remark. When, however, the words in question were rendered by “Setty maeesong,” which was a fair sample of Mrs. Campbell-Browne’s Parisian French, all that Madame could do was to shake her head and glance inquiringly at Paul, who shook his in return with a highly lugubrious and dejected air.

Among their fellow-boarders, howbeit, the pair were to prove more fortunate ; for, as it turned out, there were no less than three of these sufficiently conversant with their native language to be able to hold communication with the strangers. Of these accomplished individuals, two were ladies, the third a gentleman. The ladies, both of them spinsters, had now lived together beneath the same roof for nearly a year ; notwithstanding which fact, they regarded each *other with sentiments* so mutually antipathetical that, unless under

unavoidable emergencies, the one never addressed the other or appeared conscious of her existence.

The elder of the two—a thin untidily-dressed person of sixty-five—suffered from a chronic cold in the head, which necessitated her taking a good deal of medicine with a powerful odour about it. This medicine, which was kept in a bottle labelled “The Drops,” the lady partook of (with a very wry face) at most of her meals, as well as at uncertain hours during the day ; and there were those among her companions who opined that the redness of Miss Peterson’s nose was due quite as much to the “physic” as the cold. Alas ! this is an uncharitable world, and suspicion is a weed that is apt to flourish as rankly, perhaps, in a boarding-house, no matter how respectable, as anywhere else. Loquacious by nature, and more particularly so when under the influence of her medicine, this good lady proved, at first, remarkably gracious towards Madame Vandeleur. For a couple of days after the arrival of the latter, she aired her knowledge of the French language so persistently, that at the end of that time she had given the little Canadian her own personal history from the cradle to the present date, as well as made her acquainted with the private affairs of all her family connections down to the remotest offshoot. Striving to pick out grains of useful information, Madame had listened very courteously to the long-winded narrative. When, however, encouraged by this civility, Miss Peterson would have begun and gone over the whole story again, Marie shut her up with such brisk decision of manner that the elderly chatterbox took deep offence, and marching off straightway to Mrs. Campbell-Browne, she entered a protest against her for having received into the house people whom, she was convinced, were nothing better than peasants.

Coming from Miss Peterson, of whom no one thought much, Mrs. Campbell-Browne could afford to laugh at this complaint. Nevertheless, she was herself feeling considerable uneasiness with reference to Paul, who, most certainly, was not the sort of person she was accustomed to see at her table. As regarded Madame and the little boys, had they been alone there would have been no difficulty. The wonderful little woman, who possessed a natural good taste in dress, had rigged the whole family out in attire suited to the position they had assumed ; and her own simple but well-made gowns set off her refined and striking appearance. Apart from her husband, no one would have suspected Marie, for a moment, of low origin. Decidedly she neither looked nor behaved like a peasant. Quick to observe and to imitate, she committed no *gaucheries*, and was rapidly acquiring all the little forms and etiquette of the

and drawing-room. So swift, indeed, was she to act upon a hint, or take in an impression, that Marie's perceptions appeared rather like intuitions than attainments.

The second lady with whom Madame Vandeleur and her husband (only that the latter was too shy to take advantage of the privilege) were able to converse in their own tongue was a Miss Bibby.

The most prominent characteristic of this lady—who bore the Christian name of Selina—was her defiant ingratitude to a certain hoary-headed old gentleman often spoken of as “Father Time,” though he has many other and much less attractive aliases. For the ancient sire had already bestowed upon Miss Selina full fifty years good measure, with one or two thrown into the bargain, and yet she would only own to having enjoyed twenty-five of them.

Now, the old “clock-setter,” the “eater of youth,” the “carrier of grisly care” (to heap up a few of his nicknames), naturally indignant at such treatment, was determined not to have his favours ignored, and so Selina and he were having a hard fight of it—the battle-ground being the lady's own person. And, in some respects, Miss Selina had come off the victor. Her figure, at any rate, had remained as juvenile as she could wish it—slender, diminutive (Selina was not even so tall as Madame Vandeleur), and well rounded at the proper places. Her hands, too, when regarded from a short distance, were as girlish as her figure. Moreover, Miss Bibby's hair was not grey, and she displayed (always, at least, in public) a beautifully regular set of teeth.

But although, in these ways, she had got the better of him, the enemy had been one too many for her in others. His special vantage-ground, perhaps, was the lady's neck—which he had wrinkled and shrivelled and carved to such purpose that not an inch of it was left without traces of the painstaking workmanship. Again, in fear lest this monumental trophy of his industry should escape due notice, the “bold sexton time” had set the stamp of his hoof—that “seal of aged things”—very heavily at the corners of poor Selina's eyes, and he had, also, withered the eyes themselves to a faded, lack-lustre blue. Since, however, spectacles would have been unbecoming to a maiden of twenty-five, Selina declined to wear them, and, as a consequence, she could never see to put on her pearl-powder correctly. It was this fact which first attracted Madame Vandeleur's particular observation to this little lady of so *very* uncertain an age. “Mademoiselle has got something white on her face,” she remarked, in the innocence of her heart, one morning shortly after her arrival at the boarding-house.

A crimson flush mounted to Selina's brow, but, at the same time, she passed her handkerchief over her face, and rejoined mildly that she thought it must be her "tooth-powder." Madame did not pursue the question, but, from this moment, she began to take a singular interest in Miss Bibby, and to study her with close and amused, but, also, serious attention. And there was one thing that Madame's intelligent apprehension very soon taught her, viz., that, despite her peculiarities, Miss Bibby was a lady, in a somewhat different sense from most other inmates of the house. Wherein the distinction consisted the keen-witted little Canadian would have been at a loss to say, but, unquestionably, there was a subtle something, a quality in her voice, movements, and general air which differentiated Miss Selina Bibby from the majority of Mrs. Campbell-Browne's boarders. And, as a matter of fact, though her name was not aristocratic, Miss Bibby had excellent blood in her veins. Her father had been a general in the army, her mother had belonged to a first-rate county family, and she herself had actually been presented at court. This circumstance, however, she had never allowed to transpire in her present location—not so much, it must be acknowledged, through modesty, or a fear of exciting envy in the breasts of her less favoured companions, as because it might have involved a confession that the court at which she had been presented had not been that of Victoria, or even of William the Fourth, but of his predecessor King George the Fourth, and, in that case, what would have become of the cherished fiction concerning her youth !

Another little matter that Madame presently noticed in reference to Miss Bibby was that the young lady was setting her cap (the cap, of course, being a figure of speech), not very obtrusively, but still very determinately, at the only unmarried gentleman in the establishment.

Like Miss Bibby herself, this gentleman might almost be regarded in the light of a permanent resident beneath Mrs. Campbell-Browne's roof. At all events, he had now boarded with the stately widow for nearly three years, and there were no signs, on his part, of any intention to change his quarters.

Signor Crespino, by which name he was known in the house, was an Italian. In age about thirty-five, he was a remarkably handsome man, dark-eyed, with a little black moustache and imperial, a clear olive complexion and flashing white teeth. Of medium size and lithe, active figure, he was full of energy and vivacity, restless, rather, in his manner, and much given to gesticulation. In addition to his own language, he spoke English, German, and French fluently, and

he it was who made the third person already alluded to as able to converse with the new-comers. Not, however, that he *had* conversed with them much as yet, or that he seemed inclined to make any great use of his opportunities for social intercourse with his co-inmates in general. Excepting upon Sundays and holidays, Signor Crespino rarely took more than one meal in Wardour Street, *i.e.* breakfast. Now and then, at long and uncertain intervals, he would linger also for the one o'clock luncheon ; but, as a rule, he quitted the house about twelve noon, a private brougham, which he kept at some livery stables, being brought round for him punctually at that hour. By the same conveyance he was returned to the establishment less regularly—at times varying from two to four o'clock in the morning. Yet, notwithstanding this apparently disorderly conduct, no one could look at the lively, bright-eyed Italian and suspect him of leading a dissipated life.

And, in point of fact, it was not so. Signor Crespino neither drank, gambled, nor indulged in any reprehensible course or lawless amusement whatsoever. As Miss Bibby informed Madame Vandeleur, it was not pleasure that kept him out until such unseemly hours of the night, but *business*. What was the nature of that business, however, she was obliged to confess that she did not know—albeit that she owned to a strong curiosity upon the subject. For poor Selina had got into the habit of talking to Madame a good deal about the handsome bachelor who had won her juvenile affections, without, it must be confessed, having used any great effort to that end or even possessing any consciousness of his own success. Also, within a week of Marie's arrival, Miss Selina had told her more about her own personal affairs (about the loss of a fortune she ought to have inherited, and so forth) than she had told to anyone else in the house during the whole thirteen months she had lived there. Possibly this breaking down of the fair spinster's customary reserve was due, in some measure, to the fact that her little confidences were made in a foreign tongue ; but it is also true that Madame had the tact and ability to draw her out more than she suspected, especially with regard to the captivating Italian, in whom Madame herself soon began to feel a profound interest. Not, however, that *her* interest was in the signor's personality. It was concerned merely with his occupation ; and it was concerned with that because, in the first place, Marie was assured that that occupation was an extremely lucrative one, and, in the second, because the sort of mystery that enshrouded it proved highly provocative to her inquisitive nature. *Why the man should make any secret of his calling* Madame could

not conceive, but, as it appeared, a secret he did make of it. Not a soul in the house—unless with one exception—knew, or could discover, how Signor Crespino employed himself. Since Miss Bibby had taken up her abode in the establishment, many of the guests who had come and gone had, she declared, attempted, by suggestive hints and leading questions, to draw information upon the point from Crespino himself. All such attempts, however, the wily but good-humoured Italian had contrived to baffle.

Mrs. Campbell-Browne alone was in his confidence. That this was the case Miss Bibby felt satisfied—notwithstanding that, when questioned, that lady professed ignorance of all save the fact that her boarder's avocation, whatever it might be, was one by which he was likely to amass a large fortune. This much Mrs. C. Browne proved always ready to admit, and Selina was convinced it was true. The signor was already a rich man, and he was growing richer every day. Had Madame noticed that magnificent diamond ring he wore? Then, too, did he not keep his private carriage? And if he chose to live in a boarding-house instead of having a *ménage* of his own, that might be, as their hostess had once hinted, that he desired for the present to save money—or it might be (Selina bridled and blushed) that he found "other inducements to remain where he was."

To all this Madame Vandeleur listened with her most polite attention and frequent little gestures of encouragement and interest. Not once, howbeit, did she express the slightest curiosity on her own part to know what was the Italian's lucrative business. Nevertheless, in her secret mind, Marie had registered a vow that she *would* know it. A business that was making a fortune for one person could, probably, be made to make a fortune for another.

Signor Crespino might manage to baffle others in regard to it, but he should not long baffle *her*. Of that she was fully determined.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A BUSINESS-LIKE CONVERSATION.

ADJOINING the large, moderately well-furnished drawing-room where Mrs. Campbell-Browne's boarders usually sat, was a smaller apartment, opening from it by folding doors. This apartment, commonly spoken of as the "Reading-room," was supposed to be appropriated chiefly to the gentlemen of the party. For some occult

reason, however, there seldom were many gentlemen in the party (Mrs. Campbell-Browne's establishment being patronised mainly by the gentler sex), and, as a rule, its sole occupant, at all events, for an hour or two after breakfast, was Signor Crespino. Thither the good-looking Italian was in the habit of retiring each morning, for about the length of time specified, in order to peruse his newspaper, with occasional interruptions for the purpose of studying and jotting down of memoranda in a red-leather pocket-book.

One morning—it might, perhaps, be a fortnight after she had brought her family to Wardour Street—Madame Vandeleur, almost immediately upon his entrance, followed Signor Crespino into this reading-room, and deliberately closed the door behind her.

The courteous foreigner rose, looking a little surprised, but, at the same time, offering her a chair and his copy of the *Times*.

Madame accepted the chair, but shook her head at the paper. "Monsieur forgets," she said, "that I know not yet enough English to read, though every day I learn more words, and understand better to speak."

"True, true; for the moment I had forgotten that Madame was French," he replied in that language, resuming the seat from which he had risen, and waiting for Marie to intimate the cause of an intrusion, which he hardly thought could be purposeless.

But if Marie had an object in her visit, she did not at once introduce it. "Bah!" she exclaimed, pointing to a portrait over the mantelshelf, "what a silly face! It is the face of an imbécile, n'est pas!"

Crespino laughed. "Madame, I dare not express an opinion," he rejoined, glancing, also, at the portrait, which was that of an elderly gentleman in a brown wig, with smooth, fat cheeks, and a drivelling smile, which he was directing towards a lean canary, perched upon the outstretched forefinger of his left hand, "that is the respected papa of our admirable hostess."

"Ça! If he was *my* papa, I would burn him!" (It is to be hoped Marie meant the picture.) "Monsieur"—she drew her chair nearer to the table, and turned now to face her companion—"may I beg the favour of a little conversation, if you can spare the time?"

"Most certainly; I am entirely at Madame's service." Crespino pushed his newspaper farther away, as if to emphasize the assertion.

"You are very kind; I thank you," Marie began, with her characteristic decision of tone. "My husband and I, Monsieur, as you know, are strangers in England, in this great, big London; but we came not here to be idle, but to work. It is about an occupation that I wish to consult you,"

"Ah! For your husband, M. Vandeleur, I suppose?"

"Not for him only. *I* mean, also, to work. I desire, Monsieur, to earn money—to make a fortune—to grow rich."

Signor Crespino elevated his shoulders, and smiled until all his white teeth gleamed. "Madame's ambition is very laudable," he observed, "but not very singular. A good many people, both in London and elsewhere, desire to be rich."

"Soit! But *I* not only desire it, I mean to accomplish what I desire."

The words were quietly spoken, but there was a world of dogged resolution in the accent. Crespino folded his arms upon the table, and gazed stedfastly at the pale-faced little woman opposite to him.

"Basta!" he ejaculated presently. "Madame looks like the sort of person to gain her ends!"

A series of little nods made a silent but effective rejoinder.

The signor began to feel greatly interested in his interlocutor.

"Your husband, Madame," he inquired, "will probably have some business to which he is accustomed? You have decided, perhaps, what he can do in London?"

"Perhaps," she repeated. "M. Le Signor Baretti finds his own employment a very profitable one—is it not so?"

"Baretti?" he echoed in surprise. "Who told you that was my name?"

"No one told me. I have seen it over Monsieur's place of business," returned Madame suavely. "Over the door of his supper-rooms."

"Dio! You have been to —— Street?"

"Mais oui. I had the pleasure to go there three days ago."

"Ah! You, then, were the lady Streit told me of—the lady who pretended—pardon me, Madame—whom he *mistook* for my sister-in-law, and who asked him so many questions?" A flush of indignant displeasure had mounted to the Italian's face, and he beat a tattoo upon the table with his long slender fingers.

Madame's composure remained unruffled.

"Streit?" she rejoined, laughing pleasantly. "That is how the fat young German calls himself? Yes, yes, Monsieur, I asked him many questions, it is true; and he told me many things—all I demanded to know."

"Under the impression, Madame, that you were my sister—the wife of my brother," retorted Crespino, still indignant. "An impression which, I understand, you conveyed to him."

"Mon Dieu! I am desolated to offend Monsieur," protested

Marie, laughing again ; “but I said not that I was Monsieur’s relative. Mr. Streit, he concluded that for himself, only I did not contradict.”

“Madame is evidently, if she will permit me to say it, a very clever woman,” observed the signor, his irritation now giving way to a curious sense of being gradually laid under a spell by the tremorless gaze of those fine, dark, weird-looking eyes that rested upon his face. “May I ask how she found my rooms, and what was her object in visiting them?”

“To be sure. I will tell Monsieur my little tale. Yees, yees,” she interpolated, airing her English, “I am, I tink, clever. It is my wish to be clever. Listen, then ! On m’a dit, Monsieur, that you are rich—that in your trade, profession (they knew not what) you make much money. Accordingly, I resolve to discover for myself what is your occupation. I hire a coach and wait at a corner of this street till your carriage arrives. Then I bid my driver, ‘Follow dat carriage, you.’ And he follows—not a very long distance. You dismount ; I also dismount, and watch you enter at a door and ascend some stairs. The carriage, however, awaits, for I hear you say first, ‘I must to-day, John, go to market myself.’”

“Ha ! But where, Madame, could you have been that I did not see you ?”

“Allons ! I took care that Monsieur should not see me. For the rest, there is an empty shop, café—je ne sais quoi—next door to your place. I was in there, peeping through the window, when they brought out many baskets, big and little, and put them into the carriage ; after which Monsieur returned himself, got in, and was driven off. Immediately, then, I mount the stairs and demand to speak with the Signor Crespino Barette.”

“Diavola !” The Italian threw up his hands. “Madame amazes me. And after ?”

“They answer me that the gentleman is out. Nevertheless, I walk forward and begin to inspect Monsieur’s beautiful salons. Then there comes to me a fat young German who speaks very well French. He makes me a polite salute, and observes that he supposes I am Madame Armando Barette. I smile and nod. Then I talk with him and ask questions, but with an air as though I already know quite well about Monsieur’s business. Thus I arrive at everything I desire to be informed of. I learn all about the grand little suppers which Monsieur arranges for the rich lords and gentlemen and the ladies they bring with them from the theatres and operas and other places where one amuses oneself. Also he shows me—the fat

German—a carte, what you call a *ménu*—of one supper Monsieur had given the night before, for which he charged two pounds ten shillings each person. Next, I get him to explain of what consist all the dishes. Afterwards I carry away that *ménu* and go straightway to the shops and markets and find out what everything has cost. In the end I make carefully my reckoning, and so discover that Monsieur gets back just ten times so much money for his little supper as he spends to buy the things it is made of.”

“Death of my soul! Madame is indeed a woman of mind and spirit,” exclaimed Crespino. “I am filled with admiration of her talents. I confess, however, that I cannot understand why she has taken all this trouble to make herself acquainted with my affairs! It could not be simply out of curiosity, or that she desired to enlighten the people of this house, from whom—for reasons of my own—I have chosen to keep my business a secret?”

“Chut, chut, I enlighten no one, not I,” laughed Marie. “But perhaps, some day, Monsieur, you will tell me for what reason you make secret of the business. But now, listen. You ask why I take the trouble to acquaint myself with your affairs. That I thought I had already made sufficiently clear. I understand you make much money. I desire, likewise, to make much money. I examine to see whether I find it well to make it by the same method. That is all quite simple. Well, I have resolved the matter. Shall I tell you how?”

“I am on thorns, Madame, to hear.”

“Monsieur, I intend to enter your profession.”

“The devil, you do!” muttered Barette, forgetting his manners.

“Yes, yes, that is decided,” rejoined Madame, with a wave of her hand. “But, listen again. I have a proposition to lay before Monsieur. Suppose we join together our fortunes? make ourselves partners?”

“Madame!” Signor Crespino Barette stared at his vis-à-vis in blank amazement. “Madame, pardon me, but——”

“I know what you would say,” she interrupted. “Your business, it is all established, you need not a partner; but wait. What I have to propose is good—good, you will see, for you, as well as for me. Monsieur, perhaps, has not inspected the empty house adjoining his rooms, with that great shop *au rez de chaussée*?”

The Italian started and again threw up his hands. “Parbleu!” he interjected. “It cannot be . . . Continue, Madame, if you please.”

“Yes, yes, I say quickly what I have to say. Upstairs, in that

house, are rooms much better, more commodious, than those where Monsieur at present makes his grand suppers of the night. Down below, on the ground floor, is just the place where one might keep well a restaurant in the day. And by a restaurant—at least, when the situation is suitable—one can make very quickly a fortune. Of this I have sufficiently assured myself. In these last three days, Monsieur, I go here and there ; I visit many eating-houses ; I inquire everywhere the charges for dinner, for lunch, for all things. Afterwards I reflect, I calculate, and I see well that one can make a great profit. Now, Monsieur, *he* has experience, whilst *I*” (Madame nodded her head with confident assurance) “I have esprit ; I have understanding. I manage well the servants ; I learn, by-and-by, to manage well everything. Eh bien——”

“Excuse me, Madame, pardon that I interrupt you,” broke in her companion. “But, truly, if you did not look more like an angel, I should say you were a witch ! Can you credit it ? Will you believe, when I tell you, that I am in treaty for that house, and for the exact purpose you suggest ? Sapristi, the coincidence is wonderful !” He paused a moment ; then resumed. “The landlord of the house, however, he demands a heavy rent ; and to furnish the premises as one could wish, would require a large sum of money.”

“But Monsieur must have money laid by ?” inquired Marie. “That goes without saying.”

Baretti shook his head. “Since Madame knows so much of my affairs,” he said, “she shall know more. It is quite true that I have made money, but it is not true that I have yet saved much ; as I will explain. Three and a half years ago, Madame, I was only a waiter in a restaurant. But I was ambitious ; I wished to be my own master ; I desired, like yourself, to acquire wealth. It occurred to me that to open first-class supper-rooms, with apartments also for billiards and cards, in the neighbourhood of the chief theatres, would be an excellent speculation. I had, however, not much spare cash, because, though I had always been provident, I had had to do a great deal for my relatives, who were unfortunate. To begin with, therefore, I had to borrow money at a high rate of interest ; figure it to yourself, Madame, nearly fifty per cent. ! Nevertheless, in these three years’ time I have paid all that off, and, moreover, I have established my two brothers in business here in London ; the one, Armando, as a watchmaker and jeweller, the other in a shop for selling pictures and works of art, which he imports from his own country. Bien entendu, that with all this to effect, I should not have been able yet to put by a great sum in the bank. For this reason,

to carry out my design about the premises we speak of, I am compelled to again borrow—unless, indeed——”

“Unless you make agreement with my plans?” put in Marie, calmly. “Good! you will agree—is it not?”

“Madame, you take away my breath!” remonstrated Baretti. “You must reflect that the suggestion comes to me without preparation, all unawares. It requires that I consider a little. But—has Madame, may I ask, any capital?”

“That means money. Yes, yes, I have a capital—two thousand pounds in English money.”

“Two thousand pounds,” repeated Baretti. “That would go some way—a long way. Per Dio! I incline strongly to think over this idea. I am impressed with Madame’s *savoir faire*, with her genius for finesse. I——” he sprang from his chair and began to pace the room excitedly. “Upon my life, I believe that such abilities are worth more than money—that they would float any concern. *Hola!*”

The interjection was called forth by the entrance into the room of Miss Selina Bibby, followed by Paul Vandeleur.

“Your husband has been asking for you, Madame, and I told him I thought you were in here,” observed the lady, casting a sharp inquiring glance from Marie to the Italian.

Ever since she had seen the former pass into the reading-room, Miss Bibby had been sitting upon thorns of curiosity and surprise.

What in the world, she wondered, could Madame want with the captivating Signor? How had she summoned courage to intrude upon his solitude? She, Selina, would never have ventured on such a proceeding, but then married women did assume privileges which young girls could not allow themselves. Still, she had been greatly exercised in her mind, poor thing, as to this unusual proceeding on the part of the strange little Canadian. No one, so far as she could recollect, had ever gone there before to interrupt the young man over his newspaper.

And how they were talking together! Selina had seated herself close by the folding doors, and though she could not distinguish a syllable that was said, she could hear the low hum of continuous conversation. In addition to her perplexity and curiosity, the fair damsel was beginning to suffer also from anger, jealousy, and intense impatience, when the advent and inquiries of M. Vandeleur gave her an excuse for looking in upon the pair and interrupting their mysterious confabulation.

“But, Paul, why have you not departed?” exclaimed his wife.

"Did I not bid you take the children to the park of St. James? You know quite well the way."

"Yes, yes; but I thought, my angel, that you meant to-day to accompany us. We have been waiting above stairs, the little ones and I, expecting each minute that you would come up to assume your bonnet," rejoined the big fellow deprecatingly.

"My beloved, you misapprehended. I have a little engagement this morning, respecting which I will speak to you another time. You must take the children alone, Paul. Now go, go at once; waste not these pleasant early hours!" An imperious gesture emphasized this command, and the obedient husband forthwith quitted the apartment. Miss Selina, however, stood hesitating in the doorway.

If Madame Vandeleur still intended to remain in the company of the gallant Crespino, she did not see why, with the support of her presence, she should not also remain to enjoy the delights of his society. With a fluttering of her maidenly heart, she took a step forward and opened her lips to address Madame. But a glance from the little woman's dark eyes arrested both her advance and her remark. "You wish to speak with me, Mademoiselle?" she asked. "In one instant, I shall have the pleasure to follow you to the drawing-room." The hint was accompanied by a very affable smile, but it was too palpable to be withstood, and poor Selina felt compelled to withdraw. Very shortly, though certainly not in an instant, as she had promised, Madame Vandeleur emerged from the reading-room. She had lingered behind to exchange a few further observations with Signor Crespino—observations which had resulted in her leaving the house a little before twelve, and walking slowly down the street, until that gentleman's carriage overtook her and was drawn up by the pavement in order that she might join its occupant.

Three months later, an excellently appointed restaurant was opened in — Street, W.C. Above it, on the second story, and reached by a separate entrance, were a series of supper-rooms, furnished in a most *recherché* style, and frequented every evening by patrons of a decidedly fashionable, if, also, of a decidedly gay order. Upon a signboard over the door of the restaurant appeared the names "Baretti and Vandée," whilst on a third story of the establishment, above the supper-rooms, in a set of by no means despicable apartments, resided the family of one of the partners in this new, but, even from the beginning, flourishing concern.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GREAT SUCCESS, AND A DEADLOCK.

MADAME VANDELEUR had always regarded her married name as a very pretty and well-sounding one. Certainly, she was not in the least ashamed of it. Why, then, had she caused it to be clipped short for the signboard of the restaurant? The mutilation had been consequent upon a conversation with Barette, in which he had explained to her why he had himself chosen to be known only by his Christian name in that very respectable Wardour Street boarding-house. This explanation (which did not perhaps represent the illustrious Signor in his most heroic light) was that he feared a knowledge of his employment, which might be brought about by a fuller acquaintance with his name, would prejudice him in the eyes of his fellow-boarders, as not coming up to their standard of respectability. As a matter of course, such a suggestion was enough for Marie. For the time being, it might not signify, but her name must be associated with nothing that could compromise the brilliant future she had set before herself. Intrinsically, she knew, there was nothing discreditable in keeping a restaurant; but her imagination, acting upon the hint she had received, enabled her to understand the aspect in which the avocation might be viewed by the *haut monde*. And to the *haut monde* Madame intended, sooner or later, to belong. She could not yet tell whether it would be sooner or later; whether she might not be called upon to endure, with the patience of a great soul, many years of comparative obscurity, or whether, by-and-by, she might not burst forth into a sudden blaze of prosperity. That depended . . . But in securing what she foresaw would prove a certain avenue to wealth, Madame felt that she had provided against all contingencies.

And in the meantime there was much to be done. First, and before all, it was necessary that Paul should be educated, and, as much as possible, polished and improved. Madame's earliest step, after removing her family to the privacy of their own house, or, rather flat, was to engage a young lady in the capacity of governess and general attendant upon the children. From this young lady Paul also was compelled to take lessons; and a very reluctant pupil he proved. To go to school at the age of thirty-five. To be taught by a mere girl of seventeen, and along with his own six-year-old boy, seemed to the great yellow-haired giant a terrible humiliation, and, moreover, a very unnecessary one. He did not want to be able to

read or write, nor could he see any use in it for himself. His wife possessed those accomplishments, and the fact had always moved him to intense admiration ; but for one in a family to be able to decipher a letter or book, was surely sufficient. Again and again he remonstrated, but only to draw upon himself Marie's contemptuous rebuke for his stupidity and lack of ambition. Paul was obliged to submit. Until he could read a page of English and of French, and until he could write his own name, Madame had resolved that her husband's nose should be kept to the educational grindstone.

Somewhat inert by nature, the poor fellow had never been specially fond even of manual labour. Very greatly, however, would he now have preferred (so he often felt) to be forced to fell trees the day through, rather than compelled to sit making those silly pot-hooks for half an hour, or vainly struggling to discriminate between the letters E and F, or O and Q, and being laughed at by the little boys, who were so much quicker in detecting minute differences, such as the presence or absence of a tail.

Poor Paul ! he did indeed take his learning very hard. And it was not only that he felt the mental strain to be irksome, and, so far as he was concerned, inutile, but he also suffered from a sense of degradation through his enforced tasks. For, although he was not incited thereby to any greater effort or emulation, his self-respect was lowered, and his wonted sweet temper irritated, to find himself so easily and so quickly distanced by both children, even by the little Louis, who was not yet quite four, but who was spelling out two syllables in the primer, whilst he himself was still stumbling over words of three letters.

However, as has been said, there was no help for it. Though he might chafe against his wife's dictates, Paul dared not rebel. And after the hours devoted to that heavy labour of study, Paul's time was his own. From the very first, Madame Vandeleur took herself an active part in the management of the restaurant ; but *her* part, naturally, was that of a general and ruler of the forces, whereas for Paul there seemed no post open in the concern but that of waiter ; and, as need scarcely be said, Madame would have considered it derogatory to her own dignity to have allowed her husband to occupy so inferior a position. That *some* occupation must be found for him later, his wife fully intended ; but for the present, Paul was a gentleman at large, and not a very happy gentleman at that !

As for Marie, her life was now full of business from morning till night. For, determined to render herself indispensable to the undertaking wherein she had become a partner, she was bent upon *mastering its workings* to the closest details.

Further, in every spare moment, the energetic little woman applied herself to the study of English. She, too, took lessons from her young governess, though at uncertain odds and ends of time. And so eager and apt a scholar did she prove, in contrast with her husband, that her progress appeared little short of marvellous.

But then Marie had a motive, and a very strong motive, unknown to and unshared by Paul, for desiring acquaintance with the English language. Urged by that motive, she had been striving, ever since her arrival in England, to acquire a knowledge of words; and now that opportunity was afforded, and she devoted herself so assiduously to the task, that she very soon learned to read. And once able to read and understand print, Marie had no additional difficulty to contend with in the matter of writing—seeing that she could already write, and read writing, in her own tongue.

Satisfied, then, that she was at length in a position to face a certain critical and momentous question, towards the solution of which her secret hopes and fears had pointed through so many months of inevitable delay, Madame Vandeleur retired one afternoon to her own bed-chamber, and carefully locked the door behind her. Not, however, that she had any special reason to fear interruption, seeing that she had sent Paul out with the children, and had so arranged her business responsibilities that she could count upon a couple of hours' freedom. Nevertheless, the precaution was satisfactory to Madame's mind. Having taken it, she walked once or twice the length of the room, trying to subdue the thrill and flutter of excitement whereof she was sensible.

Pausing then in front of an old-fashioned bureau, purchased at a second-hand shop in London, Madame unlocked the drawer, drew it out, so as to disclose a false bottom beneath, and thence abstracted the leathern case about which poor Stephens on his death-bed had exhibited such intense anxiety. Under what different circumstances, and in what a different scene, had Marie once before opened that case! The scene flashed back now, with vivid force, upon her memory; the long, low-ceiled room, flooded with moonlight; the door opening from it into the dead man's room, where she had just committed that depredation that had in it something of the nature of sacrilege; the window at which she had stood to examine the contents of the case, and which looked out upon the wood-girt solitude of that far-away settlement. Now, as she prepared again to unlock the case, it was broad daylight of a warm autumn afternoon; she was in a large airy room, on the third story of a London house of business, with the roar and rumble of the great city, which hemmed her in on every side, filling her ears *even in the privacy of her chamber.*

For a moment Madame Vandeleur felt inclined to wonder if she were dreaming—if all the strange things that had happened to her within so short a time could be real. But, whilst gifted with a powerful imagination, Madame was at the same time an eminently practical little woman. Quickly clearing her mind from such vapours of fancy and retrospect, she unlocked the case and took out the little roll of MS. which, when last she had seen it, had been as unintelligible to her as though it had been written in Greek characters.

It was not unintelligible now. Though closely transcribed, the handwriting was clear and the letters well formed. Madame's hand shook slightly as she spread the paper out on the table before her, but it steadied as she began to read. And as she read, too, Madame's face grew troubled and dark. A low moan of disappointment presently broke from her lips, and when she had turned over a couple of pages she pushed the document away with a gesture of intense disgust and mortification. "Mon Dieu! of what use is all that to me?" she murmured aloud, with a quaver in her voice which in most women would have betokened a storm of weeping. But Marie was not of the tearful sort. "Millions of dollars? Bah!" she interjected, "to me it is not worth a cent! I might as well——" Madame rose and began to pace the room again with hasty, irregular steps. All at once she stopped—struck motionless by the force of a new idea. "Ciel! I am an imbecile. Of what am I thinking? For him—for my Claude——" Her eyes lighted up with a sudden gleam of emotion. "Ah! if that were but possible! It would be an idea more splendid, more ravishing than any I have yet pictured to myself!"

Galvanised by this swift transition of feeling, she approached the table again, took up the MS., and read it through from beginning to end twice over. Then, for nearly an hour, Madame sat pondering in absorbed silence. At the end of that time she sprang up, restored the paper to the case, and the case to the hiding-place whence she had taken it. "Yes, we must wait—we must wait," was her unspoken reflection. "For the present nothing can be done. For many years, perhaps, nothing can be done. But there is always the hope, the possibility. I would not give up those papers—no, not even for a million of dollars!"

Thus, notwithstanding that Madame Vandeleur had decided that her game must be a "waiting" one, she was not, upon that account, inclined to throw up her cards. Far from it! It was true that patience is a difficult virtue—that to bide one's time is trying; nevertheless, when, at the end, one sees the possibility of a *grand tour de*

force, then, surely, one can hold on with the courage of the British lion.

Undoubtedly one like Marie could. Infirmity of purpose was about the last foible whereof she could be accused. Wealth and power she had set before herself as the goal of her ambition—and, *vogue la galère*, wealth and power she must have. Those “millions of dollars,” so far, at least, as the personal possession of a single one of them was concerned, had melted into thin air. She could not by this means spring into wealth; therefore, by the alternative way already provided, she must creep towards it. As for the question of power and social status, the perusal of that MS. roll, so far from lowering the standard of her ambition, had raised it, or, rather, to speak more correctly, had *restored* it to the elevation at which Madame had originally fixed it. For (not, as may be imagined, without the deepest reluctance) the little woman had of late felt compelled of her own accord to bring down her flag of hope to a somewhat more humble level. Through information acquired at the boarding-house, and a general enlightenment from other sources of what was at first a very natural ignorance, Marie had been forced to see that although wealth (if only there was enough of it) would unlock the portals of society and admit its possessor to a place of high distinction, yet this would only be in a sort of magnificent outer court, beyond which lay a second chamber, divinely glorious, a holy of holies, into which even the wealth of the Indies would hardly purchase a pass-key. Now, however—yes, *now*, Marie fancied she could see a way—a possible way—of getting in even there. It might be a long, long time before the attempt could be made, and she could only force an entrance then by clinging to someone else’s skirts. But *va*! for the method, so long as the end was obtained.

Inspired and supported by these apparently irrational dreams of the future, Madame Vandeleur dwelt with her family for three years above the supper-rooms and restaurant, bending every faculty of her mind and energy of her body to promote the success of these enterprises. Throughout those years the sole relaxation or enjoyment Madame permitted herself (with the exception of a railway journey, involving a day’s absence, of which she gave no account to anyone) was an occasional visit to Hyde Park. Whenever she could spare the time for it, Marie would dress herself and the little boys in stylish attire, and betaking herself to that resort of rank and fashion, she would walk to and fro by Rotten Row or the Ladies’ Mile, feeding her outrageous ambition by all that she saw there, and also taking observant notes of “men and manners.”

It was on one of these not very frequent holiday afternoons, about a year after her establishment in the restaurant, that that encounter had taken place between Madame and Mrs. Douglas Awdry, which had proved to be to the latter the beginning of so disastrous a series of events, and which, as might be judged from her conduct upon the occasion, had produced a very disturbing effect upon the mind of the former. Indeed—although, if Claudia had strained her wits to the utmost, she could not have understood *why*—Madame, for the moment, had been fully as much shocked and dismayed at that unlooked-for meeting as she had been herself. For just as Claudia had believed that the ocean rolled between herself and this witness to her folly and falsehood, so Madame also had assumed. She did not know Mademoiselle Estcourt's married name, but she had taken it for granted, before this meeting in Hyde Park, that her husband must be a Canadian gentleman. Now, Madame could not tell whether or not this hypothesis was correct. It might be that the young lady was in England merely for a visit. Madame devoutly hoped that this was the case, but, also, she profoundly regretted that she could not make sure of the matter. If only the family had sailed from Quebec, instead of from Montreal, as they had done, Marie told herself, she might have found opportunity to learn something about Miss Estcourt's wedding and the name and position of her new husband. As it was, she could think of no way now to make inquiries upon the subject excepting through her father, and, for reasons of her own, Madame Vandeleur had determined to cut off all association with her father. For some time, therefore, she was compelled to remain in doubt; but, by-and-by, hope triumphed over apprehension, and Madame began to feel almost sure that the young Canadian lady's appearance in London had only been a temporary one, and that she had gone back to her own country. Her conclusion was founded on the fact that, however often she went to the Park, and however carefully she scanned the occupants of each carriage, the riders upon horseback, or the promenaders upon the side paths, Madame never again, through all these three years, or other years that followed them, caught a glimpse of those delicate and beautiful features.

To believe that the great Atlantic (a wider barrier then than now) spread between herself and the owner of those beautiful features, was, undoubtedly, a satisfaction; but, to Madame Vandeleur, it would (if the truth must be told) have been a much greater satisfaction could she have hoped that a river, narrow, but more impassable than any ocean in the world, divided her from the mother of that little dark-eyed fellow who now went always by the name of Louis.

In a few words it will now be necessary for us to pass over many years.

For three of those years, as has been said, the Vandeleurs lived in obscurity above the restaurant—Madame insisting on laying by the whole of a large and continually increasing income from this source, and in living, as could be done in perfect comfort, on the interest of the £3,000 invested in Canada in the name of Claude Stephens Vandeleur.

Of those thousands, two had been expended in the purchase of building ground in Toronto, a town which had advanced and was still advancing more rapidly and solidly towards commercial prosperity than perhaps any other on the American continent. This investment had, accordingly, turned out a capital one, and already Claude's property there had doubled in value.

The other thousand had been invested by the trustees in farm land in the neighbourhood of Montreal, but for some little time, Ella Thorne's friend (the working partner in this executorship) had been debating the advisability of selling that land and buying more in Toronto. Madame Vandeleur was awaiting, by each post, a letter asking her husband's assent to this transaction (for Paul, it will be remembered, had been appointed co-trustee for his adopted son), when, instead of that letter, there arrived another which stirred Madame's aspiring soul to its depths.

That letter contained the news that, on a portion of the land which it had been designed to part with, there had just been discovered a rich deposit of iron ore. As a matter of course, time would be required to work it out, and, in the beginning, expense ; but ultimately, it might confidently be expected to prove a most valuable property, and a source to the Vandeleurs of a splendid income.

And so, beyond every estimate, it *did* prove.

On first learning the news, which reached her at the end of those three hard-working years, Madame removed her family to a prettily furnished house in Bayswater. For two years longer, however, she still continued to take an active personal share in the superintendence of her business in the city. By that time the iron mine in Canada was in full working order ; speculations which had been made with money derived from the restaurant had all turned out trumps ; the proceeds from the business (in which Marie still remained a partner, though now only a sleeping partner) still continued enormous, and, in short, the tide of wealth was flowing in from every quarter.

Five years more—ten from the date of her arrival in England—

and Madame Vandeleur was as rich, or *almost* as rich, as even she could desire. She possessed, or rather, of course, her husband possessed, a house in the country and another in Harley Street, then a quite fashionable locality. The two boys, after some years at a first-class private school, were now at Eton—the associates of embryo lords, and themselves, in manners and appearance, perfect little gentlemen. As for Marie, whilst her aspect remained, as ever, strikingly peculiar, her carriage, air, dress, and tone of conversation would not have misbecome a duchess. In strict secrecy, too, the little woman had acquired a very respectable education. She played badly enough upon the piano, but marvellously well upon the harp; and, in addition to English and French, she read and spoke German and Italian. Now, at length, now, surely, the happy moment had arrived when Madame might begin to enjoy the fruition of her own schemes and labours and the prosperity wherewith that fickle goddess Fortune had seen fit to load her? *Now*, surely, she might at least make her way into that outer court of wealth and fashion and begin to assert herself there.

Alas, alas! at the very moment when victory might have appeared certain, poor Marie found her guns spiked! Alas, when her race was drawing towards an end, she found herself weighted with an incubus worse than any old man of the sea!

Wealth, education, position of a sort had been attained; her sons were gentlemen; she, Madame, was a lady; *but Paul?* Paul remained a peasant; worse than that, he was a deteriorated peasant; worse still, he had become a drunken peasant! Yes, even the most capable of mortals cannot be infallible; and though she had managed other things so well, Madame had not managed her husband well. To begin with, it had been a mistake to leave him, as she had done, without employment. For whilst, at the outset, Paul had been willing, nay, even anxious to work, his disposition was naturally of the *laissez aller* sort, and he soon began to take only too kindly to idleness. To loll about the parks with the children; to row them up the river; or to loaf by himself around the dockyards, had seemed occupation enough—especially after the arduous intellectual labours to which he was subjected in those early years. But whilst willing enough to be idle, Paul, as has already been said, was not happy. From the beginning he hated London. The great bustling city, where he knew no one and where no one knew him, possessed little interest to this huge, unimaginative and unintellectual fellow. Lounging about with his hands in his pockets, he moped as well as dawdled; and especially was this the case after the children were

taken from the hands of their governess and sent to school. Then, indeed, time hung on heavy wings for poor Paul Vandeleur, and he took to "killing" it in an unfortunate way. It was a long time before his wife found him out.

Drunkenness was a vice wherewith Marie had never in her previous life been brought into the slightest contact. Wholly inexperienced in its signs, she was, for her, singularly slow in detecting them—perhaps because Paul was, for him, singularly acute in hiding them.

At all events, by the time she did begin to suspect what made her husband so dull and stupid at frequent intervals—so inconsequent in his remarks and so thick in his utterance—the malady that occasioned these phenomena had almost passed beyond remedy. In a very short time it had done so entirely. Then, to her utter dismay, Marie found that the passion which had laid hold of her husband was stronger than herself. *Her* influence, potent as it had always been, could not cope with this insidious, overmastering, enslaving power. In his sober moments Paul still feared and still loved his wife; but, alas! those sober moments grew fewer and farther between. As the years passed on, the poor fellow would sometimes disappear from his home for days, even for weeks at a time, to return a wretched, coarse, bloated object, with his clothes in rags, his hair unkempt, his face unwashen.

To describe the rage, the grief, the unutterable dismay which Madame suffered on this account would be impossible. To tell, either, how, over and over again, having kept him out of sight for a period, the little woman had managed to form some creditable acquaintances, and then, how Paul's sudden appearance, fresh from some drunken debauch (at the country house, when she had bidden him remain in town, or at the town house, when she had believed him still in the country) would cover her with confusion and disgrace—all this would be too harrowing to the feelings of any sensitive reader. Such scenes as were sure to occur may be left to the imagination, as well as the mode in which Marie met them. To be balked and defeated, stultified in all her efforts, water-logged in sight of port, befooled and checkmated! how could she bear it? And, that this spoke in the wheels of her prosperity, this mill-stone round the neck of her ambition, should be *Paul*! Paul, whom she had been wont to lead about like a tame bear! Paul, whom she would no more have dreamt of as capable of rebelling against her authority than the Czar of all the Russias would have dreamt of being defied by his lowest serf! How could she endure it? Madame felt that she could *not*

endure it. And yet she had been forced to endure it ! She had tried, more than once, to persuade Paul to return to Canada, to go back to the old home and friends he had been so loath to leave. But Paul would not listen to this suggestion. There were no public-houses in the back woods, and the poor fellow's love for his old home had vanished, along with all else that had been best and worthiest in him, under the deteriorating influence to which he had so completely given himself up. Again, Marie had commanded and entreated that he would live apart from her. But though he would obey her mandates for a while, it was only to return at the most inopportune junctures, inflamed by the drink that had given him courage to disobey. What help was there for the high-spirited little woman in this dreadful emergency ? Paul had the money (it was ages before the "Married Women's Property Act" had appeared even as a vision to the mind of the justest statesman), and having the money, Paul had power. Madame could not lock him up, though, it must be confessed, she had made the attempt ; neither could she deprive him of the means for indulging his vicious appetite.

There was only one way out of the difficulty, but it was a serious, a dangerous, a terrible way. For two years Marie had thought it out in all its bearings, had had it constantly present in her mind, but had been unable to persuade herself to take it. Never, in her life before, had she been on the horns of such a dilemma. On the one hand, to suffer herself to be driven to the wall—to submit to be conquered, she, Marie Vandeleur ? Intolerable ! Impossible ! But then, the mode of escape ? Truly, it was a case of Scylla and Charybdis. It was not to be wondered at that, for once in her experience, Madame should waver and hesitate. Still, there *was* that way, and she pondered over it continually. And when an idea has once taken firm possession of the mind, it acquires a tendency to embody itself in reality. So, at least, we are told by a scientific writer, who thus explains that singular, but well-known phenomenon of the inclination to which many persons are subjected of throwing themselves down from any great height. A conception of the act lays vivid hold of the imagination, and straightway the impulse arises to carry the conception into effect. Be that as it may, Madame Vandeleur had been slow in resolving to realise that idea which had so long existed as a tormenting abstraction in her brain ; but, at length, driven to bay, she did so resolve.

It was on the eve of the summer vacation. The two boys were expected home from Eton on the morrow, when Madame suddenly announced to her husband that she intended to spend

these holidays abroad, and, further, that she meant to start for the Continent without an hour's delay. The boys' portmanteaus, she explained, would not be unpacked, and she had already given orders to have her own trunks, and all necessaries for his (Paul's) convenience in travelling got ready, so that they could set off on the following afternoon directly upon the boys' arrival. Startled by this abrupt suggestion, and being at the moment sober, and, as a necessary consequence, submissive, Paul offered no opposition. Neither did he rebel against a second summary decree on his wife's part, to wit, that he should, that very evening, make his will. "For how could one foresee," as she reasonably observed, "to what accidents or dangers one might not be exposed in travelling?"

Once more, as regarded the substance of that will, Paul proved amenable to the authority of which, excepting in his pot-valiant moments, the poor fellow stood as much, if not more, than ever in awe. And that he should have no chance of becoming pot-valiant, Madame had taken care ; for all through the day she had stuck to his side like a leech, overawing him by her most autocratic and imposing manner, and reducing him by this means, and by the privation of his customary stimulants, to a condition of the most abject humility and pitiful depression of spirit. Thus, with her husband's will made to her satisfaction, and safely deposited in her bureau, Madame Vandeleur, on the night before this sudden departure of the family for the Continent, slept the sleep of the wise and the just.

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE PILGRIMAGE.

THE Buddhist and Shinto religions, which prevail in Japan, lax enough in all conscience with regard to what may be termed every-day morality, are stern exactors in the matter of pilgrimages, although, owing to the spread of Western influences in the land, very much more indulgence is granted nowadays than was even ten years ago.

To make an annual pilgrimage to one of the two holy mountains in the neighbourhood of Tokio, Fuji-yama or O-Yama, was a duty rarely neglected even by the lowliest citizens, although wealthy men could easily purchase an equivalent penance; indeed, such pilgrimages were so readily and cheerfully undertaken, that they seemed to be regarded far more in the light of pleasant holiday outings than as serious religious obligations, and the inquisitive stranger who mingled with the crowd became vividly impressed with the truth of the saying that the Japanese are the French of the East.

October, the pleasantest month of the pleasant Japanese year, is that which is generally chosen for the performance of pilgrimages, although the roads to the shrines are crowded with rigid devotees during the burning months of July, August, and September.

We do not care to attach ourselves to any particular group, for the native mode of progression is far too dawdling and wearisome to suit our active European natures, but we take the road with the crowd, and on a fine September morning, at an hour when Yokohama servants are beginning to think that they ought to get up and see to their masters' baths, we quit the not very savoury or attractive suburb of Shinagawa, knapsacks on our backs, sun-hats on our heads, stout sticks in our hands, some paper money in our pockets, a coolie having preceded us some hours previously with a few articles of European food, almost indispensable in a country where the changes, and not many of them, are rung upon rice and fish.

Nowadays, the native pilgrims largely avail themselves of the facilities offered by the railway open between the capital and Kanagawa to get over twenty miles of road, but we intend to perform our pilgrimage conscientiously, and to eschew all other means

of conveyance but our own legs, and so, amidst a perfect hurricane of farewells from the good folk at the "Cherry Blossom" tea-house, we step out.

The scene is a striking one. There are pilgrims of all ages and of both sexes here—withered, gaunt-legged sexagenarians who have scaled the holy mountains half a hundred times, and who are walking guide-books to the temples and shrines of the country; strapping youths, ample citizens, mothers with infants tied to their backs, damsels, boys and girls; all clad in orthodox white, with broad bamboo hats on their heads, tinkling bells at their girdles, staves in their hands, straw sandals on their feet, and their limited *impedimenta* slung round their necks.

The first eight miles brings little before us that is worthy of special notice. The road—that famous old Tocaïdo which has been the scene of many of the most stirring events in Japanese history and romance—runs by the sea-shore, the Bay of Yedo, with its outlying forts, its quaint native junks riding at anchor side by side with the vessels of Western build, being on our left; a range of hills on our right, which sink gradually down to the level of a vast, highly cultivated, sun-lit plain.

At nine miles many of our fellow-trampers strike off along a footpath to the right. This leads us to the famous hill temples and burial-ground of Ikenyami, than which there is no more charming and picturesque spot near the capital. The hill is densely covered with trees and thickets and banks of bright flowers; at its base cluster a circle of tea-houses and refreshment booths, which drive a roaring trade during the pilgrim season. We ascend the hill by a magnificent flight of steps, and find ourselves on a plateau, surrounded by temples and shrines, behind which is a deep, sombre fringe of solemn, whispering trees. The place is noisy and animated enough now, for a score of temple bells are ringing, temple drums are booming, and the monotonous wail of the priests makes itself heard even above the chattering voices and clattering clogs of many hundred pilgrims; but, out of the pilgrim season, there is no place better adapted for quiet retirement and uninterrupted soliloquy. Very quaint and curious are the funeral monuments to many of the greatest Tokio families, scattered about amidst the solemn trees and grouped around the picturesque pagoda; and no more impressive spot for a last resting-place could well have been chosen. But their glory has long departed—many of them have fallen from their pedestals, all are moss-grown, out of the perpendicular, forgotten and neglected. All this (in which lies the chief charm to the

European eye) is unnoticed by the pilgrim, who has' come upon business, although the transaction of that business does not occupy him very many minutes. All he does is to present himself at a chosen temple, shake a rope suspended from the roof (which tinkles a little bell) in order to call the attentions of the god and the priest, bow himself in silent prayer for a few seconds, and toss a handful of copper cash into the big wooden coffer. If he be very devout he will pay a visit to a ghastly figure shut up in a case with a wire front, chew a pellet of paper, and take a shot at the image, spitting; judging it good augury for his pilgrimage if the paper sticks, and the reverse if it fails. Then he is at liberty to lounge in the booths at the bottom of the hill, eating stewed eels (if he can afford them), drinking tea or *saki* in any case, listening to the mournful songs of the wandering Eta damsels, or to the buffoonery of the itinerant reciter.

We go on, and regain the main road close by the Logo river, which, until a dozen years ago, was crossed by a ferry, but is now spanned by two fine bridges.

Kawasaki, a large village on the opposite bank, was the last stopping-place of the great lords in their progresses from the country to pay their annual visits to the ruler of the land, in Yedo. Hence, Kawasaki is still a village of tea-houses, although its glory has departed. Some of the Kawasaki tea-houses are fine buildings, able to accommodate a couple of hundred sleepers, bright and attractive, with white, soft mats, curiously carved and carefully polished wood-work, quaint and gorgeous scrolls and pictures, and with suites of private apartments behind, looking on to pleasant gardens.

Here we have another curious and animated scene, for the pilgrims run in grooves, and stop exactly where long habit ordains them to stop, Kawasaki being the first place.

The basement hall is crowded with pilgrims—eating, drinking, laughing, talking, chaffing, washing their feet, packing up their baggage, arriving and departing. Amidst them flit, butterfly-like, scores of damsels, dressed in light raiment of one pattern, worried out of their lives with orders from all directions, balancing huge pyramids of dishes in their hands—yet ever smiling and polite. Up and down the great wooden ladder communicating with the upper floor moves a constant stream of guests and servants. The balconies are crowded with gentlemen who have discarded their upper garments for ease and coolness, and who are exchanging lively volleys of repartee with the crowd of passers-by in the roadway beneath. Whilst the eye is bewildered with the constant play of

light upon ever moving forms of different colours, the ears tingle with the clamour, and the attention is kept fully occupied in all directions.

We ourselves are not quite ready for tiffin (as we have only been on the road a couple of hours), but we drink a few cups of tea, and then follow a thick white stream of pilgrims, pursuing a road striking off to the left. This takes us to the famous temple of Kobo-Daishi (commonly known as Daish-Sama), the reputed inventor of the ordinary Kata-Kana syllabary.

Ikenyami may be passed over by the pilgrim, but not Daish-Sama's fane, so that the road leading to it has rather the appearance of a fair-ground than of an approach to a great shrine; the principal articles exposed for sale in the booths being curious toys and ornaments made of red and black wicker-work, masks of Otafuku (plumpest of historical dames), and sweetmeats.

The temple itself is a fine building, with an enormous roof, visible for miles around, and shining like molten gold when the sun-rays play upon its rich gilding; a picturesque campanile, placed on a huge stone pedestal; a holy-water basin, big enough for a plunge-bath; an image, much venerated by rheumatic sufferers, and consequently worn almost smooth by the contact of many generations of credulous rubbers; and a curious stone, equally venerated by barren women.

From Kawasaki we keep on through a pleasant, smiling country, which reminds us of home, so abundant are the evidences of content, fertility, and prosperity. There are acres of orchards amidst the great plains of rice paddy, the dead level of which is broken here and there by tree-crowned hills or thickets of waving, feathery bamboo; whilst variety is lent by the groups of picturesque thatched cottages or the red roof of some rustic shrine.

The pilgrims stop far more frequently than we do, for dotted along the roadside are innumerable shrines and small temples, each of which demands a passing obeisance.

As we pass through Tsurumi and near Kanagawa the scenery to our right becomes holdier and more romantic, and we are sorely tempted to explore some of the pleasant bypaths winding upwards into the bosom of the hills, amidst thickets of great camellia and blazing azalea, whilst on our left we approach again the sea, and at the railway bridge get a glimpse of the foreign settlement at Yokohama.

In Kanagawa itself sleeping accommodation is not to be had for

love or money, most of the pilgrims making the village their halting place for the night. But we push on to Hodogia, where we can count upon the hospitality of an old priest who lives in an obscure little temple off the high road, and whom we have often amused with sketches and attempts to learn the language.

The pilgrims make things lively for these roadside villages ; sounds of revelry are heard in all directions, and the usually quiet street is alive and bustling at an abnormal hour. Indeed, we imagine it will be an odd thing if a fire is not occasioned by these careless fellows, skylarking amongst open lights in the flimsiest of wooden houses.

We are off again the next morning ere the majority of our fellow-travellers have thought of making a start, although here and there a gentleman may be seen strapping up his baggage or haggling for new sandals, whose bloodshot eyes tell tales of the past night's revelry.

The road between Hodogia and Totsuka, about eight miles, is so thoroughly well known, that it hardly needs a description, for Totsuka is a favourite rendezvous of Sunday excursionists and globe-trotters who have but a short time to spend in the neighbourhood, and who wish to say that they have seen something of the country. Totsuka, although beautifully situated, is not a very pleasant village, and forms one of that group which have been demoralised by constant contact with the worst specimens of Western travellers. Long familiarity with these gentry have bred in Totsuka folk a deep contempt for Europeans generally. Many of the tea-houses actually decline to serve foreigners, and send them to the well-known Wataiyas, where a bevy of foul-mouthed damsels and a supply of British beer are kept expressly for their amusement and refreshment. The shopkeepers address us as "omai"—"you," instead of "Anata"—"your worship" ; little boys run out, shriek "Tojin Baka !"—"Beast of an invader !" and rush away again ; open reviling is common, and altogether Totsuka is not a favourable sample of the Japanese village.

Between Totsuka and Fujisawa, a distance of five miles, the road is exquisitely romantic and beautiful, although terribly rough for the unpractised pedestrian, and a regular purgatory for the traveller on wheels. It is constantly winding, ascending and descending, and on each side a succession of marvellous panoramas over a thickly-wooded country present themselves, and make us long to quit the beaten track, and wander away hap-hazard towards the distant blue line of mountains, behind which rises the beautiful cone of the

"Peerless Mountain," like a white-clad bride from a couch of clouds.

Fujisawa is still a large and important place, although nothing to what it was in the days when old Doctor Koempfer halted there on his way to Yedo with the representatives of the Dutch East India Company at Nagesaki two hundred years ago, or even when, not a quarter of a century back, the great nobles came along in their palanquins, each with his five or six hundred retainers, compelling the most abject submission everywhere at the point of the trenchant Muramasa blade.

A great many pilgrims who are performing their duties rigidly turn off sharp to the left at Fujisawa, and pass under a huge stone, "Torii," along a sandy road to the beautiful sacred island of Inoshima, where is the shrine of Benzaiten, goddess of the sea, commonly known as Benten Sama ; but we, anxious to get as soon as possible off the great road, merely halt here for the tiffin which we feel we deserve after thirteen miles of good hard walking. For this purpose we choose a neat, clean little tea-house, very little frequented by foreigners, and not at all by pilgrims, to whom the landlord objects because they bring so much dirt with them. Our room looks out on a typical little Japanese "garden," wherein is represented in miniature with wonderful accuracy and skill the country around Fuji-yama—dwarfed trees, mountains, a river, with Liliputian temples and villages and bridges scattered about ; the whole surrounded by a beautiful fringe of cherry and plum trees, azaleas, camellias, iris, and yellow "icho." It takes us a good twenty minutes to get to the last house in Fujisawa ; then we ascend a stiff hill, emerge in a bit of road arcaded by the branches of venerable trees, and finally turn off under a "Torii," and bid farewell to the Tocaïdo.

We intend to stop at Ichi-no-mya for the night, but there is no room, so we must needs push on through rather an uninteresting tea country to Isebara.

It is rather a striking scene as we drag our weary legs around the last corner, and emerge into the main street of Isebara. The full moon is shining, the roadway is of a silvery white, whilst the most minute objects cast a deep, black, weird shadow. Before us, like a huge cloud, looms the triangular mass of our mountain O-Yama ; the place is quite quiet, because the majority of pilgrims go to O-Yama *via* Atsungi and Minongi, and we are the only human beings in the street. We are not sorry to throw off our dusty knickerbockers, Norfolk jackets, and thick boots, get into clean native

garments, and squat down to a sumptuous repast of tinned soup, fish, rice, and pork stew, washed down by the famous "San Toku Shin," the wine of "the Three Virtues," after which we smoke a pipe with our host and turn in between our quilts.

Isebara is probably now well known to Europeans, but at the date of our pilgrimage the arrival there of a foreigner was the occasion for universal excitement and curiosity. Early the next morning we were awakened by much talking and movement outside the screens of our room. One of us, peeping through a crevice, saw that the cause of the assembly was the apparition of our boots, which, in deference to the universal custom of the country, we had left on the ground outside our room overnight. The simple folk were evidently speculating as to the nature of these articles, for they were standing in a group, chattering, arguing, and gesticulating in the most animated fashion, with the two pairs of boots in their midst. At length one old gentleman took one up, examined it closely, as if it were some kind of curious machine, passed it on to his neighbour, who, after his examination, passed it to his, and so on until the boot had made the circuit of some score of individuals. A sudden opening of the shutters by us occasions profuse apologies and obeisances, one gentleman in particular, pushed forward as spokesman, making us the following extraordinary speech, "Gents, we have very sorry to be curious for your foot coverings ; nevertheless, dese poor man never will see European foot covering before."

From Isebara we mount gradually to Koyias, the village at the foot of O-Yama, from whence the ascent is most pleasantly made, passing through a pretty, wooded country. Koyias itself is, to our idea, a typical Japanese village. No vehicle has ever gone beyond the entrance to Koyias, for the very sufficient reason that, as the village is built upon the slope of the mountain, the street consists of a series of steps at intervals of a few yards. Down each side of the street rushes and tumbles a crystal stream, deviated here and there to form a holy-water basin, or to leap into a pool from a grotesquely carved spout. Evidences of our approach to holy ground are here numerous. Temples and shrines abound ; the greater number of shops are for the sale of articles of pilgrim attire, relics, mementoes, and *ex-votos*, or are masons' establishments, wherein are produced those extraordinary decorations which figure in temples and shrines. Here and there we pass a pilgrim undergoing penance. The man is standing or rather staggering under a stream of water which pours on his head from a curious gargoyle fixed in the rock twenty feet above his head. He has been there for a couple of hours, and will remain

until he falls in a heap thoroughly exhausted. Another man is walking rapidly between two tubs placed at an interval of almost twelve yards from each other. From one tub he takes a small piece of wood with inscribed characters thereon, and puts it in the other ; when the one tub is emptied and the other filled he reverses the operation, until the number of journeys ordained by the priest of his temple is accomplished—the number of journeys necessary to procure good fortune or absolution varying, it may be stated, according as his contribution to the temple treasury has been great or small. A third man is simply bowing his head backwards and forwards before a statue of Buddha, muttering as hard as he can the words, “ Nami Ami Daibutsu ”—“ Hear us, O great Buddha ! ” A fourth man is sitting with bare head and face upturned to the rays of the midday sun, which is powerful although it be late September. He will probably get sunstroke, but he will have performed his duty.

Depth of purse, however, goes a great way towards the softening of penance. Plenary absolution can be purchased for half a sovereign, and only the most poverty-stricken need undergo unmitigated self-mortification.

There is a quaint old-worldliness about Koyias which is very attractive to the explorer of the byways of Japanese life. The simple life of the people runs on, as it has run for hundreds of years, unbroken, except during the pilgrim season, or when there is a great hunting on O-Yama, and at the time of which we are writing there did not seem to be the smallest inclination amongst the people to run after the tempting phantom, Western civilisation. They are quiet, inoffensive, curious, courteous folk ; superstitious, as are most people who dwell in the neighbourhood of forests and mountains ; imbued with a strong pride in hereditary occupation of lands and houses ; stalwart, active fellows, who think nothing of making half a dozen ascents of the mountain in a day with a heavy load of timber on their backs ; mighty wrestlers, and cunning swordsmen.

We linger a long time amidst the quaint old temples, one of which is held in such especial veneration that the supporting posts of the porch have been whittled away by enthusiasts for relics three times in the last ten years ; we turn aside to those pleasant burial grounds which are such genuine proofs of the true poetry which is in the Japanese character—quiet, sequestered spots scooped out of the hillside, sheltered on three sides by banks of the brightest and cheeriest flowers, on the fourth open to the panorama of plain below. We watched the masons deftly carving their effigies and monsters, the carpenters shaping the elephants' heads which

figure on the front of every Buddhist temple, the pilgrims preparing for the ascent, and are only stirred to active exertion by the recollection that we have a stiff climb before us, and not too much time in which to perform it satisfactorily and conscientiously.

So we start, up through a glade of pine trees, amidst a motley crowd of laughing, chattering pilgrims, up flights of steps, which are so easy that we begin to sneer at the ascent, until we arrive at a broad plateau surrounded by buildings, and populous with the most abject of dogs. On this plateau is the temple of Sekisen-Sama—that is the name of the deity. Who he was or what he does we do not know, but he is evidently of importance, for there is a vast amount of praying and cash-offering done in his honour. The dogs, we are told, are of a peculiar breed and protected by law. Their breed may be peculiar for its extreme ugliness, but the antagonistic attentions they pay us tweed-clad Westerns are by no means peculiar to the heights of O-Yama.

From this temple the real ascent begins, and a very stiff ascent it is, although there is a beaten track, and no dangers are to be encountered. The path winds up almost in a bower of thick foliage, for at no time do we get a glimpse of the country stretched beneath us, and is about as bad a path as any pilgrim can desire. Lettered stones placed at intervals tell the native pilgrim how far he is progressing, but to us they convey no meaning whatever, except that we are on the right track. The excitement and amusement caused by our presence amongst the natives is ludicrous. It passes their comprehension entirely what earthly or other object a foreigner can have in making the ascent; so they stand to let us pass, gape and nudge each other, and probably put us down as lunatics. At intervals there are bamboo-covered shelters for the mountaineers, and at these we are enabled to transfer to our sketchbooks types of all the pilgrims, whilst we exchange the contents of our flasks and tobacco-pouches. At length, after a hard two hours' climb, we pass under the stone, "Torii," which marks the summit. A rude hut with a few stone figures is all that is to be seen *on* the summit; but we are amply repaid for our exertions by the glorious view obtained *from* it.

Beneath us on all sides stretches an apparently impenetrable forest; scattered about its fringe are villages which look like toys, and far away beyond them expands the parti-coloured plain bordered by the glittering sea. To our right soars the perfect cone of the "Peerless Mountain," and to the left of it the range of hills, prominent amongst which are the twin peaks of the Hakoni pass. This view alone would be sufficient to make a man a convert to the belief that

Japan is one of the fairest, if not the fairest, country on earth. Assuredly nowhere else are there such contrasts of light and shade, such vivid colouring, such exquisite diversity of outline and conformation, and the whole, viewed under a cloudless blue sky and an atmosphere transparently clear, makes up a picture which must be seen to be appreciated.

Our fellow-pilgrims do not seem to pay much attention to the scene, but are busily occupied eating and drinking, offering *ex-votos*, buying relics in the shape of rosaries and certificates of having made the ascent from the filthy old priest who lives up here during the pilgrim season.

We tear ourselves unwillingly from the scene, and follow the stiff path which will take us down to our destination for the night, the quaint little village of Minongi, just visible in an opening amongst the pines about eight thousand feet below us.

We contrive to lose sight of our coolie, miss our way, and, after a series of adventures too long to be recounted here, find ourselves at a village, whereat, we are told, no European has ever been seen before—six miles from our change of garments, and, what is worse, that bottled beer to which we have been looking forward for some hours past.

FRANK ABELL.

CONCERNING CLOVER.

EVERY group of organisms, every genus and every species of plant or animal, has certain strong points which enable it to hold its own in the struggle for existence against its competitors of every kind. Most groups have also their weak points, which lay them open to attack or extinction at the hands of their various enemies. And these weak points are exactly the ones which give rise most of all to further modifications. A species may be regarded in its normal state as an equilibrium between structure and enviroing conditions. But the equilibrium is never quite complete ; and the points of incompleteness are just those where natural selection has a fair chance of establishing still higher equilibrations. These are somewhat abstract statements in their naked form : let us see how far definiteness and concreteness can be given to them by applying them in detail to the case of a familiar group of agricultural plants—the clovers.

To most people clover is the name of a single thing, or at most, of two things, Purple Clover and Dutch Clover ; but to the botanist it is the name of a vast group of little flowering plants, all closely resembling one another in their main essentials, yet all differing infinitely from one another in two or three strongly marked peculiarities of minor importance, which nevertheless give them great distinctness of habit and appearance. In England alone we have no less than twenty-one recognised species of clover, of which at least seventeen are really distinguished among themselves by true and unmistakable differences, though the other four appear to me to be mere botanist's species, of no genuine structural value. If we were to take in the whole world, instead of England alone, the number of clovers must be increased to several hundreds. The question for our present consideration, then, is twofold : first, what gives the clovers, as a class, their great success in the struggle for existence, as evidenced by their numerous species and individuals ; and secondly, what has caused them to break up into so large a number of closely-allied but divergent groups, each possessing some special pecu-

liarity of its own, which has insured for it an advantage in certain situations over all its nearest congeners?

Clover is, of course, by family, a pea-flower, one of the great group of the Papilionaceæ, a tribe of the vast Leguminous race. Now, everybody knows the general appearance of the pea-blossom, a form of flower which reappears throughout the whole group, in such different plants as gorse, laburnum, peas, beans, vetches, wistaria, lupine, and acacia ; and it is clearly this form of flower which gave the original ancestor of the papilionaceous plants its main advantage in the struggle for existence over almost all its compeers. In other respects, the various members of the pea-flower tribe differ widely from one another. Some of them are tall woody trees, like the laburnum ; some are bushy shrubs, like the broom ; some are low creeping herbs, like the clover ; and some are lithe trailing climbers, like the pea and the scarlet-runner. So again with their foliage : some have hard spiky leaves, like furze ; some have regular trefoils, like medick ; some have long sprays of many leaflets, like the sainfoin ; and some have clinging tendrils, like the peas and vetches. Once more, in the pod and seed there are infinite varieties of shape, size, and arrangement, as one may see by comparing peas with horse beans, or the short hairy pod of gorse with the long smooth capsule of the vetch, the inflated globe of the bladder senna, and the twisted snail-like spiral of the medick. In fact, there is hardly a single particular in which the papilionaceous plants do not differ from one another immensely, except only their peculiar flower. Clearly, then, it is the flower almost alone which has given them their fair start in the struggle for life. I say almost—not quite—alone, because, as we shall see hereafter, they owe much also to their relatively large and richly-stored seeds. In this one point they early reached a state of equilibrium ; in other points, they went on varying and adapting themselves to an infinite variety of external circumstances.

Though it is not my intention to deal at any length here with any of the papilionaceous tribe except the clovers, a few words must first be premised about this peculiar and successful type of flower. It consists, like most other blossoms of the dicotyledonous race, of five petals, enclosing ten stamens, and with a single ovary, or embryo pod, in its very centre. But anybody who has ever looked at a pea-blossom knows very well that it is not regular and radially symmetrical like a dog-rose ; it has its parts bilaterally arranged, so that an insect lighting upon the flower in search of honey necessarily brushes his breast against the stamens and pistil, and therefore cross-fertilizes

the embryo pods by carrying pollen from one blossom to the sensitive surface of the next. The five petals have undergone special modification so as to suit this special mode of impregnation. The upper petal, known as the standard, is usually broad and expanded, serving as an advertisement to attract insects; and in many advanced species it is variegated with convergent lines of different colours, which guide the bee towards the exact spot where the nectaries are engaged in elaborating honey for his benefit. The two next in order, called the wings, are generally shorter and smaller, and in most advanced types they possess two little indentations, one on each side, specially adapted to afford a foothold for the legs of the visiting bee, in the exact position that will enable him at once to reach the honey and to brush off the pollen against the sensitive surface. The two lowest petals of all are usually united by their under edge, so as to form a single organ, known as the keel, and closely enclosing the stamens and pistil. As a rule, too, all ten stamens are united into a single tube or sheath; or else the nine lower ones are so united, while the upper one is free. In spite of the general uniformity of floral type, however, many special modes of insect fertilization prevail among the various pea-flowers. Sometimes the blossom bursts open elastically when the bee lights upon it, dusting him all over with the ripe pollen; sometimes a small quantity is pumped out from the sharpened point of the keel by the weight of the insect's body; sometimes the pollen is deposited from his breast on the spirally-curved summit of the pistil; sometimes it is swept off by a little brush of hairs, situated close beside the sensitive surface of the embryo pod. All that it is here necessary to bear in mind, however, is the general fact that the papilionaceous type of flower has gained its present high position as a dominant floral pattern by its beautiful and varied adaptation to insect fertilization.

Such being the general nature of the pea-flowers as a whole, we have next to inquire what are the special peculiarities which have enabled the clovers in particular to fill their peculiar niche in the existing economy of nature. Clearly, the positions which clovers are adapted to adorn are not the high places in the hierarchy of vegetal life. They are not tall forest trees or bushy shrubs; they are not long creeping trailers or climbers: they are herbs of low and procumbent character, best fitted for filling up the interspaces of taller vegetation, and for vying with the grasses as elements of the close, tender, delicate greensward. The points which have enabled them to survive, therefore, are just those which allow a plant to thrive under such special conditions; and we must ask briefly what those points may

be before we proceed to consider the specific characteristics of the various individual clovers.

In foliage the clovers are distinguished by their graceful trefoil leaves, which are an adaptation of the typical papilionaceous pattern to the special necessities of their humble situation. For the common form of pea-leaf consists of a long leaf-stalk, with one terminal leaflet, and with several pairs of lateral leaflets arranged opposite each other along a central line. In the clovers, however, and in most other small field forms of papilionaceous plants, only one pair of lateral leaflets is developed ; and this arrangement allows the leaf-stalk to be elevated among the surrounding grasses in such a way as to get freely at the sun and air, which are necessary for the nutrition of the plant. But the chief peculiarity of the clovers is the arrangement of their flowers in dense heads. Instead of the blossoms growing separately or in pairs, as with most peas and vetches, or in long loose bunches, as with laburnum and sainfoin, the flowers of the clovers, much reduced in size, are crowded into compact little bundles, for the most part at the end of a long stalk. What we ordinarily call the flower of a Purple Clover is, in fact, such a head of clustered flowers. This dense clustering of the flowers makes them, though individually small, very conspicuous in the mass to bees and other insects, and so largely increases their chance of cross-fertilization. For the same purpose they usually secrete abundant honey, and they possess in many cases the familiar fragrant clover perfume. Moreover, in most, though not in all, species the bases of the five petals have grown together into a narrow tube, enclosing the honey; and in the common Purple Clover this tube is so deep that no British insect except the humble-bee has a proboscis long enough to reach the nectaries. Such peculiarities are quite sufficient to give the clovers an immense advantage in the struggle for existence ; and it is not surprising that they should have become exceptionally numerous in species and individuals, even among the richly-endowed and dominant papilionaceous family.

Every race, however, has its weak as well as its strong points ; and the weak point of the highly successful clovers lies in the unprotected position of their seeds and pods. Hence, in accordance with the general principles above laid down, it is in these particulars that we might expect to find the various species differ most from one another, since this is just the part on which natural selection of favourable varieties is most likely to be exerted. As in the papilionaceous family as a whole the flower is the organ which remains almost identical throughout, because it is the organ which gives the family its true importance ; so in the restricted clover group the trefoil leaflets

and the clustered heads of flowers remain almost identical throughout, and for the like reason. But in any classification of the various species of clover, it will be seen by anybody who looks into the matter that all the distinctive characters are drawn from differences in the pod and calyx after flowering, because this is the weak point of the genus, and the one in which alone diversities of habit have been likely to arise and to be perpetuated by survival of the fittest. The other organs have long since reached their equilibrium ; these organs alone remain in need of further equilibration.

And why is the pod a weak point? For this reason. The seeds of clover, though small, are very richly stored with starches and other foodstuffs for the growth of the young plant. Such richness is, of course, in itself an advantage to the race, because it allows the seedlings to start well equipped on the path of life, with some accumulated capital handed on to them by the mother plant. But what will feed a seedling will feed an animal as well ; and it is just these rich little beans in the clover pod which give it all its dangerous value as a fodder for cattle. Hence, in the wild state those clovers which have their seeds least protected are most likely to be eaten off and killed down by birds or animals, while those which have them most protected are most likely to survive and become the parents of future generations. Here, then, we have the basis upon which natural selection can act in differentiating the primitive ancestral clover into various divergent species. Whatever accidental variation happens to give any particular clover protection for its seeds in any special habitat will certainly be preserved and increased, while all opposite variations will be cut off and demolished at once. So far as their foliage and their flowers are concerned, the clovers as a body are practically in a state of stable equilibrium ; so far as their fruit and seeds are concerned, they are still undergoing modification by natural selection.

Clearly to illustrate this fundamental point, let us first look at some neighbouring and closely-allied plants, which are not exactly clovers, but which resemble them in almost all important particulars. These also show the same devices for specially protecting their seeds and pods from birds or animals. Take, for example, the genus of the medicks. These are mostly small greensward plants, with trefoil leaflets like the clovers, but with the flowers in rather tall one-sided spikes or loose bunches. Their pods are usually long and many-seeded, but they have this curious peculiarity, that instead of growing straight like that of a pea or bean, they coil up spirally like a snail-shell. When ripe they fall off the plant entire, and thus defeat the

hopes of birds and other creatures which wait patiently for the opening of the pods. The simpler medicks, such as the agricultural lucerne, have smooth spiral pods alone, and therefore they can be employed successfully as fodder for cattle. But this, which proves an advantage from the point of view of the farmer, is naturally a disadvantage from the point of view of the plant in a wild state, because it ensures the seeds being eaten; and hence the more developed and weedy medicks have acquired stout protective prickles, fringing their globular spirals, and making them very distasteful morsels to cows or horses. We have two such prickly medicks in England, one closely coiled and rolled round like a ball, and thickly set with curved hooks; the other loose like a corkscrew, with two rows of sharp bristles at the adjacent edges; and both these, as I learn from farmers, are extremely objectionable weeds in meadows, rendering the hay almost uneatable. Indeed, I am assured that cattle will never touch even fresh meadow-grass containing them except when absolutely driven by hunger. It is noteworthy that our two doubtfully native smooth medicks (lucerne and nonsuch) both grow naturally in rough dry places, and are only largely found as "artificial grasses"—that is to say, where introduced and maintained by human agency; while our two more truly wild species are meadow and pasture weeds, and are therefore amply protected by prickles against herbivorous animals. Again, bird's-foot trefoil, whose pretty yellow flowers form such ornaments to our sunny banks in summer, has a long, hard, dry pod, too stringy to be edible, and filled with pith between the beans; while lady's-fingers, a somewhat similar type, has an inflated hairy calyx completely enclosing the short pod in its protective and inedible capsule. Strangest of all, however, is the small matted bird's-foot, whose pod never opens to shed the seeds, but divides between them into little joints or "articles," each enclosing a single bean, and so cheating the expectant birds of their promised food. These examples, which might be multiplied indefinitely, will sufficiently serve to show the importance of protection for the seeds as a basis of differentiation among the papilionaceous flowers.

With the restricted tribe of clovers the need for such protection has almost alone produced all the species into which the genus has long since split up. Originally, of course, we must suppose that there existed one united type of ancestral clover, differing from the other papilionaceous plants in the points which now distinguish the whole clover genus, but possessing none of the special distinctive marks which specifically divide one kind of clover from another. This hypothetical ancestor had probably rather large purplish flowers,

collected in compact heads on a common foot-stalk, with the five petals separate, and with a small three or four-seeded pod completely enclosed within the faded brown petals. From some such form the existing clovers have sprung by differentiations almost entirely affecting the pods and seeds, though they have also varied a little in colour, according to the individual tastes of their particular insect visitors, as well as in the degree of union effected between their petals. Without going beyond the limits of our own native clovers, we will look first at those types in which the arrangement of the pod is simplest, and then pass on gradually to those in which it is more and more complex, till we arrive at last at that most marvellous English species which actually buries its own pods entire in the ground by a wonderful series of apparently purposive movements and gyrations.

Our common English Purple Clover (for convenience' sake I adopt throughout Mr. Bentham's vernacular names) may be taken as a good specimen of the simpler and less-protected kinds. The mere fact that it is grown extensively for fodder shows that it has no deterrent prickles or bristles to ward off the attacks of herbivorous animals ; and indeed, throughout the clover group, it may be noted that birds and insects, rather than large mammals, seem to be the enemies especially guarded against by the majority of plants. Purple Clover is a perennial, with long hairy stems, the hairs serving to prevent ants from creeping up to the blossoms and uselessly rifling the honey intended to attract the fertilizing bees. The young flower-heads are also enclosed in two papery wings or stipules, which effectually protect them from injury before they open. The petals are united into a very long tube, accessible only (as before noted) to the humble-bee ; and in New Zealand, where our European humble-bee is unknown, it has been found necessary to import several nest-fuls, in order to make the acclimatized clover set its seed for agricultural purposes. But the devices for the protection of the pod are here comparatively slight. Each pod contains, as a rule, only a single seed, and it is externally guarded simply by the wire-like calyx-teeth, which are long, thin, and awl-shaped, and fringed on either side by a row of thick-set hairs. The two lowest are longer than the others, apparently as a protection against crawling insects. After flowering, the petals remain upon the heads, turn brown, and enclose the ripening pod. These brown heads of overblown flowers have such a dead, withered appearance that they seem sufficiently to deceive all intending depredators. As a whole, the species seems to survive mainly because of its protected young flower-heads, its special attrac-

tions for fertilization, and its habit of enclosing the pods in the dry petal tube. It should be noticed, however, that though artificially propagated in meadows and pastures, it would not probably be a very successful plant if left entirely to its own devices. Man has intervened to give it his powerful aid by sowing its seed, and by fencing it off from cattle, so that it has now become, in spite of itself, one of our most abundant and ubiquitous clovers.

Next in order we may take a series of small wild purplish clovers, closely allied to this cultivated type, but more specially adapted for protection against animal foes. Of these the little Knotted Clover, which grows in our dry pastures and banks, is an excellent simple example. It is a small tufted annual, often growing in very closely-cropped sheep-eaten crofts, and therefore with an acquired habit of creeping close to the ground, and spreading its foliage flat against the earth. Its calyx-teeth are short and almost prickly, and its little knotted heads grow so close in the angles of the leaves that even a sheep has hard work to bite them off with his nipping front teeth. The Rough Clover is another of these dwarf creepers, much like Knotted Clover in general appearance, but even more prostrate, and with its flower-heads still more closely wrapped up in the angles of the leaves, whose wings or stipules almost completely enclose them. The greatest difference, however, resides in the calyx, whose teeth here, after flowering, become broader and stiffer, curve backwards, and give the whole plant a stringy, dry, innutritious look. This species or variety also grows mostly on sheep-bitten banks, and manages wonderfully to set its seed in spite of the manifold dangers to which it is exposed. Boccone's Clover, confined in Britain to the Lizard promontory in Cornwall, is a larger southern form of the same central type, closely allied to the Knotted Clover. It grows much taller, but has an equally forbidding type of pods; and I notice in southern France, where it is very abundant, that the dry stalks and oblong heads of fruit are always left uncropped on bare banks and roadsides where goats and sheep have been browsing—a fact which clearly shows that even those omnivorous grazers consider it an unpalatable morsel.

To the same group, I think, but in a more developed degree, belong three or four other British species, whose protections are somewhat less easy to understand. Of these Clustered Clover appears like a still higher type of Rough Clover. It is a slender creeping annual, with very small globular flower-heads, almost buried in the angles of the stem and leaves; and it has short broad calyx-teeth, rigidly curved backward after flowering, and with hard sharp points.

This, I take it, is a protection against browsing animals. The Sea Clover, on the other hand, seems rather to guard against birds or insects. In the flowering state, it looks almost exactly like a small Purple Clover; but as the seeds ripen it assumes a very different aspect. First of all, the calyx-teeth grow out into rather broad green leaves, so that the whole head looks more like a mass of foliage than a bunch of ripening fruit. The lower tooth, especially, becomes very long and leaf-like; and it may be remarked that, as a rule, the two lower teeth in clovers differ more or less conspicuously from the upper ones, pointing apparently to some special danger of attack from below. As the pod slowly ripens, two lips grow out on either side of the calyx, and finally meet on the top of the pod, so as to hermetically seal it, leaving only a tightly-closed aperture in the very middle. Thus the calyx has, as it were, a false bottom, appearing to be empty when it is not really so, and by this means deceiving would-be intruders. It must be noticed, however, that such a deceptive device would be useless against a herbivorous animal, which could crop off the entire head; it would only serve against birds or insects, which might pick out the seeds one by one. That it does effectually protect the tiny beans is certain, for in no case will you find a calyx without a pod inside it. At the same time, so thoroughly has the calyx with its outgrowth of lips usurped the place of the primitive pod-covering that the real pod is reduced to a mere papery envelope, and can only be detected as enclosing the seed by a somewhat careful dissection. In this Sea Clover, too, the entire head, when ripe and dry, has a very forbidding aspect, the mass looking decidedly prickly and stringy, like a teasle; and I observe that it generally remains uncropped until the calyx and seeds fall of themselves, especially in southern Europe, where it grows very tall. Why it should be confined to the neighbourhood of the sea and of a few tidal rivers, more especially to salt-marshes, it would be hard to say; probably the special danger against which it defends itself is one found only under these circumstances, in which case it would there alone have any advantage over its competitors. Indeed, it must not be supposed that all these questions are yet by any means finally solved. The sole object of the present paper is to point out the common principle running through the variations of the clover pattern, and to suggest such partial explanations of their causes as have yet occurred to a single observer.

Suffocated Clover is another of the tiny creeping types, apparently protected for the most part against browsing quadrupeds. It is a wee tufted form, with minute flowers stuck close in small dense heads, as

if gummed to the short stems, and very crowded along their course. We may regard it as the last effort of a very degraded race to keep up its existence in the most closely-gnawed pastures, on sand or gravel, where only very dwarfed and scrubby plants can escape destruction. The reader will notice that under such circumstances two types of clover succeed, each in its own way. If the heads become very small, close, and inconspicuous, or tightly pressed against the wiry trailing stems, they escape the observation of browsing animals. If, on the other hand, though tall and noticeable, they develop prickly or stiffened teeth, they are rejected as unfit for food by the creatures which devour the surrounding herbage.

Reversed Clover takes its name from a peculiarity which seems to be connected with its mode of fertilization, for it has its standard petal turned outwards, instead of inwards as in all other clovers. The meaning and object of this change I do not know ; but its most marked feature is still one bearing upon preservation of the seed, for, after flowering, the upper part of the calyx becomes much inflated, and is traversed by large membranous veins. At the same time it arches over the lower half, leaving three small teeth below, and two swollen ones at the top, so as to form a sort of bladder-like capsule over the concealed pod. In this case, again, the protection is obviously designed against birds or insects. In the curious Strawberry Clover, common among dry meadows and roadsides in southern Britain, the same device has been carried a step further. Each flower in the head is here surrounded by a long involucre of lobed bracts, and, after flowering, the calyx swells immensely, so as to transform the entire head into a compact globular ball of little bladders, each enclosing a single pod. This arrangement has been popularly compared to a strawberry, but it is much more like a raspberry, being a delicate pink in hue, and composed of twenty or thirty small round capsules. The upper half of the bladder is likewise thickly covered with fine down, doubtless very objectionable to the skin of the tongue, and the whole is netted and veined in the most delicate and beautiful fashion. Hardly any other clover possesses so advanced a plan for protecting its little pod.

Another type is presented to us by the large Crimson Clover, not truly indigenous in Britain, but commonly cultivated for fodder in the south of England. It is a soft hairy plant, and, like other fodder clovers, it does not possess any very advanced protective device. Still, even here, the calyx has extremely long narrow teeth, thickly covered with smooth hairs, which serve to keep its beans safe. The analogy of a prickly pear or a rose-hip will show how very

unpleasant such hairs feel in the mouth. The beautiful small Hares-foot Clover derives its expressive name from a further development of the same principle. The long teeth of the calyx project beyond the flowers, and are enveloped in soft downy hair, which gives the whole head a very dainty feathery appearance. As soon as the flowers are faded, the head looks like a mere mass of soft fluff, unenticing to herbivorous animals, and effectually concealing the seeds from birds or insects. The Starry Clover of southern Europe, naturalized in England at Shoreham and a few other spots, starts from much the same point, but has specialized itself both against large and small depredators. On the one hand, its smooth woolly calyx, much like that of Crimson Clover during the flowering stage, spreads out after blossoming into a star-shaped pattern, and forms with its neighbours a dry, bristly, interlacing head, thickly studded with sharp hairs; and this suffices to protect it from cattle and goats. On the other hand, the mouth of the calyx, being thus exposed by the spreading of the teeth, is closed by a perfect *chevaux de frise* of convergent tufted hairs, all meeting in the centre of the throat; and this barrier answers the same purpose as that of the Sea Clover, though in a different manner, by forming a false bottom to exclude insects. I notice on the dry Mediterranean hills that these bristly heads are rejected by the goats and sheep, like those of Boccone's Clover, and even donkeys refuse to eat them.

Turning to a somewhat different class, there are some clovers which protect their seeds in a quite distinct manner, by merely turning them out of sight. Common Dutch Clover does this in a simple yet very noticeable fashion. It bears its pretty white flowers in tall globular heads on a lengthened footstalk, which renders them extremely conspicuous objects to the fertilizing bees. But each flower is stalked within the head, and as soon as it has been fertilized, it turns downward, and fades brown against the common footstalk. Every head of Dutch Clover thus habitually consists of two parts—an upper part, containing erect open flowers or flower-buds, not yet fertilized; and a lower part containing over-blown flowers, already fertilized, and now engaged in setting their seed. This plan combines two distinct advantages at once. In the first place, the bees lose no time in discriminating between the mature honey-bearing blossoms and those already rifled, which ensures more frequent visits and a larger general average of seed-setting. In the second place, the fruiting pedicels and pods, being turned down and concealed, are less likely to be visited by small animal foes, such as flying insects, which might lay their eggs within, and let the grub feed (as often

happens) on the growing seed. Dutch Clover is a fodder plant, and therefore, probably, in its native state does not grow much in places exposed to the ravages of large herbivores. At the same time, the pod is many-seeded, and the plant spreads largely as well by creeping and rooting at the joints.

That the object of the turning down after flowering is distinctly to protect the pod, as well as to save time for the bees, may be seen, I think, from the analogous instance of the pretty little yellow Hop Clover. This common and graceful English plant has primrose-coloured flowers, and (as usual with yellow blossoms) depends mainly for fertilisation upon a smaller class of insects than Dutch or Purple Clover. But after the blossoms are fertilized, they turn down in the same manner as in Dutch Clover, only far more markedly, giving the head a considerable resemblance to the hop-cones from which the species takes its name. After being thus reflexed, the faded but persistent petals close over the pod, and the standard becomes furrowed with deep marks, which seem to me intended to give a crumpled, withered appearance to the head. Simple as is this device, it nevertheless effectually conceals the pod within a closely-imbricated set of scales or shields, each one folding over the next like tiles on a house, and entirely preventing the access of birds or insects to the seeds. The Lesser Clover and Slender Clover seem to me to be successively dwarfed and degraded states of the same plant, due apparently in part to bad soil, and in part to diminished need for special protection.

Last of all we come to the most advanced and developed type of any, the Subterranean Clover. In general appearance this plant closely resembles Dutch Clover, from which, in all probability, it is a remote descendant. But, growing, as a rule, on dry sandy or gravelly pastures closely nipped by sheep or other herbivores, it has acquired a very remarkable and ingenious mode of escaping their depredations. Like the other species similarly circumstanced, it grows close to the ground, in small tufts; and it bears a few rather large white flowers, two or three together in a starved-looking head. Looked at closely in this stage, a number of small central knobs may be distinguished at the end of the common flower-stalk. These knobs are really the calyxes of undeveloped blossoms, completing the head. After flowering, the stalks lengthen and bend down to the ground, carrying the fertilized pods with them. Then the minor pod-stalks bend back, and the undeveloped central flowers grow out into short thick awls or gimlets, with five finger-like lobes at their extremity, representing the five spreading teeth of the original calyx. These

awls next begin digging their way into the earth by a slow gyrating motion, and at last wear out a hole in which they bury the pod and bean entire. Thus the plant actually sows and manures its own seed, and so escapes all danger from the grazing animals. This extraordinary action may be considered as the high-water-mark of ingenuity and foresight in the unconscious outcomes of natural selection among the clover kind.

In conclusion, it may be added that many of these clovers are very difficult to discriminate from one another in the flowering stage; it is only when the fruit begins to ripen and the calyx to assume its characteristic shape that they can be readily identified by safe specific marks. Throughout, in short, all the clover traits remain almost the same, except in the matter of the fruiting pods. This is the one weak point of the genus, and this is therefore the place where natural selection has been able to produce fresh differentiating effects. Such a brief consideration of one small group of plants may serve to bring the general principle with which we started into the definite relief of concrete application ; and it may also serve to show the vast variety of detail with which nature effects the self-same object, even within the narrow limits of a single family or genus.

GRANT ALLEN.

A WALK IN THE MOUNTAINS.

TOWARDS the end of last July I took certainly the longest and the hardest walk I have ever taken in my life. It was in the Tyrol. I was staying at the pension at Klobenstein, near to Bozen, and wished many times to try the ascent of the Schlern, a large flat-topped mountain on the other side of the valley of the Adige. The mountain was no great height, and I was told that the climbing was not at all difficult—for horses had been ridden up and down—but that the expedition demanded two days. I asked a gentleman who had made the ascent if it could not be done in one long day, adding that I could bear the fatigue of being on my legs for fifteen hours at a stretch.

“H—m—m! It would be difficult,” he answered. Then he told me how it was that he and his daughter, doing all the hard work on horseback, had taken two full days over the expedition. I said no more about it, but my desire to surmount this enemy who stood every day right in front of me increased. Its very presence was a continual challenge. I am a married man, and the reader must please accept my statement that I did not wish to expend two days on the affair. I did want to walk up to the top of the mountain, even if it was only to stay there for ten minutes’ rest, and to return again to Klobenstein without sleeping away from home.

But there was another difficulty. There was no one in the hotel willing to make the experiment with me. To go alone upon such a journey would have robbed the excursion of half its pleasure, and when I should have got tired returning home the fatigue would be intensely wearisome. There would be little enjoyment in that. My stock of German was small, and if I got benighted in the woods, not knowing my right hand from my left—a chance that I regarded as probable—I would prefer to have some one with me. So I made up my mind that I would not go alone.

At last an opportunity offered itself. An Englishman, whom I will call B., came to Klobenstein. We got to know each other, talked over the matter, and we resolved that we would do it. There was no thought in our minds as to making the attempt and failing.

determined that we would do it. With a fair share of British pride, we said *tout bas* to ourselves we would show those Germans that the thing was possible. We made no boastings, but in our hearts we were confident of success. When the thing was done it would speak for itself.

It was a Friday morning we started. We ate the usual coffee and bread-and-butter breakfast, and a few minutes after five o'clock left the hotel, taking with us two small fowls, four hard-boiled eggs, some bread, and some wine. B. had also in his pocket a flask of brandy. We walked down the steep pathway that leads to Atzwang, then crossing the river Adige, and also the railway that runs from Innsbruck to Verona, we began at once to mount the hill in front of us in the direction of Völs. There we got a glass of beer, though it was 7.30 A.M.; and we saw afterwards an interesting collection of Tyrolese armour—shields, helmets, swords, and the like—that had been collected by the worthy lord mayor of the village. "*Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher?*" I thought to myself.

Before we left Völs we asked our way, and of course were told that we must have a guide. Now, if there was one thing more than another upon which we were both quite determined it was that we would have no guide. We had come out intent upon a day's hard work; we knew that the guide would not want to walk at our pace; and, further, we did not wish for his company. There are many mountain expeditions in which a guide is continually a necessity. A man is chosen because his services are required, and he rules the roast completely. But on ordinary expeditions his presence destroys all pleasantness of conversation. We did not believe our walk to be so formidable as to make a guide necessary. B. knew German thoroughly; he could always ask the way; and we relied upon our legs. Not long after leaving Völs we got into a path that took us into a wood. The path at first was the right way, but going into the wood was a most grievous mistake. I was responsible for the error. Our intention was to walk through the wood in the direction of Ratzes, thinking to get there in an hour. It took us four hours, and four hours of terribly hard work along the side of the mountain, up and down hill, on no sort of track, but through every sort of scrub and underwood, very much thicker and more perverse than the ingenuity of man could plant to baffle tourists in search of pleasure. About half-past nine a halt was enforced upon us. I had been carrying lately the wallet containing our food, and I discovered all suddenly that the neck of the wine bottle was broken. We had brought with us a quart bottle, and also a pint bottle; happily it was the pint bottle that suffered.

We did not regret the mishap, for not much wine was lost, and we both wanted food. We contented ourselves with a hard-boiled egg and a roll of bread apiece, and drank what wine remained in the broken bottle. Those only who have experienced it know what pleasure there is in thus lightening a burden. A bottle that can be of no further use is like an enemy killed in mortal combat. One says to oneself: "He is vanquished. He will trouble me no more; let him lie." We began our walk again, and had to continue the same sort of hard work for another hour and a half. And we had to cross a wide incline of shifting stones. There had been a landslip here, and part of this crossing we found to be very troublesome. B. went lower down the hill than I did, and got over first; and as I was struggling to crawl along the side of the hill, but was slithering down it at a quicker rate than I was progressing forwards, I envied him seated comfortably on the grass on the other side. I got over at last, and I well recollect the satisfaction I felt as I was sitting down by his side. I do not believe I have ever gone through ten minutes of harder work than across those stones. Before long there was another bad place. Here, too, there had been a landslip, but the ground was firmer. Indeed, there was a sort of sheep-track on which to walk, but the incline of the hill was steeper than before. I felt as though I was made to walk on a tight-rope with a precipice on one side of me; and I am not well skilled in such performances. It has been a drawback to me on more than one occasion in the mountains to find that I have not been able to keep my presence of mind in places of difficulty. Why is it that one "loses one's head," and becomes for the time imbecile and stupid as a fool? It was so that I felt, walking very slowly over this path with my head fairly upright and my two arms stretched out at right angles from my body. B. had gone on before me, picking his way carefully, but fearing nothing, and I felt ashamed of myself for my show of fear. Perhaps most good walkers do not know this sensation, but there are others who suffer painfully. A reward awaited us on the other side. There was a stream with a plentiful supply of good water. We lunched, of course, eating our second hard-boiled egg and dividing between us one of our fowls. Oh no! the fowl was not too much. It was not a big one, but had it been a capon it would not have been too much. One of us called to mind the old saying about a goose being an awkward bird because it was too much for one and not enough for two; nevertheless, we would have exchanged our fowl for a goose. As we were spreading out our provisions B. discovered that his brandy flask and all the precious fluid lost. He said it ~

crossing the first landslip. He shied the broken flask against a rock, and gave expression to a wish that he could throw in the same way the head of some public man of note. I agreed with him, but I need not mention the sinner's name. We measured out our wine with caution, but I may say here that had we drunk it all we should not have regretted afterwards. If I could write poetry I think that a verse should be sung in honour of that lunch. Others have enjoyed similar feasts, and I hope they will give us their sympathies. The way for the next ten minutes was less difficult than what we had come through ; and then we found ourselves upon an undoubted path ! We both vowed that let the path lead us where it might we would not leave it. As I had previously advised that we should strike a way of our own through the wood, perhaps my protestations against leaving the new-found path were the loudest. But, oh joy ! On the path we saw a man, a well-clothed man ! In ten minutes we were to be at Bad Ratzes. That was indeed good news. I will not stop to describe Bad Ratzes. All we saw of the place was a large, handsome, newly-built wooden chalet standing in the middle of the forest. This was the Kurhaus Pension. We went upstairs, through a large room, in which tables were spread for the one o'clock table d'hôte, and out on to the verandah. It was then just twelve. While we were sitting down in the verandah B. had a friendly chat with the priest who had the care of souls of the people of the district. The good man gladly accepted a glass of wine, and told B. that we had come by a very circuitous route, and that we must have given ourselves much unnecessary labour. As we left the hotel at Bad Ratzes he shook us both by the hand, put us on our way, and bid us bon voyage.

If there is such a thing as moral justice, if good intentions and earnest endeavours find their reward in this world, B. and I deserved some commendation. We were told that in another five hours we should be at the top of the Schlern. It was then nearly half-past twelve, and we expected to be at the top of the mountain by five, after ten hours and a half of walking. The getting home again did not occupy our thoughts much, we could leave that to take care of itself. For about an hour and a half after we left Ratzes our way led through a wood—upon a track this time—but up so steep a hill that I would advise no one to undertake it who does not love the pleasure of climbing. There was no sort of probable danger in it, but it was tough ladder-climbing. Our good spirits were unbounded. It might have been better if they had been less exuberant, for then we should have gone slower. B. was one of those fellows who can

walk for ever and be none the worse for it ; and as I had been in the mountains a month, and had loved to rush up and down the hill-sides, I had got myself into condition. Nevertheless, we went too fast. About two o'clock we reached a hut upon a plain, and there laid down for a few minutes to take breath. There were some shepherds near the hut, and they directed us to the path which we were to take. Nearly twelve months have elapsed since that day, and now, sitting in my chair as I am writing, I say to myself quietly, I wish their German had been better.

I do not remember very distinctly the first part of the way after we left the hut. It lay over the bleak wild mountain, and there was nothing in it of special interest. I do remember, however, toiling up the side of the Schlern mountain. The sun was no longer shining ; instead, the sky was covered and rain seemed to be probable. We thought little of the rain, except that it would mar our chance of a good view from the top, but continued to climb upwards and upwards. I had learned from experience never to expect the top of a mountain until I had actually reached it—a rule I can safely recommend to all young mountaineers. B. knew the truth of this quite as well as I did, and he began to consider whether we were really going in the right direction. We had long left all trees behind us. The only vegetation besides the scanty grass were ferns and thick furze bushes. We could not discover any sign of a path near us, or even far away. On the whole, we did not think we could do better than continue to mount straight in front of us. It was very steep, and a false step might have led to a disaster. We were climbing right up the mountain, clutching hold, as for our lives, to such stones and ferns as would bear our weight. I felt very uncomfortable. There was no secret about it then, and I will make none now. I was afraid. There had been one vivid flash of fork lightning, followed instantly by a loud peal of thunder. And there was a little rain. I do not know that, in themselves, the thunder and lightning frightened me much ; the rain certainly did not at all ; but I did not like the idea of possibly being overtaken on the mountain in a thick mist of cloud ; and more than all I did not like the idea of further climbing—the ascent becoming more and more difficult the higher we went—with the knowledge that we could not come down again by any other way. We were climbing as one climbs a tree, and had one of the holdfasts given way in the pull, or had the ground given way under the strong pressure from our feet, we must have slid or rolled down the mountain farther, at any rate, than we should have liked. There are moments in life when one feels that one has not the right to be :

felt then that was one of them. I thought of those belonging to me, and I knew that I had no right to play the fool. Had I followed only my own inclination, I should not have gone so far, but I hated the idea of turning back for fear. There is fear and "funk." I will not attempt to define either, but I am sure that I knew then perfectly well what I was doing, and that my reasons were clearly fixed in my own mind. B. was a more expert climber than I was, but he did not like the situation much better than I did. I think the only difference between us was that perhaps he felt a little less than I did the apprehension of falling. Nevertheless, I think the chance of danger was imminent. We consulted as to what we should do. It was then nearly five o'clock, and it seemed to be hopeless that we should ever reach the top of the mountain. With me, at any rate, it was not so much a question of time or endurance as of possibility. I could not do it. As to B., I will not venture to say whether he could or could not. A man should be able to gauge his friend's powers very accurately before he determines even in his own mind such a question. B. certainly showed no unwillingness to return, and, I believe, had none. We did not go on farther. We had to confess to ourselves, after all, that we could not reach the top of the Schlern. My own first feeling was, I confess, one of great delight that I was not obliged to go up that awful mountain any higher. I imagined that I was looking through a smoked glass into the next world, and that I saw more of it than was agreeable. Slowly we descended the mountain, and with great care, for it is generally more difficult to go down what may be a dangerous place than to climb up it. Gradually the incline became less precipitous, and when we found we could use our legs fairly, we both felt a sorrowful regret that we had been worsted in our attempt. B. may have felt this sooner than I did, though he also had not been sorry to leave off climbing. Then we sat down and gave expression to our disappointment. There was no anger in our thoughts, but we were both sore at heart. As one is obliged to desist from spurring an obstinate brute of a horse because he cannot be made to jump, so were we obliged to desist from climbing the brute of a mountain because it had been too steep for us, and—I grieve to write the words, for there is a cruel injustice in them—we were beaten! I feel now the soreness of our own defeat, if it can be so called, more keenly than I did at the time, and I should like now at this instant to start off, stick in hand, and again attack the big monster.

Sorrowfully we ran all the rest of the way down the hill; and, at the bottom, looking up at the mountain we had just descended, we

thought we saw some men and horses coming down on what must be a track very much to the right of the way we had gone. And so it was. A gentleman and two ladies, three horses, and three men, were coming down the mountain on the very pathway that we ought to have taken! Of course, B. and I felt hurt. We had walked all the day, had worked very hard, and then, because the shepherds had spoken some unintelligible jargon, our labour had been thrown away! Let anyone work for thirteen hours, putting all his soul and strength into it as we had done, and then find it to be all to no purpose! It was no use being angry, but we were a little annoyed and vexed. There was no help for it, so we made our way back to the hut where we had left the remainder of our provisions, and there dined at six o'clock. As we divided our second fowl, we forgot our vexation; and we laughed much at a funny dog belonging to the shepherds, who showed us very plainly that he did not get all the bones of a fowl for his dinner every day of the week. The jolly little beast gave us a good deal of amusement, and we were grateful to him. We were not stinted in our wine, for we got what we wanted from the shepherds. It was wholesome stuff, but I do not think many Londoners would have liked it.

We had taken two hours and a half to mount from Bad Ratzes to the hut, but we descended in thirty-five minutes. We rushed down that mountain as though blood-hounds were upon our track; our arms and legs must have been made of cast-iron to have stood the joltings at all the turns and zigzags through the wood. We did not stay at Ratzes a second time, but walked on in the direction of Atzwang, without going to Völs, as we had done in the morning. Going to Völs had been clearly a mistake. On our way to Atzwang we again went too fast. I think we were urged on by our desire to get home; it was on this part of the journey that we both began to feel tired. Hitherto we had always walked on the mountain, or on the mountain side, and then nearly at the end of a very hard day a walk of eight miles on a bad road was what no one would have desired. Atzwang was reached at last, a little after nine o'clock. We stayed there a while to rest, and asked for beer. We left at half-past nine, and reached Klobenstein just at eleven, having left it at five in the morning. I think I was a little less tired than B. when we got in. I ate my supper—some soup, and cold ham and veal. B. ate some soup only. He may have been wiser than I was. The next morning I was prostrate. I tried twice to get up, but I found I could not stand. A plate of soup, with a tablespoonful of brandy put in, revived me. I found myself

eating it, and that the dose of salt did me good. At four in the afternoon I was up, ate my dinner, and drank the best part of a bottle of champagne. I had liked the salt in the soup, but I disliked very much the sugar in the wine. Ginger-beer may be a good drink, but at ten francs a bottle one likes it less. B. had got up to the mid-day table d'hôte dinner, and when I saw him he told me he was "as fit as a fiddle." My fiddle was the worse for wear. B. said, and he may have been right, that we did not take enough food with us, that for such an expedition we wanted more solid animal food. I must give B. a word of praise. He walked all that day in German-made shoes! I have been up Pilatus in Switzerland in cricket shoes, but they were made in England. Poor B. had long been from home, and had worn out all his boots.

Very soon after the expedition my wife and I left Klobenstein, and I have not seen B. since. I wrote to him last November, and a month afterwards heard from him that my letter, after many peregrinations, had found him in Vienna. He said he would be in England some time this year, and would then come to see me. I am anxiously waiting for him.

HENRY M. MERIVALE.

FAITH-HEALING.

UNDER a variety of forms, faith-healing has not only attracted attention but found numerous adherents in most periods of history. But, as we propose to show in the present pages, this phase of belief has arisen from a multiplicity of causes which, although widely divergent from one another, have nevertheless produced the same result. Hence the subject is of peculiar interest, because it is intimately associated with the progress of the intellectual development of Europe.¹ The survival of this movement at the present day is an illustration of the tendency of popular ideas to periodically reassert their claims, even although the spirit of the age may not favour their pretensions ; for as Mr. Lecky² remarks: " A general credulity on the subject of miracles now underlies the opinions of almost all educated men." Despite, however, the revolution of popular feeling, which, with the advancement of civilisation, has assumed an attitude of sceptical indifference towards the occurrence of the miraculous in modern life, yet the belief in the supernatural is by no means an anachronism. If it does not meet with the same support as three or more centuries ago, it nevertheless finds a sufficient number of followers to make its claims known. In discussing, then, the history of the so-called " faith-cures," it will be seen that however exorbitant the conditions required for their success might be, they have seldom failed to meet with a ready compliance in past years. But when it is remembered that the very essence of faith-healing implies, at the outset, an unlimited confidence in those who are desirous of being cured, it is of small importance what the conditions may be to which they are enjoined to give an implicit assent. These, of course, have undergone modification, or the reverse, at different periods, although there can be no doubt that in the majority of instances a no small strain has been made on the faith of those who have submitted to be cured by this method. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the

¹ See Buckle's *History of Civilisation in England*, 1867, i. 122-6.

² *History of European Morals*, 1869, i. 368. See Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, 1875, ii. 118.

very fact of certain persons applying to the faith-healing process for relief from some bodily ailment is a proof that they are of a credulous turn of mind, and ready to believe, with an unquestioning sincerity, what others could in no wise accept.¹

Amongst some of the causes which have encouraged the growth of this movement in bygone times may be noticed the "misconception of the laws of nature." This, indeed, may be regarded as one of the earlier reasons which prompted man to resort to all kinds of curious methods for the cure of disease. It was only "after ages of toil," to quote Mr. Lecky's forcible words, "that the mind of man emancipated itself from those deadly errors to which, by the deceptive appearances of nature, the long infancy of humanity is universally doomed."² Thus the history of disease forms one of the most valuable and interesting sections in the history of primitive culture, inasmuch as it records the struggle of humanity to free itself from those personal agencies which were credited with inflicting on man the varied ills to which he is subject.³ Instead of recognising disease as the result of natural causes, it was referred only too frequently to demoniacal interference, and hence could be alleviated by no efforts on the part of man, but by an appeal to the spiritual source whence it was supposed to proceed; in short, it was a superstitious credulity of this kind which caused, as Mr. Lecky adds, "millions of prayers to be vainly breathed to what we now know were inexorable laws of nature."⁴ This principle, too, is of universal application, and in every part of the world we find those diseases which are peculiarly fatal assigned to the Deity, "especially those which have a sudden and mysterious appearance."⁵ Similarly, in olden times, epilepsy was known as "the sacred disease," and considered to be the effect of supernatural interference. Speaking of which Aretæus⁶ remarks: "There is a sort of ignominy, too, in its character, for it seems to attack those who offend the moon, and hence the disease is termed 'sacred,' as it may be from these sources, either from its magnitude, or from the cure not being in the power of man, but of God; or from the notion that a demon had entered into the patient." It is noteworthy, however, that in this respect Hippocrates was very far in advance, not only of his own age, but of much later periods, for

¹ See Bishop Hall's *Characters of Vices*, works by Pratt, vii. 102.

² *History of European Morals*, i. 56.

³ See Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*, 1870, i. 7c.

⁴ *History of European Morals*, i. 56.

⁵ Buckle's *History of Civilisation in England*, i. 127.

⁶ *On the Causes and Signs of Acute or Chronic Disease*, translated by T. F. Reynolds, 1837, 62.

nothing can be more emphatic than his rejection of supernatural influences as causes of any disease whatever.¹ Thus, he says, with regard to epilepsy, "it appears to me to be in no wise more divine or more sacred than other diseases, but has a natural cause from which it originates, like other affections. Men regard its nature and cause as divine from ignorance, and wonder because it is not at all like other diseases."² It is evident, therefore, that Hippocrates was fully aware of the nature of disease, and ridiculed most strongly those who, instead of striving to alleviate its ravages on the human frame by natural means, argued that such visitations can only be removed by sacrifice and prayer offered to the divine powers. Thus, alluding once more to epilepsy, he says: "They who first referred this disease to the Gods appeared to me to be just such persons as the conjurors, mountebanks, and charlatans now are, who give themselves out for being excessively religious, and as knowing more than other people. Such persons, then, using the Divinity as a pretext and screen of their own inability to afford any assistance, have given out that this disease is sacred." But tracing the theory of the causes of disease in relation to their modes of cure, it is observable how tenaciously the notion of most human ailments as so many manifestations of supernatural agency has retained its hold on the popular mind. Going back, for instance, to the early history of Christianity,³ "it is demons," says Origen,⁴ "which produce famine, unfruitfulness, corruptions of the air, and pestilence;" and St. Augustine⁵ speaks in the same strain: "All diseases of Christians are to be ascribed to these demons. Chiefly do they torment fresh-baptized Christians, yea! even the guiltless new-born infant." But coming down to modern times, Sprengel⁶ tells us how in Europe every pestilence was believed to be a manifestation of the divine anger, and, to quote his words, "les différentes sectes s'accordèrent néanmoins à regarder les maladies graves et dangereuses comme un effet immédiat de la puissance divine." But this opinion, as Mr. Buckle adds,⁷ "though it has long been dying away, is by no means extinct, even in the most civilised countries." In the most unexpected quarters, too, we occasionally find it making a determinate struggle to recover

¹ See Russell's *History and Heroes of the Art of Medicine*, 1861, 23.

² Adams' *Hippocrates*, ii. 843.

³ See L. F. A. Maury's *Légendes Picuses du Moyen Age*, 1837, 68.

⁴ *Contra Celsum*, lib. vii. c. 31.

⁵ *De Divinit. Demon.*, c. 3.

⁶ *Histoire de la Médecine*, iii. 112.

⁷ *History of Civilisation in England*, i. 127-8, iii. 471-3; and see Letomear's *Sociology*, 1881, 311-13.

its early influence, while among the vulgar it still exerts considerable sway. Thus epidemics, which were once regarded as supernatural visitations, are now known by science to depend upon natural causes, and to be amenable to treatment.¹ This is especially the case with cholera, which was attributed to divine displeasure, and, in accordance with the theological theory of disease, was supposed to be stayed by a miraculous interposition. But science has long since unmistakably proved that cholera is one of the diseases which attack with the greatest effect those classes of a community who "neglect their persons, and live in dirty, ill-drained or ill-ventilated dwellings." And as with cholera so with other diseases; they mostly spring from natural causes, concerning which there was formerly so much misconception. But, on the other hand, it is no matter of surprise that, when delusions of this kind were widely circulated and credited, faith-healing should be resorted to as the most consistent means of escaping the effects of disease. This probably also explains the origin of many of the charms practised throughout our own and other countries, in which the formulas used are distinct prayers, although it is true that in some instances they are mere verbal forms by no means intelligible.² At any rate they are so numerous, and survive under such a variety of forms, that it would seem much efficacy was attached to them by our forefathers. Coleridge,³ it may be remembered, records the time-honoured mode of procedure practised at Christ's Hospital, reported to have been in use in the school since its foundation in the reign of Edward VI. A boy attacked by a fit of cramp would get out of bed, stand firmly on the leg affected, and make the sign of the cross over it, repeating meanwhile this formula :—

The devil is tying a knot in my leg,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John unloose it, I beg;
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus.

In the same way, we may trace the practice still common amongst our peasantry of transferring an ailment from the patient to another person or object. This superstitious usage is a survival of the primitive spirit-theory of disease, which regarded it as a personal being that could be conjured out of a man and conveyed elsewhere. Hence the disease was commonly charmed into a stick, and the

¹ See Renouard's *Histoire de la Médecine*, i. 398.

² See Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, 1873, ii. 373; see, too, Henderson's *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, 1879, 138–180; Black's *Folk-Medicine*, and Pettigrew's *Medical Superstitions*, 1844.

³ *Table Talk*, ii. 59; *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., viii. 245.

stick thrown across a highway that it might be effectually separated from the sufferer,¹ it being commonly supposed that the disease, or evil spirit, would enter into the first person who picked it up. Thus, nowadays, a person troubled with warts is recommended to touch each of them with a pebble, and to leave the pebbles in a bag on the road to church, that the ailment may be transferred to the unlucky finder. Similarly, in Germany, a plaister from a sore may be left at a crossway to transmit the disease to a passer-by, and Mr. Tylor² informs us that the bunches of flowers which "children offer to travellers in Southern Europe are sometimes intended for the ungracious purpose of sending some disease away from their homes." It may be noted that this theory, in addition to being of ancient origin, is found under a variety of forms amongst uncivilised tribes. Thus, whereas Pliny relates how pains in the stomach may be cured by transferring the ailment from the patient's body into a puppy or duck, Captain Burton³ records a similar mode of treatment as carried on by the inhabitants of Central Africa. He tells us that disease, being caused by a spirit, must be expelled from the patient; the expedients employed for this purpose being drumming, dancing, and drinking, till at last the spirit is enticed to enter into some inanimate object, such as an ornament or a nail. In West Africa, it is customary to transfer a sick man's ailment to a live fowl, "which is set free with it, and if one catches the fowl, the disease goes to him."⁴ Instances of this form of superstition are of very frequent occurrence, and enter largely into the folklore of most savage and uncultured tribes. However much, too, we may deplore the ignorance of primitive and uncivilised races for resorting to such eccentric practices, yet we must not forget, as we have already pointed out, how many of our European peasants⁵ with a similar credulity strive to get rid of their gout or ague by charming them away—for instance, to an ash tree—with this formula, "Ash tree, ashen tree, pray buy this wart of me."

Closely allied to the misconception of the laws of nature, as a reason for faith-healing in the past, was the backward state of medical knowledge. But, as Mr. Draper⁶ has rightly remarked, when speaking of lawyers and physicians in their relation to the intellectual progress of bygone centuries, "it is to the honour of both these

¹ Thrupp's *Anglo-Saxon Home*, 1862, 276; Wright's *Biographia Anglo-Saxon.*, i. 103.

² *Primitive Culture*, 1873, ii. 149.

³ *Central Africa*, ii. 352.

⁴ Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, ii. 148.

⁵ See Grimm's *Teutonic Myths*.

⁶ *Intellectual Development of Europe*, ii. 113.

professions that they never sought for a perpetuation of power by schemes of vast organisation, never attempted to delude mankind by stupendous impostures, and never compelled them to desist from the expression of their thoughts. Far from being the determined antagonists of human knowledge, they uniformly fostered it, and in its trials defended it." Thus, John of Gaddesden was the first Englishman appointed Court Physician in London.¹ His idea of the treatment of diseases was rather different from the theories of the present day; for when attending the king's son for small-pox, he directed the room to be hung with scarlet cloth, and the patient to be rolled up in similar stuff.² When astrology was in repute, physic was generally practised with some reference to the stars, and hence we are told that the astrological judgments became a very common object of inquiry among physicians.³ One Dr. Saunders, for instance, who wrote very fully on this branch of the so-called science, commences thus:—

From hence
Withdraw all carping critics that deny
The great art of sublime astrology,
Which, unto such as have attained the key,
Shows the true cause of a disease, and may
Direct the doctor, expeditiously
The nearest way to cure the malady.

Again, Shakespeare, it may be remembered, frequently alludes to the state of medical knowledge in his days, and notices several of the faith-healing cases prevalent at that period. As Mr. Goadly,⁴ too, remarks, "the man of science was always more or less of an alchemist, and the students of medicine were usually extensive dealers in charms and philtres;" and adds that such an apothecary as that described by Romeo (v. i) was as ready "to sell love philtres to a maiden as narcotics to a friar." But, however whimsical many of these old remedies may seem to us, there can be no doubt that they were prescribed in good faith, and that oftentimes, by working on the imagination of the patient, they effected remarkable cures. In short, it is an acknowledged fact⁵ that diseases connected with the brain and the nervous system may be very considerably affected through the medium of the patient's imagination. There is the familiar story

¹ *Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity*, 1837, 345.

² See Pettigrew's *Medical Superstitions*.

³ See Lilly's *Introduction to Astrology*, 1835; and Claudius Doirat's *Brief and most Easy Introduction to the Astrological Judgment of the Starre*, 1598.

⁴ *The England of Shakespeare*, 1881, 104.

⁵ See *Daily Telegraph*, February 22, 1885.

of the French criminal who died because he believed that he was being bled to death, while in reality his arms were only pricked, and a sound of trickling water made to imitate the noise of the blood flowing forth.¹ In the same way, it is recorded how Mr. Louthembourg cured large numbers of patients by attacking the imagination. Amongst those who had visited him was a man who had been troubled with great pains and swellings, particularly about the loins, so that he could not walk across the room. On entering, Mr. Louthembourg looked steadfastly at him, and said, "I know your complaint; look at me." They continued looking at each other some minutes; then Mr. Louthembourg asked if he did not feel some warmth at his loins, whereupon the man replied that he did. "Then you will feel in a few minutes much greater warmth." After a short pause, the man said, "I feel as if a person were pouring boiling water upon me." Still looking in his face, Mr. Louthembourg said, "How did you come here, sir?" "In a coach." "Then go and discharge your coach and walk back to town." The coach was discharged, and the patient walked to town, and next day he walked five hours about town without fatigue.² Similarly, Sydney Smith relates how the banker-poet Rogers caught a bad cold simply from imagining a window to be open, but which all the time was shut. It was at a dinner-party, and the great sheet of plate-glass had deceived Rogers, who was sitting in what he thought to be a dangerous draught. To quote a further case: Dr. Sigmond relates how a poor woman, having applied to a physician for a cure of an affection of the breast, he gave her a prescription, which he directed should be applied to the breast. She returned at the end of a few days to offer her grateful thanks for the cure which he had effected; but on making inquiry as to the mode of action, he ascertained that his patient had very carefully tied the prescription round her neck. Faith-cures of this kind are of constant occurrence, and we know how many persons, when suffering from maladies connected with the brain or nervous system, have been restored to their abnormal state of health by simple faith. Thus startling effects have occasionally followed the swallowing of such make-belief remedies as pills composed of bread or sugar. This accounts, therefore, for the cures which were wrought in days gone by, even when medicine was in a backward state, and the most absurd prescriptions were often given to patients suffering from nervous diseases.

But, again, it must not be forgotten that the power of the imagina-

¹ See *Timbs' Doctors and Patients*, 1876, 79-80.

² *Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity*, 364.

tion in healing disease materially enhanced the prosperity of the cure-mongering quacks in all ages. To such an influence may be attributed much of the success of many old *nostrums* to which unlimited faith was bestowed in times past. One of these irregular practitioners was Valentine Greatrakes, who flourished about two centuries ago.¹ He was the son of an Irish gentleman of good education and property, of the county of Cork, and was born in the year 1628. His method of curing disease was by means of stroking, and hence he has been designated "The Stroker." During an epidemical fever he cured all who came to him,² and on one occasion he affirmed that even the touch of his glove had driven pain away, and on one occasion cast out from a woman several devils and evil spirits, who tormented her day and night. "Every one of these devils," says Greatrakes, "was like to choke her when it came up into her throat;" but, as it has been pointed out, it is evident that the woman's complaint was nothing but hysteria. Anyhow, he gained the reputation of performing such marvellous cures that persons from all parts came to consult him—a success which induced him to take a house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, which quickly became the noted rendezvous of "all the nervous and credulous women of the metropolis." Again, the anodyne necklace, consisting of beads formed from the roots of white briony, and frequently suspended round the necks of infants with the view of assisting their teething, was another striking instance of the confidence in the medical virtue of amulets which was propounded by quacks. For a considerable time most of these so-called cures gained a decided popularity; and in spite of their preposterous claims, gained an amount of credence which was all the more striking from the encouragement it met with amongst all classes of society. But once more: some periods have been far more favourable to credulity than others—a circumstance which would materially advance such a movement as faith healing. Thus, we know how, during the greater part of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth century, credulity was almost the spirit of the age, since, as Mr Buckle remarks,³ "it affected not merely the lowest and most ignorant classes, but even those that were best educated." Perhaps one of the most astounding instances of credulity at this period of our history was the widespread and deeply-rooted belief that the king's touch could cure scrofula.

¹ See Mackay's *Popular Delusions*.

² *Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity*, 356-7.

³ *History of Civilization in England*, i. 330; see Lecky's *History of European Morals*, i. 386.

Indeed, it enlisted the sympathy and support of the leading intellects of the day, and was even assisted by the University of Oxford. According to Macaulay,¹ when the appointed time came, "several divines in full canonicals stood round the canopy of state. The surgeon of the royal household introduced the sick. A passage from Mark xvi. was read. When the words, 'they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover,' had been pronounced, there was a pause, and one of the sick was brought to the king. His majesty stroked the ulcers.' When it is remembered, too, that Charles II. in the course of his reign touched about 100,000 persons, it is difficult to conceive a more wholesale system of delusion. Its influence, moreover, was not limited, inasmuch as it greatly encouraged throughout the country all kinds of quack remedies, instances of which are of frequent notice in the chap-books of the period. During, too, the great witchcraft movement in this country, abundant opportunities were afforded of working on the credulity of the popular mind. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, considering the enormous influence of this system of superstitious terrorism. Once granted the reality of witchcraft as an active power, it inevitably followed that there should be numerous persons who claimed the magic art of curing all manner of diseases by supernatural means. Thus, an old woman "who gathered herbs, or had medical knowledge, or was a bit of a charlatan, was sure to be suspected of being a witch, and suspected or shunned accordingly. Epilepsy, lunacy, and diseases that physicians could not master, were all put down to witchcraft."² It should be added, too, that witches were supposed to produce pestilence and other ills to which flesh is heir, and hence it was very logically argued that if they could produce disease by their incantations, there was no difficulty in believing that they could also remove it. Hence, as Mr. Lecky³ observes, it is "certain that the witches constantly employed their knowledge of the property of herbs for the purpose of curing disease, and that they attained in this respect a skill which was hardly equalled by the regular practitioners."⁴ Even at the present day, in many of our country villages, we still find the reputed witch professing to charm away disease, and exacting exorbitant charges for her magic treatment. Mr. Black⁵ mentions a professional

¹ *History of England*, chap. xiv.

² Goadby's *England of Shakespeare*, 111. See Sir Walter Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, 1830, 145.

³ *Rationalism in Europe*, i. 71, note.

⁴ See Gregor's *Folklore of the North-east of Scotland*, 35.

⁵ *Folk Medicine*, 14.

charmer for toothache having practised in Cheshire within the last twenty years, and a Scotch witch, who was famous for her cures of sick children, was accustomed to say as she administered the remedy, "I give thee it in God's name, but the devil give thee good of it."¹ But, as a rule, the witch generally kept her deluded victim in complete ignorance of her mode of treatment, requiring that those who consulted her "should ask no questions," and "just do as they were told"—a procedure which required on their part an unlimited degree of faith.

Again, a further explanation for the belief in cures by faith-healing may be found in a certain predisposition to the miraculous which occasionally happens in the spasmodic outbursts of exaggerated faith which characterise popular religious movements. In many periods of history this has been strikingly evidenced, and delusions of the most pronounced kind have found acceptance on a scale so extensive as to far exceed the evidence upon which many an improbable fact has been established.² But, however contradictory to reason this may seem, yet it is one of those strange phases of intense religious fervour which has been supported by some of the leading intellects in most ages, and proves that even the strongest minds are not always able to emancipate themselves from the shackles of superstition.³ As has been truly remarked, intellectual greatness is no guarantee against superstition, as is amply evidenced in the history of the past. Thus Thomas Aquinas, writing in the thirteenth century, not only assures us that diseases and tempests proceed from the devil, but further adds that he can transport at his pleasure men through the air. Similarly, Luther, in the sixteenth century, influenced by his vivid imagination, and full of fiery zeal, inveighs in no measured terms against witchcraft, proclaiming how witches ought to be punished. This phase of credulity doubtless originated from his deep-rooted religious abhorrence of Satanic power, and hence he was ready to accept with implicit faith whatever a superstitious age might attribute to the agency of evil malevolence. It was asserted,⁴ therefore, that every form of disease might be produced by Satan, or by his agents, the witches. And so, as Mr. Lecky remarks, "none of the infirmities to which Luther was liable were natural, but his ear-ache was peculiarly diabolical."

¹ See Charlotte Burnes' *Shropshire Folklore*, edited by Miss Jackson, 1883, part I. 143-53.

² See Lecky's *History of European Morals*, 1869, i. 385-7.

³ See Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*, 1875, ii. 117-8.

⁴ See Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*, i. 61.

Although physicians might endeavour to account for the common ailments of daily life on natural grounds, yet, it was argued, that they were only ignorant men, and had no personal knowledge of the enormous extent of the devil's power in human affairs. In the same way it must be acknowledged that the Reformation for a time stimulated the witchcraft movement, a circumstance which, as in the case of Luther, arose from the exaggerated conceptions that its leaders had formed of Satan's influence. Hence, just as any remarkable atmospheric change was supposed to be associated with the intervention of the Deity, and could be averted by an appeal to divine favour, so it was urged that disease or pestilence could be similarly cured, if only persons had sufficient faith to believe in the readiness and sufficiency of God's power to do so. Then, it must be remembered that the relics of saints were once used as a cure for nearly every disease,¹ and the miraculous cures reported to have been performed by saints and bishops are so numerous that, as Mr. Thrupp points out, the accounts of them "probably occupy more than one-half of the writings of Bede and many other of the early chroniclers."² In the church of St. Sophia at Jerusalem there used to be exhibited a stone upon which Christ was alleged to have stood when being examined before Pilate. This stone was considered so miraculous that pilgrims flocked by thousands to the church to see it, and even took the measure of the foot-prints, which were said to be perfectly visible, which they henceforth wore round their necks as a remedy for disease. As further instances of this species of faith-healing, we are told how an abbess was healed of a disease which had baffled all physicians by wearing the girdle of St. Cuthbert. There is, too, the famous legend relating to the Virgin of the Pillar at Saragossa, who is related, in answer to the prayer of one of her worshippers, to have restored a leg that had been amputated.³ There is a picture of the miracle in the cathedral of Saragossa, opposite the image. Again, a broken arm was mended by the application of the wood of a cross erected by St. Oswald, and innumerable cures are reported to have been wrought by holy water into which chips of an oak, blessed by St. Oswald, or pieces of Bishop Earconwald's horse litter, had been dipped. Once more, Mr. Thrupp mentions how the hair of a saint's beard dipped in holy water and taken inwardly was constantly prescribed as a powerful remedy for fever, while blindness was said to have been

¹ Thrupp's *Anglo-Saxon Home*, 277.

² See Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*, i. 140-2.

³ This reported miracle is noticed by Hume in his *Essay on Miracles*. See Guizot's *History of Civilization*.

frequently cured by rubbing the eyes with relics. Hallam,¹ it may be remembered, has denounced in no measured terms these pretended miracles of the Church, which he explains as "the work of deliberative imposture. Every cathedral and monastery had its tutelar saint, and every saint his legend, fabricated in order to enrich the churches under his protection, by exaggerating his virtues, his miracles, and consequently his power of serving those who paid liberally for his patronage." Amongst the numerous survivals of these miraculous faith cures associated with our Lord and the saints which still exist in our own country, may be mentioned the apocryphal correspondence between our Lord and Abgar, king of Edessa,² a copy of which when worn on the person is considered a preservative against fever. Again, St. Guthlac's belt and the belt of St. Thomas of Lancaster were good against headache, while the penknife, boots, and part of the shirt of Archbishop Becket were esteemed of sovereign efficiency to aid parturition.³ Again, formerly in Scotland⁴ persons and cattle were cured by "lotions off a stone called St. Convall's chariot, which had miraculously borne that sanctified personage over the waves from Ireland to the banks of the Clyde, where it grounded." Furthermore, a commemoration of St. George was thought in the Philippine Islands to protect one's rest against scorpions, and St. Veronica's aid was invoked in Anglo-Saxon spells, and St. Marchatus and St. Victricius for convulsions.⁵ In days gone by, too, it may be remembered how the wells at Buxton were commonly supposed to possess a healing property, because St. Anne presided over the locality.

But once more, it has long been admitted that in the districts where education is in a backward state—as is the case with many of our country villages—the faith-healing class of cures still retain a certain amount of popularity. This must of necessity be so, for ignorance has always proved a powerful ally to superstition, from the circumstance of its being incapable of dispersing error. Thus a mind, more or less uncultured, accepts in its simplicity as worthy of credit what an educated person would in all probability at once reject as an absurd and senseless delusion. Consequently, from generation to generation, we find handed down, amongst our rural and unlettered communities, all kinds of faith healing cures which hold a popular

¹ *State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, 1835, ii. 221-2.

² See Black's *Folk-Medicine*, 75-94; and *Notes and Queries*, 5th Ser. i. 325, 375-6.

³ Pettigrew's *Medical Superstitions*, 42.

⁴ Dallzell, *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, 152.

⁵ See Black's *Folk-Medicine*, 1863, 93-4.

place in their domestic medicine. Now, oftentimes, instead of sending for medical aid in the event of sickness, they rely with unwavering faith on some old reputed cure which, it may be, has long had the reputation of working beneficial results when properly administered. But the real intrinsic merits of such a mode of treatment have seldom, if ever, been made the subject of inquiry, but been trusted almost solely on traditionary grounds. Hence the value attached to such cures is entirely imaginary, the remedial agent being solely "faith." With all due respect, therefore, to those religionists who, in various times, have propounded before the world the existence of faith-healing as a veritable reality within the reach of all who are believing enough to entrust the care of their physical ailments to such miraculous intervention, we cannot conceal or disguise the fact that there is scarcely a week passes but witnesses to like cases being wrought amongst the unsophisticated folk of our country villages. The touch of a "suicide's" hand, for instance, is reported in Cornwall to have cured a young man who, from his birth, had been afflicted with running tumours; whereas in Surrey a sovereign cure for the goitre was to form the sign of the cross on the neck with the hand of a corpse. This notion, however, was not confined to any special locality; a further case of which we may quote from the *Times* of May 9th, 1855: "At an early hour on the morning of the 1st of May, a woman respectably attired, and accompanied by an elderly gentleman, applied for admittance to the cemetery at Plymouth. On being allowed to enter, they proceeded to the grave of the last man interred; and the woman, who had a large wen in her throat, rubbed her neck three times each way on each side of the grave, departing before sunrise."¹ It is unnecessary to add further illustrations of these faith-cures, as they not only lie thickly scattered, here and there, throughout the country, but are still credited as possessing the same efficacy as in bygone centuries when superstition had a much greater hold on the lower orders than at the present day. At the same time, there can be no doubt that this feeling of credulity affords many a local quack abundant opportunity of plying his dishonest calling by working on the nervous susceptibilities of the weak-minded. Moreover, under the pretence of exercising extraordinary medical skill, these false healers of the sick only too often—as is evidenced by the local police court—extort exorbitant sums from those who seek their aid. In short, as long as the country villages boast of their "wise men" or "wise women" who profess to be specially gifted by Heaven with the power of banishing

¹ See Black's *Folk-Medicine*, 101; and Hunt's *Popular Romances of England*, 2nd S., 164.

disease, there unfortunately will always be persons ready to consult and trust them, however unscrupulous their pretensions may be.¹ But, on the other hand, every credit for sincerity must be given to those who, actuated by a fervid religious zeal, fancy they are divinely favoured above their fellow-creatures with peculiar acquirements and knowledge for alleviating suffering. However mistaken such benefactors to the human race may be in their views, yet the numerous adherents they always succeed in gaining is a proof that the so-called "age of faith" is not confined to one period more than another.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

¹ See Henderson's *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, 237, 244-5; Black's *Folk-Medicine*, 104, 122, 133, 136-7.

LIFE IN PATAGONIA.

DURING a long sojourn on the Rio Negro letters and papers reached me only at rare intervals. On one occasion I passed very nearly two months without seeing a newspaper. I remember, when at the end of that time one was put before me, I snatched it up eagerly and began hastily scanning the columns, or column-headings rather, in search of startling items from abroad, and that after five minutes I laid it down again to listen to someone talking in the room, and that I eventually left the place without reading the paper at all. I suppose I snatched it up at first mechanically, just as a cat, even when not hungry, pounces on a mouse it sees scuttling across its path. It was simply the survival of an old habit—a trick played by unconscious memory on the intellect, like the action of the person who has resided all his life in a hovel, and who, on entering a cathedral door or passing under a lofty archway, unwittingly stoops to avoid bumping his forehead against an imaginary lintel. I was conscious on quitting the room, where I had cast aside the unread newspaper, that the old interest in the affairs of the world at large had in a great measure forsaken me; yet the thought did not seem a degrading one, nor was I at all startled at this newly-discovered indifference, though up till then I had always been a keen politician and profoundly interested in the moves on the great chessboard of the world. How had I spent those fifty or sixty days, I asked myself, and from what enchanted cup had I drank the oblivious draught which had wrought such a change in me? The answer was that I had drank from the cup of nature, that my days had been spent with peace. It then also seemed to me that the passion for politics, the perpetual craving of the mind for some new thing, is after all only a feverish artificial feeling, a necessary accompaniment of the conditions we live in, perhaps, but from which one rapidly recovers when it can no longer be pandered to, just as a toper when removed from temptation recovers a healthy tone of body and finds to his surprise that he is able to exist without the aid of stimulants. It is easy enough to relapse from this free and pleasant condition; in the last case the emancipated man goes back to the bottle, in the first

excitement. How fresh and how human it seemed in interest in the village annals, the domestic life, the cares, and struggles of the people I lived with! It was only to be experienced in any great degree by those who ceased to vex itself with the ambitious schemes of the Sublime Porte, and the meeting or breaking of the Eastern Question had lost its ancient fascination. I found a world large enough for my sympathies in the life of men and women on the Rio Negro. Here for upwards of a century the colony has existed, cut off, as it were, by hundreds of leagues from all communion with fellow-Christians, surrounded by a wilderness, waterless and overgrown with thorns, and infested by pumas, ostriches, and wandering tribes of savage Indians. In this romantic isolation the colonists spend their whole childhood over the wooded uplands to stain their faces with the juice of crimson and purple berries, like the babes in the woods. They live with one cloud always on their otherwise sunlit horizon, the shadow of the red man, and always ready to fly to arms and muster on horse when the cannon booms forth its loud alarm.

It must of necessity have been a case of war between these white aliens—war not only with the wild tribes, but a long and unending feud against the robbers of their inheritance, the Indians. For when man begins to cultivate the soil, to domesticate his cattle, and to slay a larger number of wild

Now the red man's spirit is broken ; in numbers and in courage he is declining. During the last decade the desert places have been abundantly watered with his blood, and before many years are over, the old vendetta will be forgotten, for he will have ceased to exist.

Nature, albeit now without his aid, still maintains the conflict, enlisting the elements, with bird, beast, and insect, against the hated white disturber, whose way of life is not in harmony with her way. The soil of the valley is very thin, a mere carpet of mould spread over the sand and gravel strata, this soil was held together by the roots of the slow-growing perennial giant pampas grasses ; but when the white man came with his attendant train of domestic animals this native vegetation disappeared, giving place to the tender quick-growing perishable clovers and grasses of Europe. The heats of summer burn these up to dust, leaf and root ; the violent winds which blow incessantly during the three hottest months carry away the surface soil, so that during seasons of drought a cloud of dust hangs over the valley, which becomes in appearance a desert of barren sand.

Then there are the animal foes. Pumas infest the settlement. At all seasons a few of these sly but withal audacious robbers haunt the riverside ; but in winter a great many lean and hungry individuals come down from the uplands to slay the sheep and horses, and it is extremely difficult to track them to their hiding places in the thorny thickets overhanging the valley. I was told that not less than a hundred pumas were killed annually by the shepherds and herdsmen. The depredations of the locusts are on a much larger scale. In summer I frequently rode over miles of ground where they literally carpeted the earth with their numbers, rising in clouds before me, causing a sound as of a loud wind with their wings. It was always the same, I was told ; every year they appeared at some point in the valley to destroy the crops and pasturage. Then there were birds of many species and in incalculable numbers. To an idle sportsman without a stake in the country it was paradise. At one place I noticed all the wheat ruined, most of the stalks being stripped and broken, presenting a very curious appearance ; I was surprised to hear from the owner of the desolate fields that in this instance the coots had been the culprits. Thousands of these birds came up from the river every night, and in spite of all he could do to frighten them away they had succeeded in wasting his corn.

On either side of the long straggling settlement spreads the uninhabited desert uninhabitable, in fact, for it is waterless, with a sterile gravelly soil that only produces a thorny vegetation of dwarf trees. It serves, however, as a breeding-place for myriads of winged

creatures; and never a season passes but it sends down its hungry legions of one kind or another into the valley. During my stay pigeons, ducks, and geese were the greatest foes to the farmer. When the sowing season commenced the pigeons (*Columba maculosa*) came in myriads to devour the grain, which is here sown broadcast. Shooting and poisoning them was practised on some farms, while on others dogs were trained to hunt the birds from the ground; but notwithstanding all these measures half the seed committed to the earth was devoured. When the corn was fully ripe and ready to be harvested then came the brown duck—*Dafila spinacauda*—in millions to feast on the grain. Early in winter the arrival of the migratory upland geese—*Cleophaga magellanica*—was dreaded. It is scarcely possible to keep them from the fields when the wheat is young or just beginning to sprout; and I have frequently seen flocks of these birds quietly feeding under the very shadow of the fluttering scarecrows set up to frighten them. They do even greater injury to the pasture-lands, where they are often so numerous as to denude the earth of the tender young clover, thus depriving the sheep of their only food. On some estates mounted boys were kept scouring the plains, and driving up the flocks with loud shouts; but their labours were quite profitless: fresh armies of geese on their way north were continually pouring in, making a vast camping ground of the valley, till scarcely a blade of grass remained for the perishing cattle.

From this dribbling warfare, with clouds of winged things for an enemy, let us go back once more to that sterner conflict with hostile men in which the little colony has so often been involved. One episode from its eventful history I wish to relate, for in this instance the Patagonians had, for once, to oppose a foreign and civilised foe. The story is so strange, even in the singularly romantic annals of the Green Continent, that it seems almost incredible. The main facts are, however, to be found in historical documents. The details given here were taken from the lips of people living on the spot, and who were familiar with the story from childhood.

Very early in this century the Brazilians were convinced that in the Argentine nation they had a determined foe to their plundering policy, and for many years they waged war against Buenos Ayres, putting forth all their feeble energies in operations by land and sea to crush their troublesome neighbour, until 1828, when they finally abandoned the contest. During this war the Imperialists conceived the idea of capturing the Patagonian settlement of El Carmen, which was known to be quite unprotected. Three ships of war with a large contingent of soldiers were sent out to effect this insignificant con-

quest, and in due time reached the Rio Negro. One of the ships came to grief on the bar, which is very difficult; and there it eventually became a total wreck. The other two succeeded in getting safely into the river. The troops, to the number of 500 men, were disembarked and sent on to capture the town, which is twenty miles distant from the sea. The ships at the same time proceeded up the river, though it was scarcely thought that their co-operation would be required to take so weak a place as the Carmen. Happily for the colonists, the Imperial armada found the navigation difficult, and one of the ships ran on to a sandbank about half way to the town; the other proceeded alone only to arrive when it was all over with the land force. This force, finding it impossible to continue its march near the river, owing to the steep hills intersected by valleys and ravines and covered with a dense forest of thorns, was compelled to take a circuitous route leading it several miles away from the water. Tidings of the approaching army soon reached the Carmen, and all able-bodied men within call were quickly mustered in the fort. They numbered only seventy, but the Patagonians were determined to defend themselves. Women and children were brought into the fort; guns were loaded and placed in position; then the commander had a happy inspiration and all the strong women were made to display themselves on the walls in male attire. Dummy soldiers, hastily improvised from blocks of wood, bolsters, and other materials were also placed at intervals; so that when the Brazilians arrived in sight they were surprised to see four or five hundred men, as they thought, on the ramparts before them. From the high ground behind the town where they had halted they commanded a view of the river for several miles, but the expected ships were not yet in sight. The day had been oppressively hot, without a cloud, and that march of about thirty miles over the waterless desert had exhausted the men. Probably they had been suffering from sea-sickness during the voyage; at any rate, they were now mad with thirst, worn out, and not in a fit state to attack a position seemingly so strongly defended. They determined to retire, and wait for a day or two, and then attack the place in concert with the ships. To the joy and amazement of the Patagonians, their formidable enemy left without firing a shot. Another happy inspiration came to the aid of the commander, and as soon as the Brazilians had disappeared behind the rising ground, his seventy men were hastily dispatched to collect and drive in all the horses pasturing in the valley. When the invaders had been about three or four hours on their spiritless return march, the thunder of innumerable hoofs was heard behind them, and he

back, they beheld a great army, as they imagined in their terror, charging down upon them. These were their seventy foes spread in an immense half moon, in the hollow of which over a thousand horses were being driven along at frantic speed. The Brazilians received their equine enemy with a discharge of musketry; but though many horses were slain or wounded, the frantic yells of the drivers behind still urged them on, and in a few moments, blind with panic, they were trampling down the invaders. In the mean time the Patagonians were firing into the confused mass of horses and men; and by a singular chance—a miracle it was held to be at the time—the officer commanding the Imperial troops was shot dead by a stray bullet; then the men threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion—500 disciplined soldiers of the Empire to seventy poor Patagonians, mostly farmers, tradesmen, and artisans. The honour of the Empire was very little to those famishing wretches crying out with frothing mouths for water instead of quarter. Leaving their muskets scattered about the plain, they were marched by their captors down to the river, which was about four miles off, and reached it at a point just where the bank slopes down between the Parrot's Cliff on one side and the house I resided in on the other. Like a herd of cattle maddened with thirst, they rushed into the water, trampling each other down in their haste, so that many were smothered, while others, pushed too far out by the surging mass behind, were swept from their feet by the swift current and drowned. When they had drunk their fill, they were driven like cattle to the Carmen and shut up within the fort. In the evening the ship arrived before the town, and, going a little too near the shore on the opposite side, ran aground. The men in her were quickly apprised of the disaster which had overtaken the land force; meanwhile the resolute Patagonians, concealed amongst the trees on the shore, began to pepper the deck with musket-balls; the Brazilians, in terror for their lives, leaped into the water and swam to land; and when darkness fell, the colonists had crowned their brave day's work by the capture of the Imperial war-vessel *Itaparica*. No doubt it was soon pulled to pieces, good building material being rather expensive on the Rio Negro, a portion of the wreck, however, still lies in the river, and often, when the tide was low and those old brown timbers came up above the surface, like the gaunt fossil ribs of some gigantic Pliocene monster, I have got out of my boat and stood upon them experiencing a feeling of great satisfaction. Thus the awful war cloud burst, and the little colony, by pluck and cunning and readiness to strike at the proper moment, saved itself from

the disgrace of being conquered by the infamous Empire of the tropics.

During my residence at the house alongside the Parrot's Cliff, one of our neighbours I was very much interested in was a man named Sosa. He was famed for an almost preternatural keenness of sight, had great experience of the wild life of the frontier, and was always employed as a scout in times of Indian warfare. He was also a celebrated horse-thief. His horse-stealing propensities were ineradicable, and had to be winked at on account of his usefulness; so that he was left in a great measure to his own devices. He was, in fact, a fox hired to act as watch-dog to the colony in times of danger, and though the victims of his numberless thefts had always been anxious to wreak personal vengeance on him, his vulpine sagacity had so far enabled him to escape them all. My interest in him arose from the fact that he was the son of a man whose name figures in Argentine history. Sosa's father was an illiterate gaucho—a man of the plains—possessing faculties so keen that to ordinary beings his feats of vision and hearing, and his sense of direction on the monotonous plains, seemed almost miraculous. As he also possessed other qualities suitable to a leader of men in a semi-savage region, he rose in time to the command of the south-western frontier, where his numerous victories over the Indians gave him so great a prestige that the jealousy of the Dictator Rosas—the Nero of South America, as he was called by his enemies—was roused, and at his instigation Sosa was removed by means of a cup of poison. The son, though in all other respects a degenerate being, inherited his father's wonderful senses. One instance of his keensightedness which I heard struck me as very curious. In 1861 Sosa had found it prudent to disappear for a season from the colony, and in the company of five or six more gauchos—also offenders against the law, who had flown to the refuge of the desert—he amused himself by hunting ostriches along the Rio Colorado. On the 12th of March the hunters were camping beside a grove of willows in the valley, and about nine o'clock that evening, while seated round the fire roasting their ostrich meat, Sosa suddenly sprang to his feet and held his open hand high above his head for some moments. "There is not a breath of wind blowing," he exclaimed, "yet the leaves of the trees are trembling. What can this portend?" The others stared at the trees, but could see no motion, and began to laugh and jeer at him. Presently he sat down again, remarking that the trembling had ceased; but during the rest of the evening he seemed very much disturbed in his mind. He remarked repeatedly that such a thing had never happened.

"Once before, for, he said, he

also experienced in the Carmen on the Rio Ne

My host, whose Christian name was Ventura by birth, and not far off fifty years old, must, I a thousand things worth relating, and I frequently to tell some of his early experiences in the settlement how he invariably drifted into amorous and game interesting in their way, some of them, but they recollections I wished to hear. The empire of been divided between Cupid and cards, and as he had seen or experienced in fifty eventful years relation to one of these two divinities, was as away from him like the ends of the innumerable been smoking all his life. Once, however, a recollection of his boyhood was recalled accidentally to home one evening from the Carmen, where he the day, and during supper told me the following

When he was about sixteen years old he was four others—three lads like himself, and a middle Marcos in charge of them—with a herd of horses tary service at a place twenty-five leagues up the period, every person was at the beck and call of the colony. Half way to their destination they cattle-enclosure, standing two or three hundred but miles away from any habitation. They drove

the bank like a couple of water-rats or wounded ducks, and finally concealed themselves in a reed bed at some distance. The others, led by Marcos, being good swimmers like most of the Patagonians, struck boldly out for the opposite shore. But when they approached it and were beginning to congratulate themselves on their escape, they were suddenly confronted with another party of mounted Indians, standing a few yards back from the margin and quietly waiting their arrival. They turned and swam away to the middle of the stream once more: here one of them, a youth named Damian, began to exclaim that he was getting tired, and would sink unless Marcos could save him. Marcos told him to save himself if he could; then Damian, bitterly reproaching him for his selfishness, declared that he would swim back to the side they had started from and give himself up to the Indians. Naturally they made no objection, being unable to help him; and so Damian left them, and when the Indians saw him approaching they got off their horses and came down to the margin, their lances in their hands. Of course Damian knew right well that savages seldom burden themselves with a male captive when they happen to be out on the war-path; but he was a clever boy, and though death by steel was more painful than death by drowning, there was still a faint chance that his captors might have compassion on him. He began, in fact, to appeal to their mercy from the moment he abandoned his companions. "Indians! friends! brothers!" he shouted aloud from the water. "Do not kill me: in heart I am an Indian like one of yourselves, and no Christian. My skin is white, I know; but I hate my own race; to escape from them has always been my one desire. To live with the Indians I love, in the desert; that is the only wish of my heart. Spare me, brothers, take me with you, and I will serve you all my life. Let me live with you, hunt with you, fight with you—especially against the hated Christians."

In the middle of the river Marcos lifted up his face and laughed hoarsely to hear this eloquent address; though they expected to see poor Damian thrust through with spears the very next moment, he could not help laughing. They watched him arrive, still loudly crying out for mercy, astonishing them very much with his oratorical powers, for Damian had not hitherto made any display of this kind of talent. The Indians took him by the hands and drew him out of the water, then, surrounding him, walked him away to the corral, and from that moment Damian disappeared from the valley; for on a search being made afterwards, not even his bones, picked clean by vultures and foxes, could be found.

After seeing the last of their comrade, and keeping themselves afloat with the least possible exertion, Marcos and Ventura were carried down stream by the swift current till they gained a small island in the middle of the river. With the drift-wood found on it they constructed a raft, binding the sticks together with long grass and rushes, and on it they floated down stream to the inhabited portion of the valley, and so eventually made their escape.

The reason why my host told me this story instead of one of his usual love intrigues or gambling adventures was because that very day he had seen Damian once more, just returned to the settlement where he had so long been forgotten by everyone. Thirty years of exposure to the sun and wind of the desert had made him so brown, while in manner and speech he had grown so like an Indian, that the poor amateur savage found it hard at first to establish his identity. His relations had, however, been poor, and had long passed away, leaving nothing for him to inherit, so that there was no reason to discredit his strange story. He related that when the Indians drew him from the water and carried him back to the corral they disagreed amongst themselves as to what they should do to him. Luckily one of them understood Spanish, and translated to the others the substance of Damian's speech delivered from the water. When they questioned their captive he invented many other ingenious lies, saying that he was a poor orphan boy, and that the cruel treatment his master subjected him to had made him resolve to escape to the Indians. The only feeling he had towards his own race, he assured them, was one of undying animosity, and he was ready to vow that if they would only let him join their tribe he would always be ready for a raid on the Christian settlement. To see the entire white race swept away with fire and steel was, in fact, the cherished hope of his heart. Their savage breasts were touched with his piteous tale of sufferings; his revengeful feelings were believed to be genuine, and they took him to their own home, where he was permitted to share in the simple delights of the aborigines. They belonged to a tribe very powerful at that time, inhabiting a district called Las Manzanas—that is, the Apple Country—situated at the sources of the Rio Negro in the vicinity of the Andes.

There is a tradition that shortly after the conquest of South America a few courageous Jesuit priests crossed over from Chili to the eastern slopes of the Andes to preach Christianity to the tribes there, and that they took with them implements of husbandry, grain, and seeds of European fruits. The missionaries soon met their

death, and all that remained of their labours among the heathen were a few apple-trees they had planted. These trees found a soil and climate so favourable, that they soon began to propagate spontaneously, becoming exceedingly abundant. Certain it is that now, after two or three centuries of neglect by man, these wild apple-trees still yield excellent fruit, which the Indians eat, and from which they also make a fermented liquor they call *chi chi*.

To this far-off fertile region Damian was taken to lead the kind of life he professed to love. Here were hill, forest, and clear swift river, great undulating plains, the pleasant pasture-lands of the guanaco, ostrich, and wild horse; and beyond all in the west the stupendous mountain range of the Cordilleras—a realm of enchantment and ever-changing beauty. Very soon, however, when the novelty of the new life had worn off, together with the exultation he had experienced at his escape from cruel death, his heart began to be eaten up with secret grief, and he pined for his own people again. Escape was impossible: to have revealed his true feelings would have exposed him to instant cruel death. To take kindly to the savage way of life, outwardly at least, was now his only course. With cheerful countenance he went forth on long hunting expeditions in the depth of winter, exposed all day to bitter cold and furious storms of wind and sleet, cursed and beaten for his awkwardness by his fellow-huntsmen; at night stretching his aching limbs on the wet stony ground, with the rug they permitted him to wear for only covering. When the hunters were unlucky it was customary to slaughter a horse for food. The wretched animal would be first drawn up by its hind legs and suspended from the branches of a great tree, so that all the blood might be caught, for this is the chief delicacy of the Patagonian savage. An artery would be opened in the neck and the spouting blood caught in large earthen vessels; then, when the savages gathered round to the feast, poor Damian would be with them to drink his share of the abhorred liquid, hot from the heart of the still living brute. In autumn, when the apples were fermented in pots dug in the earth and lined with horse hides to prevent the juice from escaping, he would take part, as became a true savage, in the grand annual drinking bouts. The women would first go round carefully gathering up all knives, spears, bolas, or other weapons dangerous in the hands of drunken men, to carry them away into the forest, where they would conceal themselves with the children. Then for days the warriors would give themselves up to the joys of intoxication, and at such times unhappy Damian would come in for a large share of ridicule, blows, and execrations, the

Indians being full of boisterous fun or else truculent in their cups, and loving above all things to have a "white fool" for a butt.

At length, when he came to man's estate, was fluent in their language, and outwardly in all things like a savage, a wife was bestowed on him, and she bore him several children. Those he had first known as grown up or old men gradually died off, were killed, or drifted away; children who had always known Damian as one of the tribe grew to manhood, and it was forgotten that he had ever been a Christian and a captive. Yet still, with his helpmate by his side, weaving rugs and raiment for him or ministering to his wants—for the Indian wife is always industrious and the patient, willing, affectionate slave of her lord—and with all his young barbarians at play on the grass before his hut, he would sit in the waning sunlight oppressed with sorrow, dreaming the old dreams he could not banish from his heart. And at last, when his wife began to grow wrinkled and dark-skinned, as a middle-aged Indian mother invariably does, and when his children were becoming men, the gnawing discontent at his breast made him resolve to leave the tribe and the life he secretly hated. He joined a hunting-party going towards the Atlantic coast, and after travelling for some days with them his opportunity came, when he secretly left them and made his way alone to the Carmen.

"And there he is," concluded Ventura, when he had told the story with undisguised contempt for Damian in his tone, "an Indian and nothing less! Does he imagine he can ever be like one of us after living that life for thirty years? If Marcos were alive, how he would laugh to see Damian back again, sitting cross-legged on the floor, solemn as a cacique, brown as old leather, and calling himself a white man! Yet here he says he will remain, and here amongst Christians he will die. Fool, why did he not escape twenty years ago, or, having remained so long in the desert, why has he now come back where he is not wanted?"

Ventura was very unsympathetic, and appeared to have no kindly feelings left for his old companion-in-arms, but I was touched with the story I had heard. There was something pathetic in the life of that poor returned wanderer, an alien now to his own fellow-townsmen, homeless amidst the pleasant vineyards, poplar groves, and old stone houses where he had first seen the light; listening to the bells from the church tower as he had listened to them in childhood, and perhaps for the first time realizing in a dull vague kind of way that it might never more be with him as it had been in the vanished past. Possibly also, the memory of his savage spouse who had loved him

many years would add some bitterness to his strange isolated life. For, far away in their old home, she would still wait for him, vainly hoping, fearing much, dim-eyed with sorrow and long watching, yet never seeing his form returning to her out of the mysterious haze of the desert.

Poor Damian, and poor wife !

W. H. HUDSON.

CONCERNING BELLOLOGY.

To the Editor of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

A N amiable critic of my "Military Manners and Customs," in the *Saturday Review* for May 2, has touched a tender point in trying to destroy at its birth my infant word Bellology, which I invented as a convenient synonym or substitute for the longer phrase, and which I regard still, as I did when it first occurred to me, as a sort of inspiration. So far am I from being, as he supposes, at all ashamed of my word, that I confidently assert it to be possessed of every good point that could be required of it ; firstly, as being a substitute of one word for a cumbersome collection of words ; secondly, as being short , thirdly, as being decidedly euphonious. The two latter reasons make it preferable to Polemology, which would have obviated the objection of the combination of a Latin with a Greek word, if with Sociology already in the field, and Storyology hovering outside it, there were any need to care over much for absolute purity of derivation in word-making.

Therefore, in spite of the Herodlike disposition of my reviewer towards my young word, in spite of his comical fury with it, leading him so far to forget the ordinary elegancies of diction as to exclaim, in the plural number, "*We spew Bellology out,*" I see no reason why the word should not live and thrive, till, all unhonoured though it be with the *cachet* of the *Saturday Review*, it becomes one of the most respectable words in the English language.

But is it wanted? I admit that if not, it is better away ; but the case for it is as good as that for any other word ending in *ology*, not only on account of its brevity. but on account of the idea contained in it, namely, that everything relating to war admits of and deserves accurate and scientific treatment. There is no weapon nor custom of war that has not its history, its modifications, its development, and these well deserve serious study and attention. But I have only space to sketch in outline the province and function of Bellology, the materials for which exist broadcast but in chaotic confusion in all the books that have ever been written on military matters.

Take first the weapons. It would be the task of Bellology to

ascertain as far as possible the date of their invention, the meaning of their names, the principal changes in their construction, the names of their inventors. From this point of view the Museum at South Kensington possesses, next to its excellent anthropological collection, an equally good bellological one ; and the bellologist may visit with profit the Tower of London, or Woolwich, or the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris.

Then the laws or customs of war as they have changed, improved, or deteriorated from century to century, or from country to country, the degree to which they have been indebted to such change to individual commanders or to the public opinion of the day, are well worthy of accurate ascertainment. Bellology would have to classify and illustrate them ; all such customs, for instance, as the use in war of poison or assassination, putting a price on the lives of hostile generals, the treatment of enemies who have surrendered at discretion, of prisoners of war, of towns taken by storm, the regard paid to private property, or to public or to sacred buildings. The question of the right to besiege other than fortified places ; to attack or bombard open towns or villages ; to give up a stormed town to plunder ; to compel the population of an occupied territory to serve against their own country, or to swear allegiance to the enemy ; to use a false flag or a false uniform for the purposes of stratagem, to seize or search neutral ships at sea ; or to issue letters of marque against an enemy's commerce. These are surely questions, of which all the world would be the better for knowing something of the history, and the word Bellology would serve to keep that requirement in view, and, by the mere fact of doing so, contribute to its ultimate fulfilment. At present public opinion is utterly unformed on all these points for want of guidance, and that guidance it would be one of the functions of Bellology to supply, as I have done my best to supply it in my slight sketch of military manners and customs.

In short, Bellology would cover the whole field of military antiquities, military history, military ethics, and international law, and its aim would be to condense and popularise accurate knowledge on all these subjects for the advantage of the world at large. "Military Manners and Customs" means the same thing, but then Bellology is preferable for its brevity, and for its tending to keep alive the idea of the desirability of treating the matter by the usual scientific methods that have proved so successful in Sociology and Anthropology. Altogether it is an admirable word, and, pedants aside, quite likely to find its way into future dictionaries of our grand and noble language.

There are a few other points on which I am tempted to criticise my critic. As he truly says, no one is bound to accept my interpretation of my facts, which I thank him for deigning to think worth knowing and interesting; but when he charges me with reading history with blinkers, and only seeing one side of the subject, I submit that some use of blinkers is essential to my case. A writer against slavery could hardly be expected to destroy the value of his indictment by equalising the evidence of good and evil commingled in that institution, but would fairly enough dwell chiefly on the evil, if he thought that evil predominated. That is what I have done with the custom of wager of battle; I see some good in it, but I pass it by; I see infinitely more evil, and therefore I devote my pen to the service of its abolition.

Between my reviewer and myself there is a fundamental difference about this wager of battle. For whilst I, having Cicero on my side, who called war a thing for beasts (*beluarum*), regard it as brutal and idiotic, my critic, at the risk, he fears, of being thought by me a brutal or interested ruffian, regards it as "a picturesque and attractive part of man's history," and no doubt he has on his side all the crowd whose reason succumbs to the drum and the scarlet. But far be it from me to think of him for that reason in the terms of his suggestion; I think of him nothing at all.

Then he indulges in a curious argument about mercenary service. "The mercenary fellow is he who does things generally considered base for money. Now fighting was never thought base," therefore it cannot be called mercenary. Of course fighting *for a good cause* was never thought base, nor do I think it base; but fighting *for money or booty* has been, is, and ought to be thought base, and the man so fighting is a mercenary, whether he fights for his own country or another; and as most so fought in the days of chivalry, it is fair to regard the mediæval wars as at bottom wars for loot and ransom, especially when we have the word for it to that effect both of Froissart and of Philip de Comines.

My reviewer is full of sneers at me for applying the ordinary standard of morals to the conduct of war, especially in the matter of fraud and falsehood, and thinks I should have inquired "how it is that men who are the soul of honour in private life can nevertheless deceive an enemy in war without hesitation, and are not the less honourable men on that account." I never doubted nor disputed it; but just as slavery is none the less an evil system because some slave-owners are excellent and humane, so war is not to be redeemed from condemnation for the fact of some of its victims escaping from the

influence of the low moral principles that its permissible stratagems involve and encourage.

My reviewer next tries to impugn my patriotism by the remark that I am "strongly in favour of every restriction of the right of belligerents at sea which would be most damaging to my own country." He is apparently unaware that this restriction is demanded by many far better authorities than myself as even more to the interest of this country than of the rest of the world. Considering that our commerce is at stake on the seas in time of war, and that our carrying trade is about half as much again as that of the United States and France put together, and that the commerce of any likely enemy is chiefly or easily can be, over land and not over sea, it would seem fairly obvious that we more than any other power have most to gain by the exemption of private property at sea from capture and pillage. And considering that we have more colonies than any other Power, and that they are notoriously our most vulnerable point, one needs the eyes of a reviewer to see how my suggestion, that the territory and commerce of colonies should be treated as neutral by belligerent powers, could be construed as inimical to the interests of my country.

Lastly, my reviewer thinks that my observations on the abolition of war "depend for their value on the hypothesis that man may suddenly become something quite different from what he has hitherto been." Apparently he has never heard of Evolution. I am free to take *carte blanche* of time for my reform, but if it should take a few decades, or centuries, or millennia, what is that in the infinity of time before us? One may fairly labour for objects of remote attainment; and a man may think of his grandchildren as much when he seeks to liberate them from the curse of war as when he plants trees that can only be for their enjoyment, not for his own.

J. A. FARRER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE ANATOMY OF MOLECULES.

SPECULATIONS concerning the actual or essential constitution of matter have been common enough, but they are necessarily limited to those dreamers who are ignorant of the fundamental physical fact that we know nothing whatever, and can learn nothing whatever, of matter beyond its effects upon our senses, or those who knowing this choose to ignore it.

We know that something outside of us produces certain effects on our sensory organs, and we have faculties whereby we may reason upon these sensations, but what that something essentially is, we are no more able to learn than we are to comprehend and measure infinite magnitudes ; or to understand the beginning and ending of time ; or the ultimates of anything. The most devoted and best satisfied students of these mysteries are to be found in lunatic asylums.

The following is an example of an endeavour to explain the relations between the luminiferous ether and the molecules of matter :

" I shall now give an account of the gyrostatic molecules, crude and improved. The crude one is a fly-wheel inside a massless shell. Here there is no gyrostatic action opposing a motion of translation, but only opposing a motion of rotation. This is the molecule which was stated to give the wrong kind of variation of magneto-optic rotation with variation of wave length. The improved gyrostatic molecule consists of two fly-wheels on one axis. But the axis is cut in two in the middle between them, and the parts fitted together by a ball and cylinder joint. The other ends of the half axes are supported in ball and socket joints in the massless-shell. So far as rotation of the shell is concerned, this acts like one gyrostat, the axis always remaining in one line. But if the shell be frictionless the ether can only give translational movement to it, and the double gyrostat produces a gyrostatic effect when the molecule is accelerated in any direction except along the axis. The special function of this molecule is to explain magneto-optic rotation of the plane of polarization."

This account of the constitution of material molecules is not quoted from any private and confidential communication from Bedlam or Colney Hatch, but from *Nature* of April 30th, where it will be found on page 602, together with a great deal more of the same kind, in an account of Sir William Thompson's molecular speculations by his disciple Professor George Forbes.

The object of thus improving the imaginary molecule, or otherwise of providing it with "springs to keep it in its place if you like," is to doctor up the moribund theory of the luminiferous ether ; the cracked jelly filling the universe, of which I have already spoken in previous notes. In spite of these gross attacks upon common sense, the writer is forced to conclude that "after all the labour that has been expended upon the wave theory of light, it fails absolutely, and, as it seems, hopelessly, in two points of primary importance. One is the extinction of the ray polarized by reflection ; the other is double refraction."

When shall we reach that true profundity of natural simplicity which was prefigured by the greatest of all our experimental philosophers, by Michael Faraday, who argued for the "continuity of matter," who ventured to suggest that we should regard matter simply as it presents itself to our senses ?

Mathematicians seem to forget that their noble science is a measuring instrument ; not a machine for weaving monstrous romances. The true mission of mathematics is to give quantitative precision to all our ideas, to check that tendency to wild dreamy speculation which is a characteristic of the babyhood of intellect, to supply that rigid discipline which is necessary to suppress those outbreaks of morbid imagination to which vulgar uncultured minds are so liable when they crudely contemplate the mysteries of creation.

Instead of this, these sophisticators of mathematics are manufacturing molecular mumbo-jumbos, that are more ridiculous and contemptible than the grossest idols of the Hottentot, for the crudest of these are supposed to be endowed with sentient intelligence as a *vera causa* of their proceedings, while the "improved" mumbo-jumbo molecule is a purely mechanical fetish that builds up and governs the universe by the rotation of two fly-wheels upon one axis with a ball and cylinder joint in the middle, and its ends supported by ball and socket joints in a massless-shell.

The time has fully arrived for a vigorous and plain-spoken protest against such pseudo-scientific superstitions ; otherwise the enemies of science may easily expose it to the contempt of all men capable of using sound judgment.

AGRICULTURAL COMPENSATION.

WE are recklessly pouring into the sea the primary sources of the fertility of the soil; our main drainage and other sanitary arrangements are, with a few exceptions, based on the principle of escaping a present inconvenience by a great future sacrifice. In spite of all we have done in England, and may yet do, in the development of workshop manufactories, the largest of all our sources of wealth is Agriculture.

If we thus cast into the sea all that we take from the land in the shape of human food, we must of necessity destroy the fertility of the soil, unless some compensations are simultaneously operating against this artificial outwashing of the fat of the earth.

Are there any such compensations, and if so what are they?

There is one that is very obvious, viz. the importation of food, and another equally so, the importation of guano and other manures. The importation of food simply operates by diminishing the demand on home supplies, or rather by allowing that demand to exceed the possibilities of home supply. The growth of population and prosperity that has occurred during the last forty or fifty years would have been physically impossible had we been wholly dependent on our own land as at present cultivated. As nearly the whole of this extra food is finally cast into the sea, our British land gains little or nothing from it, and we are slowly but surely impoverishing our foreign supply, as every acre of land that is cultivated for the supplying of food for England loses fertility by every crop that is exported from it without corresponding manurial return.

The importation and use of guano is a true compensatory proceeding. We rob the land to manure the sea, thereby increasing its crop of sea-weeds. These supply pasture to multitudes of small crustacea, mollusca, and still lower animals upon which feed the little fishes that are swallowed by the bigger fishes, upon which the guano-depositing sea birds feed. Thus we go all the way to Peru to restore some of the salts that we throw into the Thames, but the amount of restoration is very insignificant compared with that of the waste.

The same may be said of the quantity of phosphates restored by artificial manures manufactured from imported bones, and refuse fishes.

The barefooted Donegal cottiers, men and women, boys and girls, who wearily struggle with heavy loads of sea-wrack piled upon their backs up the steep rocks of their picturesque but cruel coast, to feed their little patches with this hard-earned fertiliser, contribute their

mite of compensation for our recklessness, and at the same time afford a melancholy satire on the self-righteous oratory of well fed cockney politicians who descant upon Irish "improvidence."

Our own monstrous, unparalleled improvidence in continually pouring the agricultural produce of our country districts into our towns and cities, then polluting our rivers and casting into the sea the natural recuperating salts, would ere this have ruined us but for one unheeded source of ammoniacal salts that are daily and hourly being distributed as a top-dressing all over the fields and gardens of Britain.

This is the legacy of the beneficent forests of the far, far away times, when a gigantic sub tropical vegetation clothed the hill-sides of the lakes and fjords of primitive Britain, and massive stems and tender branches were swept by storm torrents as vegetable avalanches down into the deep water-covered basins, and thus accumulated to form our coal seams, just as they are now descending and accumulating more slowly, but quite as surely, in so many of the fjords of Norway and such inland lakes as the Aachensee (Tyrol).

When we burn coal the volatile ammonia of this fossil vegetation combines with the sulphurous acid distilled from the pyrites that accompanies it, and thus are formed vapours of sulphate of ammonia which presently condense and slowly fall upon the soil as minute crystals in dry weather, or in dilute solution with the rain.

THE QUANTITY OF MANURE DERIVED FROM COAL

THE improved devices of our gas engineers and shale distillers supply data for estimating the magnitude of this fossil source of fertility.

Taking the shale distilleries first, *i.e.* the extensive works in the neighbourhood of Bathgate, where a vast deposit of otherwise useless bituminous shale is distilled for paraffin products. Formerly these alone were obtained. Subsequently the dark watery liquid that first comes over from the retorts and continues to distil with the oily liquid, was carefully treated, and crystals of ammonium sulphate were rescued. These had until lately a market value of about £20 per ton. The tarry matters also contain ammonia, and much remains behind in the spent shale or earthy coke. The total quantity (represented as sulphate) contained in Broxburn shale is 74½ lbs. per ton, but only a portion of this is commercially recoverable, although the tar and spent shale are now made to "stand and deliver" commercially as well as the watery distillate.

About 1,500,000 tons of shale are now distilled annually in Scotland, and although the whole of its ammonia is not commercially extracted, it is all brought to the surface and nearly all must eventually find its way into the soil. At 50 lbs. to the ton this amounts to seventy-five millions of pounds.

In his inaugural address to the British Association, Sir William Siemens estimated the value of the ammonium sulphate commercially separated at the gas works of the United Kingdom at £1,947,500, roundly two millions. This, however, represents but a small fraction of the ammonia actually existing in the coal, and which once brought to the surface, must all eventually find its way to the land or the sea. Taking the published analyses of the different kinds of coal in general use, I find that the amount of nitrogen they contain is equivalent to an average of about 150 lbs. of sulphate of ammonia per ton.

Estimating our present inland consumption of coal at 120 millions of tons per annum, we are bringing forth 18,000 millions of pounds of material corresponding to this well-known fertilizer, or about 450 lbs. to each inhabitant. If only one-third of this finds its way to the soil, it must, so far as ammonia is concerned, compensate the waste described in the preceding note.

Thus our coal not only supplies us with solidified ancient sunbeams, but with raw material for food. It not only heats the cooking pot, but gives us something to put into it.

AN ANCIENT AIR BREATHER.

IN a note published December, 1881, I described the scorpion as the most aristocratic of animals, his ancestry being traceable in direct line down to the lower carboniferous rocks. This was correct, according to what was known at the time of writing; but another candidate has now come forth whose lineage is still more ancient, whose blood is bluer still, and who, nevertheless, condescends to visit us in our humblest households.

This is the blatta, more familiarly known as the blackbeetle or cockroach, some ancestral remains of which have recently been found in the middle Silurian rocks, which are a considerable number of millions of years older than the carboniferous.

The climate of that period was evidently warm, quite suitable to an animal whose descendants select for their habitations the immediate vicinity of kitchen ranges and bakers' ovens.

The Silurian blatta, differing so little from our domestic familiars, is found also as contemporary with the ancient scorpions. The dis-

covery of the scorpions presumptively demonstrated the existence of some such creatures before their remains came to light, as the scorpion is an insectivorous animal like his cousin, the spider.

The discovery of palæozoic insects of any kind is but a modern achievement. In 1877—when Mr. Goss read a paper on the subject before the British Association—200 specimens constituted the total stock in the hands of all the geologists of the world : now M. Brogniart has 1400 from France alone.

Reference to any geological manual a few years old, will show that the Silurian period was regarded as preceding the existence of air-breathing animals, no remains of any such creatures having then been found. Page says : “ The fossils of the Silurian age are eminently marine, and point to varying conditions of littoral and deep-sea deposits. They consist of numerous species and genera of zoophytes, echinoderms, mollusca, annelida, and crustacea.” “ As yet we have no indication whatever of a terrestrial fauna.”

The importance of the step thus made in finding the blatta will be understood from this. That air-breathing animals have not been found before is due to the fact that most of the Silurian rocks with which we are acquainted are of deep-sea origin ; we know very little of the near-shore deposits of that early period.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MISSING LINKS.

THE facts stated in the above note should serve as a warning to those who are disposed to rely on negative evidence in geology and to assume the absence of “ missing links because such links have not yet been found.”

This is especially perilous in reference to air-breathing animals, seeing that our specimens of such animals are limited to those that have been drowned, or whose bodies have, after dying, remained uneaten until washed into sea or river by floods.

The rarity of these necessarily becomes progressively greater as we descend to the lower or older rocks, for the older they are the greater must, generally speaking, be the amount of denudation they have suffered.

Which portions of any given strata have been the most exposed to destructive denudation ? Evidently the littoral, or those deposited in the shallowest water, as they would form the highest ground in the course of subsequent upheaval.

Such littoral deposits may have been subjected to many successive upheavals, each of which exposed them to the denuding ~~act~~

of air and water, while the deep-sea deposits of the same epoch remained under water, and thus not only escaped present destruction, but were protected from future destruction by being overlaid by new strata formed of the re-deposited material due to the wearing down of the higher level portions of themselves.

In studying the stratified record we must always remember that the later formations are due to the destruction of preceding formations ; that every ton of new rock deposited below, represents a ton of older rock washed down from above.

I have before me Morris's Geological Chart, on which is stated, in round numbers, the thickness of each series of stratified rocks. Adding them together, I find that the sum amounts to above 79,000 feet.

This does not mean that there is a crust of 79,000 feet of stratified rocks surrounding the globe, nor even that such a thickness exists in any one place, seeing that we have never yet found any region where there is a complete series superposed, and, for the reasons above stated, we are never likely to do so. But it does indicate an immense amount of destruction, in many cases many times repeated, *i.e.* the same material deposited under water, then raised and denuded, and redeposited again and again, with thousands of generations of animal remains destroyed at each denuding epoch.

This being the case, the missing links of which we know nothing must be numerous indeed.

BENEFICENT MICROBIA.

WE have heard so much lately of the microbia producing cholera, consumption, hydrophobia, and so many other of the ills that flesh is heir to, that we are all predisposed to denounce them indiscriminately. Before doing so let us hear the other side. A contribution to this was recently made by P. E. Duclaux in a paper printed in the "Comptes Rendus," vol. 100, page 66.

He sowed haricot beans and peas in a rich soil which had previously been sterilised as regards microbia, and watered with similarly sterilised milk, care being taken not to introduce any microbia with the seeds.

The seeds germinated, but after two months the milk remained unchanged, and the plants when dried weighed less than the original seed. They resembled plants that are grown by the germination of seeds in distilled water.

Here then the seeds failed to assimilate the rich organic matter,

the casein, &c., of the milk, which was freely presented to them, the reason assigned by the author being that seeds are unable of themselves to assimilate the organic matter, and are dependent on microbia for the conversion of such organic matter into the soluble forms which the plant can assimilate. In reference to this it should be remembered that all food, whether of plants or animals, must become liquid before it can be assimilated. The animal has a stomach and other digestive organs for effecting the solution of solids, but plants, with a few curious exceptions, can only take food which is already dissolved.

This dissolution, according to M. Duclaux, who has made many other experiments besides those above described, is effected by the agency of microbia.

Other researches by Schlosing, Müntz, Warington, and Wollny confirm this. Observations made at Montsouris show that a gramme ($15\frac{1}{2}$ grains troy) of earth contains about 750,000 spores of microbia. Those at Gennevilliers indicate a still higher number, 870,000 to 900,000.

ILL-USING THE SUN.

A STARTLING contribution to what has been designated "sun-spottery" has been made in Tasmania. Mr. R. M. Johnston, in a paper read before the Royal Society there, describes a rise and fall in the death-rate of both Australia and Europe, corresponding with the maxima and minima of sun spots. Not having examined the evidence, I, of course, abstain from expressing any opinion on a detail which is simply a question of fact, but nevertheless venture to "improve the occasion" by adding a word or two on the general subject.

The sun spots and the solar prominences, to say nothing of the faculæ and corona, have been cruelly persecuted of late. Attempts have been made to appropriate them as a source of salaried appointments, on the assumption that Indian famines, cyclones, and other catastrophes may be profitably predicted by the establishment of solar observatories, and the engagement of certain experts to manage them. These attempts have provoked a very energetic opposition, which, in denouncing the alleged jobbery, has treated the sun itself as though it were a guilty accomplice in fraudulent attacks upon the pockets of taxpayers.

The denouncers of "sunspottery" go so far as to treat the great and varying solar outbreaks with supreme contempt, or private or parochial disturbances only concerning th-

having no influence upon our globe. I cannot understand this pooh-poohing of the sun, but venture to regard him as the source of heat and light and all the vital movements that occur on our earth, and therefore believe that every solar disturbance, great or little, must effect a corresponding disturbance of terrestrial heat and light and life.

I freely admit that we are ignorant of the nature of these sympathetic disturbances, and that much nonsense has been rashly pronounced concerning them, but the rational conclusion from such admission is that we require to study the subject systematically, in order to remove the ignorance and refute the nonsense.

Formerly a sun spot was naturally regarded as a simple obscuration of the solar radiations, and therefore the sun when much spotted was supposed to radiate less heat than when free from spots. Further study of the constitution of sun spots and their connection with the solar prominences leads, theoretically, to exactly the opposite conclusion—that the maximum spot periods are those of maximum solar activity and *vice versa*.

But how to verify or refute this? It is obvious that we must compare the variations of the spots with those of the temperature of the whole of the earth, or otherwise stated, with variations of the earth's mean temperature, or of the heat-work done upon the earth. This is no easy matter. But the subject is of such primary scientific interest that every contribution towards the required data should be received with hearty welcome.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

COMPLAINTS against the management of the Royal Academy are numerous enough at all times, and are this year heard from within the body as well as from without. When they spring from any cause except mortified vanity they resolve themselves ordinarily into an attack upon the constitution of the Society. A spirit of aggressiveness, such as in France is common in the presence of any abuse, is all but unknown in England, and men who have once attained eminence, or even passed mediocrity, in any line of art, are allowed, like Dogberry, to bestow all their tediousness upon us. It is, however, scarcely less than a national rebuke to see how many productions of blank incompetence by men bearing names once well known are allowed in the Academy Exhibition to occupy—to the exclusion of work of a high, or at least a higher, class—the place of honour on the walls. It is surely unheard of in any other institution, that the outsiders, who constitute the largest body of the contributors, should be allowed to appoint no delegate to the committee of selection, or that of placing. A narrowing influence may also result from the fact that the President of the Royal Academy, though nominally elected from year to year, is virtually elected for life. So great is the influence of a president, it is conceivable that this method of procedure, which is unlike that adopted in other supposedly liberal bodies, might lead to very undesirable exclusion. Be this as it may, the assertion that the outside artists ought to be permitted to elect a certain number of the hanging committee will scarcely be denied. I do not like to associate personal matters with questions of abstract justice. To me, however, the fact that the monument to Lord Frederick Cavendish of Mr. Woolner, R.A., should be placed where it cannot be seen, and that remedy for the grievance should be refused even when the attention of the committee is drawn to its existence, awakens astonishment. A refusal to a member of the Academy of an act of simple justice seems to point to the existence within the walls of the institution of the smallest forms of personal animus.

to ask in the stalest of quotations from Virgil, "Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ," and translate freely, Can such passions cloud the serenity of the forty immortals?

ONE OR TWO ASPECTS OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE maxim that productiveness is a sign of genius is borne out by experience and by analogy. Judged by this test, as by most others, Victor Hugo, whose death and funeral stand forth conspicuous in the annals of a year not wanting in events of historic importance, is one of the world's greatest men. I am sorry to witness in England a species of protest against the exceptional honours awarded Hugo in France, and even a reaction against the opinion concerning him current in this country a decade ago. In putting on record in pages which no longer concern themselves with obituary chronicle a simple mention of the death of one of the greatest of Frenchmen, probably the greatest of all Frenchmen, I wish to protest against the narrowness which underrates what it cannot understand. To estimate Hugo in all his many capacities requires a wider range of knowledge and a higher critical capacity than many men can claim. The maxim attributed to Raphael, "to appreciate is to equal," in this case would almost hold true. In the line of imaginative literature, however, I make bold to place Hugo without reservation in the highest rank. In the procession of great dramatists no figure except that of Shakespeare stands forth so massive since the march was begun by the Greek tragedians. Goethe is the only figure since Shakespeare approaching to a similar altitude. In lyric poetry Hugo is all but equally conspicuous, and the author of the "Chants du Crépuscule," "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," and the immortal and heroic "Légende des Siècles," stands forth foremost among men. It is saddening to hear cultivated Englishmen dwelling, as now they do, upon the grandiloquence and occasional rodomontade of Hugo. Such a proceeding is akin to that of the men who in the Elizabethan drama see nothing but uncleanness of imagination and foulness of speech. The subject is too wide for an occasional note, but the dramatic work of Hugo furnishes material for an eminently valuable paper or series of papers, if not for a volume.

NUDITY IN ART.

THE question of the nude in art, which has been abundantly ventilated, is not to be disposed of by the clever sneers of *professional* writers, by the exposition of doctrinaire view, or by

the application or misapplication of words by competent thinkers before the question, in the form it now assumes, had been put before the public. The use of a little common sense will do something to clear the atmosphere of cant. With meretricious art, such as degrades the French salon, and sometimes intrudes into our English exhibitions, I am not concerned. Neither will I discuss how far the feelings of a matron, who goes abroad décolletée, and who allows her daughter similarly attired or disattired to be whirled about by a stranger in a dance, which shocked our grandmothers, are to be considered. I will simply remark that the nude statues of the Greeks are among the noblest bequests of antiquity, and the most precious of modern possessions. He who would drape these I would drape in costume less artistic than appropriate, viz., a fool's cap and bells. If a modern artist can execute a statue such as these, there is no sensible being who would interfere with him or with the exhibition of his work. Things are sometimes best shown in extremes, and the whole question is here summed up. We do not go about nude now, and, therefore it is said, it is indecent or bestial to depict nudity. Let this be granted of an individual. Mrs. or Miss So-and-so shows no more than fashion permits: let no more, then, of her be shown by art. When, however, a man presents a personification of one of the arts, or even a picture of an individual belonging to a past age, or a climate in which nudity is still practised, those who object are Puritans and Precisians, and their opinion on matters of art is unworthy of attention. With a genuine painter, who respects himself and his art, nudity is pure as ever it has been. Incapacity or design may make it offensive, but the fault is then in the workman.

QUIDA ON CRUELTY IN NAPLES.

WHEN a writer of the mark of Ouida takes upon herself to write of the deplorable cruelty that prevails in Southern Italy, it is possible that her words may reach those to whom they apply, and that some sense of humiliation may stimulate them to the endeavour to wipe off what is a national reproach. "Horses in Naples," she says, "when worn out, are allowed to drop from hunger, as being less trouble than killing them." Dogs seized by municipal dog-stealers are *nailed on planks and flayed alive!* Other animals, kids, lambs, cats, &c., are treated in similar fashion; the reason for this atrocious treatment being that skins stripped when the animal is living are worth slightly more. "The camorra," she adds—

strong which protects all these wretches, that no one dares move against them ; while in the matter of the dogs the municipal authorities are the foul offenders." That the farther south you travel, the greater the cruelty you witness, is the conviction of most travellers. Southern France is much worse than northern. A Havrais or a Rouennois is a merciful being as compared to a Nîmois or a Tholosan. When the Alps are crossed into Italy, cruelty such as is rare in France becomes common, and when the Pyrenees are passed and Spain is reached, the atrocities committed on animals, in pure lust of cruelty as it seems, are such that the traveller, sickened, is glad to shake the dust off his feet and find his way back into civilisation. Now that Italy claims to be a great, and, as Ouida points out, a civilising power, it is indispensable that the reproach should be wiped from her. Spain is apparently incurable, and must be left as it is, a part of Africa geographically placed in Europe.

THE DARWIN MONUMENT.

APPROPRIATELY placed in the Hall of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, in the midst of the objects which Darwin assiduously studied, the marble statue of the discoverer of Evolution marks the close of the struggle between science and religion. Henceforward the discoveries of science are accepted as authoritative, and the task of the shaper of creeds is so to mould the plastic material on which he works as to make it fit the latest revelations. To the cost of the statue people of all nations contributed, and the amount received included the pence of the hardest-worked and most underpaid classes. Theologians joined in the celebration of one whom two or three centuries ago they would have publicly burned, and the Heir Apparent, as representative of the trustees of the British Museum, received the gift of the statue. If it were possible that disembodied spirits could take an interest in the proceedings of the day, one might fancy a jubilee in the Scientific Walhalla at sight of the honours accorded one who, in carrying on the great fight, has, in the words of Professor Huxley, "changed the fundamental conceptions and aims of all students of living nature."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1885.

THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THREE WET DAYS.

THE ancient hostelry of the Löwen—now the very respectable Lion Hotel, Tryberg—was not, thirty years ago, a particularly pleasant place wherein to spend a wet day.

The small *salon*, with its plain, stiffly arranged furniture and its boarded floor—unpolished and, save for a tiny oasis of druggeting in the centre of the room, quite bare—wore a comfortless, un-English aspect. Neither was the look-out, in such weather as the present, specially enlivening. In front, the windows of the hotel gave upon the one street of the village—long, straight, and steep, with an open gutter, swollen now to a broad stream, flowing down by the opposite parapet—and not a soul stirring in it.

For though the little town was by no means a lazy one, its business, for the most part, was done within doors. Then, as now, almost every other dwelling was a clockmaker's shop (the cases of the clocks being made of pine wood, elaborately carved); so that, to senses just a little quickened, one might imagine the whole atmosphere of the place to be resonant with the continuous ticking and striking of those innumerable, many of them very diminutive, time-keepers.

From one or two of the upper windows of the hotel, a wider view could, it is true, be obtained. By stepping out upon the small balconies affixed to them, and gazing to the right, rounded, pine-clad hills became visible, and it was possible also to catch a glimpse of the celebrated waterfall. But when it involves exposure to a drench-

ing down-pour of rain, a very little contemplation of even the finest scenery will go a long way.

And not for one day merely, but absolutely for three consecutive days—including that upon which Madame Vandeleur and her family had arrived at the hotel—such a drenching downpour of rain had continued obstinately unintermittent.

It was now rather longer than six weeks since our travellers had left England, and during most of this time they had been moving about from place to place almost continuously.

In passing, however, it may here be mentioned that this was not quite the first time that either Madame or her two sons had visited the Continent. Albeit that travelling in those days was far from the universal thing it is in these, Madame had twice, within the last five years, taken the boys to spend their holidays abroad. On one of these occasions they had crossed to Holland, and from Cologne had sailed up the Rhine. On the second, after rather a prolonged stay in Paris, they had taken a round through the better known and more accessible parts of Switzerland. And now, with the husband and father for the first time in their company, they had again visited the latter country. This tour, however, had been of a decidedly more ambitious character than the last. It had comprised many out-of-the-way districts, and, at that time, little-known spots among the higher Alps. Madame had herself arranged and planned the route: nevertheless, she had not appeared to find much enjoyment in her travels. All along, she had been restless, excited, and utterly unlike her ordinarily brisk and cheerful self. Moreover, she had chosen to be a good deal alone, taking, whenever the family came to a halt in their journeyings, long solitary rambles. And to any one who had chanced to follow her upon those rambles, the little woman's conduct would have appeared, to say the least of it, singular. Directed along the course of some rapidly flowing river, or by some precipitous mountain path, the object of those walks might have seemed to be the seeking out of some particularly dangerous spot. For, whenever she came upon such a spot—a place, for instance, where the river's bank shelved abruptly down towards the swift turbid water, or where the precipice fell in a sheer descent on to some glacier-bed or stony base below—Madame would pause, as if fascinated, and stand gazing downwards with a strange, wild expression of countenance—an expression which might have led an observer to suspect that she meditated suicide, or possibly the commission of another crime still more dreadful.

Again and again, during perhaps a couple of days, the small, pale-faced woman would return, like a haunting spirit, to such spots,

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For though the little town was by no means a lazy one, its business, for the most part, was done within doors. Then, as now, almost every other dwelling was a clockmaker's shop (the cases of the clocks being made of pine wood, elaborately carved) ; so that, to senses just a little quickened, one might imagine the whole atmosphere of the place to be resonant with the continuous ticking and striking of those innumerable, many of them very diminutive, time-keepers.

From one or two of the upper windows of the hotel, a wider view could, it is true, be obtained. By stepping out upon the small balconies affixed to them, and gazing to the right, rounded, pine-clad hills became visible, and it was possible also to catch a glimpse of the celebrated waterfall. But when it involves exposure

family had quitted England—on both he had kept himself religiously out of sight—could Paul have been said to be absolutely intoxicated, though often enough he had been “the worse for liquor,” as the phrase goes. Several causes had without doubt conspired towards this improvement. To begin with the change of scene, the continued variety and movement, had diverted and distracted him. Then, Marie had of late been unusually tender and considerate in her behaviour towards him, and Paul had been touched into compunction by her kindness. Perhaps, however, the mainspring of this temporary amendment had been the companionship of his boys, the deterrent influence of their presence. Poor Paul! his conscience was not altogether dead, nor had he wholly lost the sense of shame. On the contrary, he suffered a great deal from his susceptibility to the latter emotion. He was fully sensible of the difference between himself and the wife and children who had left him in their progress in life, as such an immeasurable distance behind. Walking between the two gentlemanly boys who called him “father,” the unhappy man, with his slouching gait and vice-disfigured countenance, felt humiliatingly conscious of the indignity of such a relationship: and that he should have abstained, even so far as he had done, from the bottle which afforded his sole relief from this painful self-abasement, may easily be put down to the poor fellow’s credulity.

As for the boys, they too, as a matter of course, felt the incongruity as well as the indignity of this parental tie. Yet, excepting in the exchange of a significant look, or silent gesture, neither of them had ever yet expressed, even to the other, any condemnatory or disapproving opinion of the man whom each equally believed to be his father.

There were three sons in the family—Charles and Louis Vandeleur were as it has been said, gentlemen, though still very young ones. The one had great natural strength of mind and instinct: the other through the development of genius, his nature inherited, likewise, although his education had been a selection of the best, and his manner of expression was that of a French parent.

These two boys, who were much more conversant with the Vandeleurs than with their father, were devoted themselves to be) were the most intimate friends of the family. Neither Famon and Pauline Vandeleur were of the same age, but a very good pair of friends. They were both of the same age, and were of their ardent and devoted friends. The boys, however, did the

Charles—his Marie had preferred would be the case, even the

elder boy appeared entirely to have forgotten that he had ever borne another name)—Claude, like his father, was fair in complexion, with blue eyes and wavy brown hair. His figure was well formed, and though tall by no means remarkably so. In feature the boy was not handsome, but his face, in which there was something of his mother's refinement and more of the kindly simplicity which had once marked his father's expression, was an eminently pleasing one. At school Claude Vandeleur was a favourite with masters and pupils alike. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that, so far as his studies were concerned, he was rather a dull boy. To his mother's intense chagrin, he was in a lower form than Louis—who was supposed to be one year, and who was in reality two years, his junior. Moreover, Louis was at the top and Claude at the bottom of their respective forms. Further, the former had brought home half a dozen first prizes—the latter, one modest certificate or honourable mention.

That these facts should have come to Madame's knowledge at all had been greatly against the desire of the more successful lad ; but the other, whose pride in his younger brother's cleverness was untainted by the faintest particle of jealousy, could not be withheld from revealing them. As for Louis—despite Claude's failure with the examiners—no one could have got him to admit for a moment that he was lacking in ability. "If he only chose to exert himself a bit more," he was wont to protest to Claude's class-mates, "my brother could beat all you other fellows into fits."

That their mother should prefer Claude to himself, as it was evident to Louis that she did, notwithstanding that Madame made a great show of impartiality in her treatment of them, seemed to the younger boy quite natural. He himself had the warmest admiration for Claude, who, if he was not cleverer at his studies, was certainly cleverer at some other things—as, *e.g.*, anything in the way of mechanical contrivance, and notably at athletic and gymnastic exercises. As regarded the latter very important section of a boy's education, Louis Vandeleur could just hold his own, and that was all. For in physical health the boy was a little delicate, and, also, in his nervous organisation, he was somewhat highly strung. For the rest, Louis was strikingly handsome. His hair was dark and curly, his eyes of the deepest shade of blue, and with something of his mother's pathetic, appealing expression in them—though it is to be hoped that this admission may not prejudice him—seeing that probably in this single point the likeness between Claudia and her elder son began and ended. Both in form and in feature Louis had a high-born aristocratic air ; and the difference in this respect, be-

supposed brother (though Claude was always admitted to have the look and manner of a gentleman), had often been the subject of remark. It had further been a matter of not unfrequent observation, that Vandeleur senior looked older than his years, which under the circumstances was a thing not greatly to be wondered at.

For whilst actually sixteen, Claude had been taught, for reasons which the intelligent reader will of course understand, to believe himself to be only in his fourteenth year, and under that age he had been enrolled on the college books. As for Louis, Madame had had, in the beginning, a little difficulty in deciding his age. To bestow upon him the years which corresponded with his name, and so to make him older than his brother, would, with their respective appearances, have been impracticable, or at the least provocative of curiosity and inquiry. Besides, on due consideration, Madame had not seen the necessity for it. Therefore, as the final result of her reflections upon the question, that valorous little woman had simply mulcted the child of one year of his small life—and Louis was now twelve.

Notwithstanding the weather, the two boys had passed their time very contentedly since their arrival at Tryberg. Across the street, just a little above the hotel, there stood, where it still stands, the principal clock manufactory of the place. There the well-dressed and well-behaved young gentlemen, whose pockets, too, were so usefully lined, had found ready admission and sufficient interest to engross them very pleasantly during the whole of those three wet days. Claude, especially, with his turn for mechanics, had proved highly delighted with the ingenious construction of one particular clock, only just finished, and the proprietor was in hopes that the youth would persuade his rich parents to purchase the curiosity. It was a timepiece in the form of a cathedral, the face of the clock being in the tower ; and at certain hours of the day there was an elaborate chiming of bells in the fretwork belfry, whilst at other hours the cathedral doors would slowly roll back to disclose a procession of white-robed priests and chorister boys, with censer and banners, moving round the aisles. The toy was a costly one, but Louis, seeing how delighted his brother seemed therewith, had already privately begged his mother to add it to the souvenirs of their travels, and Marie had promised at least to give the object an inspection.

As yet, however, Madame had not found inclination to cross the street. All her care, for the present, was to keep her unfortunate husband out of sight, to confine him to his chamber, whilst this outburst of intemperance lasted, though she could not hide (nor, after

the first day—for secret reasons of her own—did she desire to do so) from the master or servants of the hotel how M. Vandeleur was conducting himself. It was in the sight of the other guests that Madame did not choose to have the family disgrace made patent. Not, however, that these guests were numerous. On the contrary, there were only four of them—two stout, middle-aged maiden sisters, an English clergyman, and his wife. Late on the evening of the third day, an access to the party arrived in the shape of three German students with knapsacks upon their backs, who, after swearing a great deal in their own tongue over the diabolical weather, suddenly discovered that Madame understood them, and became blushing and profusely apologetic. Further, when comforted by a huge liter-krug of beer, they fell to predicting, and with more and more confidence, after alternately running out every five minutes to study the signs of the times, that the next day would be brilliantly fine ; for according to their earlier reports, the rain had ceased, and later the stars had appeared. Yes, Madame might rest satisfied of it, they were going again to have *herrliches Wetter*.

CHAPTER XXX.

POOR PAUL.

AND the students proved correct. The following morning, as they had predicted, turned out a glorious one. Overhead stretched a sky of the deepest, most delicious blue, flecked here and there with tiny white cloudlets, and looking as though it never could have been guilty of grey, sullen opacity, or such a tornado of tempestuous tears. Like a passionate child that had worked off its rage, all now was sunshine and smiles. The green meadows and wooded hills gleamed softly bright, the purling streams were gilded with a heavenly alchemy, and the clear, rarified air of that high-lying region was intoxicating to breathe.

Paul Vandeleur had risen in a repentant mood, had begged his wife's forgiveness, and, for the thousandth time, had volunteered a promise of amendment, to which Marie had listened as to the sighing of an idle wind. After breakfast (the family, by her arrangement, partook of this meal alone) Madame left the boys to take charge of their father, who had humbly expressed a wish to look round the village, and herself set off for one of those solitary rambles in which she had not of late indulged.

Naturally, her steps directed themselves first tow

waterfall for which this district of the pleasant Schwarzwald has become famous. Swollen to three times its ordinary volume, the cascade did, indeed, look to-day very magnificent. Down the cleft which it had worn for itself between two high hills, covered to their tops with pine woods, it rushed in a series of foaming white leaps, dazzling to the gaze by contrast with the fringe of dark firs on either side. A narrow zigzag footpath, muddy and slippery after so much rain, led upwards by the edge of the fall. It was crossed in three places by wooden bridges of very simple description, the two lower consisting of a plank with hand-rails, the upper of a narrow board without the rails. Having climbed as far as this latter, Madame Vandeleur paused for several moments, regarding it with a curious fixity of gaze. Then she began to act in something of the same inexplicable fashion as she had done by the precipices among the Pennine Alps or wilder parts of the Bernese Oberland. First she crossed the plank several times to and fro, with a steady, unfaltering step, which, seeing that the swollen stream flashed beneath with giddy rapidity, not five inches from the narrow board, might for many persons have proved a difficult task. But Madame Vandeleur was not nervous, neither was her head given to swimming or vertigo. Of this fact sufficient evidence was now afforded, for Madame's next proceeding was to place herself in the centre of the plank, and to stand there gazing downwards as though calculating the force and volume of the flood, or wondering, perhaps, how much of those sharp-pointed rocks immediately below what looked now like an unbroken fall of thirty feet would in ordinary times be uncovered.

But, although Madame's well-balanced brain had not given way beneath the prolonged test of that giddy survey, this strange little experience to which she had subjected herself had not been entirely without effect, to judge from the look in her face as she turned to descend the hill. Ghastly white, her cameo-like features seemed for a moment to be really carved in stone, instead of in living flesh. But the fire and purpose in her large, distended eyes gave proof enough of life ; so, also, did the circumstance that, as she hurried swiftly downwards, Marie kept repeating to herself, over and over again, one low breathed sentence : "Oui, oui, il faut le faire aujourd'hui ; il ne faut plus hésiter !"

As she neared the foot of the hill, the sound of voices broke upon Madame Vandeleur's ear. For one minute she paused to compose herself ; the next, she appeared with her ordinary cheerful and attractive smile before the owners of the voices. They were the three German students, who, standing in a row, each in an attitude

of rapt admiration, were gazing up at the fall. All the way from the hotel these gentlemen had been making Madame herself a subject of discussion. They were simple, jovial fellows, almost ridiculously boyish, after the manner of their kind, and very impressionable as regarded the other sex. All three had been greatly struck on the previous evening with the little woman's peculiar style of appearance ; but whilst two of them contended that she was handsome as well as distinguished-looking, the third refused to admit the beauty, and vowed that her dead white complexion and penetrating dark eyes affected him as if she were something *geistlich* and *unheilig*, like Undine, a woman without a soul. The others had been railing at him in extravagant language for this opinion, and the contention had almost risen to a passing quarrel, when, on gaining the waterfall, their attention had been happily diverted by its beauty. When Madame Vandeleur came upon them, all three were vociferously heaping upon this object the same kind of exaggerated compound adjectives which a few moments before they had been applying to herself.

Stopping to exchange a few words—for Madame always made it a point to be sociable and polite—she passed on, gathering up her handsome travelling dress to avoid the mud, and so displaying a neatly booted little foot which set her admirers off again on another tack.

This chance encounter, though Madame forgot the existence of the three young men before she had well got out of hearing of their voices, had quite served to dispel that stony, frozen look from her face, and it did not return, now that she found herself again alone. To remain alone was evidently what Madame desired ; for although she retraced her steps for a short distance towards the village, she turned, at the end of that short distance, to the left and entered a forest of pine trees. How still and solemn it seemed there, with slants of sunshine lying across the path close at hand, whilst away in the distance, the gradually deepening obscurity ended in impenetrable darkness, each long-drawn aisle of straight, bare stems closing thus in a shrine of mystery. A scent sweeter than incense filled the air, for the rain, followed by the warm sun, had drawn out the delicious resinous odour. Madame felt as though she were in a great church, and instinctively she began to repeat one of the prayers she had been taught in childhood. Half-way through, however, she stopped short, with an impatient ejaculation. "Bah ! of what use to pray now ? afterwards, perhaps. . . ." She walked on a little farther, following the cone-besprinkled path, which seemed to be leading into "

of the wood. Then abruptly pausing, the little woman threw up her hands. "Mon Dieu, it makes me, this place, the tête exaltée," she murmured. "I must get out of it!" And facing round, at an acute angle with the path, she made her way direct to the verge of the wood. Here Madame found another path, skirting the little forest, and having on the other hand a large meadow, lying in a hollow below her, its green slopes rising on the opposite side to a road on a level with her present position. In the meadow a number of men and women, in the peasant garb of the district, were tossing into the air, with long pitchforks, the grass for a second crop of hay, which had evidently been cut before the heavy rain had set in. Marie watched them, as she went along, with a curious smile. Could there really have been a time when she, who had her carriages and horses at home and her maid at the hotel below, and who now picked her way there so daintily in her Parisian boots, had been a peasant, too, making hay in the fields!

At the end of the long meadow Madame ascended a little slope through a fag end of the pine-wood, and there sat down to rest, looked down the while into a most lovely valley which lay beyond: an Acadia of peace and seclusion, with the smoke of its few scattered habitations curling lazily up into the warm summer air. Refreshed by her rest, Madame presently turned homewards, taking the road she had noticed on the opposite side of the hay-field, and which, at rather a steep incline, led directly back towards the village of Tryberg. Arrived at the hotel, she found it close upon one o'clock, at which primitive hour there was a *table d'hôte* dinner. But to-day Madame did not dine at the public table. Finding her husband in a condition to join them at the meal, she ordered it to be served for the family in a small private sitting-room which she had engaged above stairs. Directly they had finished eating, the boys, boy-like, were ready for a move. Attendance upon their father had kept them mooning about the hotel and village all morning. Now they wished to go and inspect the waterfall, and see something of the surrounding country. To their surprise, however, Madame forbade them to go near the cascade. "Take a walk, to be sure," she assented, "but not there. You are so bold, so reckless, you might get into danger. I will not have you go there, unless when I am with you."

"But, mother," began Louis, "there can be no danger. What possible danger could. . . . But all right, of course, if you don't wish it."

Madame Vandeleur had simply looked at her younger son and held up her right forefinger. The gesture was one to which both

Claude and he had been accustomed from their earliest remembrance, and against the imperative significance of which neither had ever dared to rebel.

“All right, we’ll go up that hill to the right, then, as you leave the village, and round by a road that takes you past a convent or church, whichever it is, on the other side of the valley. Come along, Claude !”

And arm-in-arm, as was their wont, the two boys, with a courteous “au revoir” to their parents, quitted the room.

After they were gone, Madame sat for a short time silently contemplating her husband. The latter had drawn his chair close to the fireless stove, and, with an unlighted cigar in his fingers, he was bending forward, in an attitude of the utmost dejection, his elbows on his knees, and his eyes on the ground.

His dress was the dress of a gentleman ; but his coarse, bloated face, his unshaven chin, untrimmed nails, and inelegant posture were all in violent contrast with the attire. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot Paul Vandeleur was a boor ; and sitting there, the picture of despair and self-conscious abasement, he looked more boorish than ever. When she had studied him for some five minutes, during which the poor fellow never moved or lifted his head, Madame rose quietly and rang the bell. On the appearance of a maid she went outside and gave her order. It was for a bottle of brandy. This, when it was brought, she received herself from the hands of the Kellnerin, but did not at once carry it into the sitting-room. When she did so, presently, the decanter was two parts empty.

“There,” she said, setting it down before her husband, “you may drink that.”

Paul looked at her for an instant in surprise. Then, with trembling eagerness, he seized the decanter and pouring out a glassful of the raw spirit, gulped it down.

“Ah ! now I live again !” he exclaimed. “My Marie, you are an angel. You are wise. You understand, is it not, that one cannot leave off all at once ? Ah, is it not true ; without a little to-day I must have lost my senses !”

“I understand, Paul, that you will *never* leave it off,” observed his wife gently.

“But yes, indeed, for your sake, my angel . . .” He broke off to pour himself out a second glass.

“Paul,” resumed his wife, in the same mild but serious tone. “of what use is your life to you ? You are not *h* never happy ?”

"It is true," he admitted, "never, unless . . ."

"Unless you are *drunk*," she interposed, using the uncompromising term with a momentary flush of scathing contempt. "No, even then you are not happy. Your existence is a burden to yourself, Paul—and to your wife and children it is worse than that—it is what you could never be made to comprehend. And, Paul, you will never reform, never! You have no soul—no ambition, no *will* to improve. There remains no prospect before you but to sink lower and lower—to grow more debased and wretched yourself—more of a disgrace, a drag, an impediment to your family."

Paul groaned. "It is true," he admitted again. "Alas, Marie, I wish sometimes—often—that I was dead!"

Marie bent forward across the table that divided them. "Then, Paul," she asked, in a low intense whisper, "why do you continue to live?"

"Mon Dieu!" he ejaculated. "What mean you? How can I help it, that I continue to live?"

"In your place *I* would help it," asseverated Madame Vandeleur, with deliberate emphasis. "If my life, like yours, was a failure to myself—a ruin to others—*une affaire flambée*—*I* would help it, Paul."

"But, holy angels defend us!" His blotched countenance paled with horror, as he put the shocked question. "It cannot be . . . Oh, my Marie, it cannot be that thou wouldst have me destroy myself?"

Madame bowed her head gravely. "If thou hadst only the courage for it, my Paul," she answered, "yes—that is what I should wish."

"Merciful Heaven!" Paul crossed himself, and stared at his wife aghast. "How terrible! It would be a crime . . . I am not fit to die . . . Oh, Marie! how couldst thou be so cruel?"

"Bah! thou art a coward; we will talk of it no more. . . . Cheer up, mon ami, I was but joking," she added with a laugh. "Drink again; and then come out with me, Paul, for a little walk."

But Paul would not, for some time, assent to this proposal. The conversation had startled and even alarmed him. Madame, however, having set herself to undo the effect of it, presently succeeded—and the husband and wife set out together. As they were leaving the hotel, Madame ostentatiously put her hand within her companion's arm, as if to support him, and Paul at the moment stumbled slightly.

"Ach! see, then, mein Herr is still drunken," observed the master of the hotel to one of the waiters who was dawdling with him about the door. "Donnerwetter, but for that elegant little woman to be tied to such a man, it is monstrous!"

But Paul, though he had emptied his decanter, was not intoxicated. Out of sight of the hotel, Marie withdrew her arm, and his step was as steady as her own. She had suggested that they should go and look at the waterfall, and thither they directed their walk, scarcely exchanging a syllable as they went. Close upon the base of it, a sound of running feet and panting breath caught Madame's attention. She glanced round to behold, with a sudden, panic-struck expression in her white face, Claude and Louis. Before the boys reached her, however, that expression had vanished.

"We saw you from the top of that hill, yonder, mother," explained Claude, gasping, "so we raced all the way down to you. Since you are here to see the waterfall now, we may remain with you, may we not?"

"Yes," said Marie. "Yes, certainly you may remain. It is magnificent, is it not, after the rain? Now," she resumed, when they had stood for a while in contemplation below—"now, we will climb up the hill, and see it from above. . . . Ah! by-the-bye, my boys, will you do me a favour, and I shall think it fortunate that you have joined us? When I was dressing just now to come out, I discovered that I had lost a small brooch which I much value, and I remembered I had unpinned a lace handkerchief from my neck this morning because I found myself so warm. It was close to the top of this hill. If you will run on before, and go about ten yards above where you will see a plank, without a railing like this one" (they were standing near the second bridge when these instructions were given), "then look about under the trees, and I think you will find my brooch. Now, who will earn my grateful thanks—shall it be Claude or Louis?"

"I also will go and look for the brooch, Marie," volunteered her husband, but without accelerating his pace. Poor Paul's spirits had again gone down to zero.

"No, no, the boys will find it. You and I, my Paul, we will follow quietly behind, like—how do they say it?—Darby and Joan."

Nevertheless, Madame, when the boys were out of sight, decidedly quickened her own step, and Paul, to keep up with her, had to do the same. In a few minutes they had reached the narrow plank already described as crossing the swollen cataract.

"Let us cross here, Paul," said his wife, in a simple, matter-of-fact tone, "and go down through the wood on the other side."

"Cross there? But, my love, it looks dangerous," remonstrated her husband, a little roused from his apathy. "It would make my head dizzy."

"It would not make *my* head dizzy—nor thine either, only that thou art such a coward. Chut, chut, to be so big, and yet such a coward! I should blush for myself! See here"—she drew from her pocket a small flask—"It is brandy. Drink it up, Paul, and then show me that thou are not a coward. I cross first—and, if thou durst not follow, I lose for ever all respect for thee."

Stung by her taunts, and the supercilious scorn she had thrown into them, Paul coloured like a great boy. "I am not a coward," he protested. "I shall cross the wood. Let me go first!"

Madame, however, was in front of him; she had uncorked the flask, and now, holding it out to him, said, "Drink first."

Paul raised the flask to his lips, and whilst he was drinking his wife stepped steadily across the foaming cascade. Then she turned and, from the opposite bank, held up a beckoning hand. Paul placed his foot upon the plank and advanced safely to the middle. There he stopped short. Madame's hand was still uplifted, and her eyes were fixed upon him with a concentrated eagerness of observation that made them glow like living fire. Across the foaming gulf that divided them, Paul's blue eyes were raised for one moment to meet that wrapt, burning gaze. Then a wild shriek of agony, terror, and despair rent the air. Paul Vandeleur's body was suddenly convulsed, then doubled up with strange contortions; and as the two boys, terrified by the cry, appeared upon the scene, it was in time to see their father sway from side to side, in a vain attempt to preserve his balance, then slip over in the seething white flood, to be carried downwards like a log of wood.

With a faint echo of that terrible cry, Claude sprang forward and began to scramble like a chamois down to the water's edge, clinging to the rocks, himself half in and half out of the tumultuous cataract, which had risen and spread far beyond its ordinary bed. Louis, for his part, had hurried across to the support of his mother, whose ghastly pallor made him fear that she was about to swoon. The clasp of the boy's arm round her waist served, however, to rouse Marie from that transfixed attitude and look of horror which had followed swiftly upon that other expression of strained expectancy. A stifled sob relieved the intensity of her emotion; and, throwing off Louis' arm, she proceeded, in breathless haste and silent disregard of the boy's terrified ejaculations and questions, to make her way also down by the brink of the cataract on this side. A shout of "Louis! Mother! help, help quick!" reached their ears above the deafening roar of the torrent. But it was not until they had gained the second bridge that they could tell whence the cry came. Standing

thereupon, however, they then descried Claude, some eight or ten feet below, up to his waist in water, supporting the head of his father, whom he had dragged to a leaning posture against a rock which at that point had arrested his downward course. A livid, death-like hue was upon the poor fellow's face, which was further disfigured by a deep cut on one temple from which the blood was streaming. But his eyes were unclosed and his lips were moving, as if in speech. It was evident that he was not dead.

"Claude, Claude! let him alone! Come away! You will be drowned too!" exclaimed Madame Vandeleur, in frenzied accents, springing like lightning to her son's side, and even entering the water and attempting to drag him away.

"Oh, mother, don't. Pray, pray don't! I am quite safe. What *are* you thinking of, mother?" expostulated Claude. "Ah! look, look! I believe he is dying!"

It was quite true. Poor Paul was gasping wildly for breath, and his eyes, from which all consciousness had fled, had fixed themselves in a glassy upward stare. In another moment a convulsive movement passed over his frame, his jaw fell, and he was gone.

Then recovering that characteristic self-possession, which, perhaps, never in her life before had she so completely lost, Madame Vandeleur, aided by her two sons, succeeded in dragging the body of her husband out of the water and depositing it on dry ground. With the natural sensibility of youth, both boys had burst into tears, deeply affected, as well as unutterably shocked by this sudden and terrible catastrophe. Excepting, however, by the unwonted distension of her eyes and the compression of her pallid lips, their mother betrayed no further emotion. She allowed them to weep for a little space—whilst she made quite sure, by an examination of his heart and the application of other tests, that her unfortunate husband was in very truth dead; then she directed them to run down to the hotel, or, should they meet with it on the road, to summon other assistance. It was about twenty minutes before the young Vandeleurs returned, in company with the proprietor of the Löwen and two of his servants. They had met no one but an old woman as they went, and had had to run all the way to the hotel.

But Madame Vandeleur had not found their absence too long. It had taken her nearly all the time to perform a little task, which, at length, she had successfully accomplished. This was the loosening from those dead fingers, which had still held it with a firm, gradually stiffening grasp, of the flask out of which poor Paul had drunk just before his fatal accident. Having possessed herself of the fl

Madame had cast it into a deep pool at the foot of one of the many cascades that made up the waterfall. But if this was done, as might have been conjectured, with the object of shielding her husband's reputation from a charge of intemperance, the action did not prove effectual to its end. Shortly after the melancholy procession had reached the hotel, and poor Paul had been laid in his last sleep upon the bed from which he had risen that morning with his feeble vow of amendment, a messenger was despatched upon horseback for a doctor who dwelt in a village some five miles distant. Before, however, the doctor (a stout, phlegmatic old gentleman) was taken to view the body, he was solemnly informed by the proprietor of the hotel that, only an hour before his death, the unlucky Herr had ordered a bottle of eau-de-vie, and that he had drunk it all at a sitting. And in proof of this statement he was shown the empty decanter.

"Herr Gott! that suffices. Even without the accident, to have swallowed a pint of spirits in an hour, it was enough to kill any man!" Having thus prejudged the case, the doctor contented himself with a very cursory examination of the body. Finding upon it, with the exception of that cut near the left temple, no wound whatever, nor any sign that death had resulted from drowning, he returned the intelligent verdict: "Death through anæsthesia caused by intoxication or fright," and placidly went his way. The next day an irregular sort of inquest sat over the remains. Madame and the boys were asked, with courteous sympathy, a few questions respecting the accident; but, again, the principal witness was that empty brandy-decanter. In presence of this overwhelming evidence, supported by the fact that the unhappy deceased had been seen to stagger as he left the hotel, the simple jurors, with a local magistrate at their head, gave in their adhesion to the doctor's judgment, and this legal formula was at an end. To tell of the kindly condolences which the bereaved family received upon every hand—of how the three German students delayed their departure until after the funeral, in the hope of being of use to Madame—and of how everybody, behind her back, declared that, although the disaster had been "schrecklich," the gnädige Frau was in reality to be congratulated on her release from a husband so incomprehensibly her inferior—is unnecessary. All this may be understood, without the necessity of dwelling upon. On the morning of the day succeeding the inquest (only the second from his death through that fatal accident) Paul Vandeleur was buried in the graveyard attached to a little Catholic church standing on one of the hills just above the town. Upon the afternoon of the same day his newly made widow, with her two sons and her French maid, set off on the first stage of their journey back to England.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NORBRECK TOWERS.

"YES, Sir John, Mr. McLellan is disengaged, and will see you at once. Please step this way."

There were several people in the outer office of Messrs. McLellan, Wynn, & Co., who had just been told that the senior partner of this eminent firm of attorneys was *not* disengaged. The clerk had not troubled himself to lower his voice in giving this contradictory information, and the waiting clients looked with curiosity, envy, or impatience—according to their different dispositions—after the more favoured individual who now passed through the large, half-glass door, and down a long passage to be finally admitted to the lawyer's private apartment.

"How do you do, Sir John?" Mr. McLellan rose to accept the proffered hand of his visitor. "Lord Oxbridge made an appointment with me for this hour; but, as he has not chosen to be punctual to his engagement, I am glad to give the time to you. Pray, take a seat."

The lawyer's accent betrayed his nationality; so also did his face, which, with its high cheek-bones, long chin, sandy hair and whiskers, was of a distinctly Scotch type.

"Thanks; you are very good," responded his companion, dropping into a chair. "You seem to be doing a rattling business, McLellan. There are a dozen people, more or less, in the waiting-room."

"Yes, Sir John, we are certainly busy. But an old friend—if you allow the expression? . . ."

"I should think I did! What do you mean, man?"

"An old friend, then, like you," resumed the attorney, smiling, "always gets the preference over other clients."

"Well, I won't abuse your kindness by taking up your time very long. As you will guess, I have dropped in about your letter of this morning. Who is this Madame Vandeleur? And do you think she really means to take the house?"

"There's not a doubt about her taking it, Sir John, if you agree to accept her as your tenant."

"And is there any reason why I should not accept her?"

"None in the world, I should say. She makes no objection to the terms, and she is in a position to pay them."

"You say she lives in Grosvenor Square? Is she in society?" questioned the baronet. "I have never heard the name; but that"

he added, "might very easily be, seeing that I have been living quite out of the world myself for the last two or three years."

"And it is only a few years since Madame Vandeleur has been in the world," rejoined the lawyer. "Of London, I mean."

"She is known, then?"

"Dear me, yes, by everybody! She is a great patron of art and literature. Her entertainments are of the most *recherché* description, and are frequented, I am informed, by the very *crème de la crème* of society. She is a new star, certainly, which accounts for your not knowing her, Sir John; but there is no question about her being a star, and a brilliant one, too!"

"Vandeleur? The name sounds good," pondered Sir John Brentwood; "but I know so little about French families."

"I don't suppose any one can give you any very explicit information as to Madame Vandeleur's family," smiled the lawyer; "but her late husband is generally stated to have been a political exile, on what authority I can't say."

"She is a widow, then?"

"Oh yes: she lost her husband, I believe, some four or five years ago."

"Of course she has been down to Longenvale to see the place?" again queried the baronet.

"Certainly; and she expresses herself as delighted with it."

"But she does not mean, I presume, to give up her house in London, and to reside there altogether?"

"No, I should say not—in fact, I am sure not," answered McLellan. "She will take Norbreck Towers, furnished, for the term of three years, on which you offer it, Sir John, to use as a country house. She had a small estate in Hertfordshire until lately, she told me; but, not caring for it, she has sold it, and is now on the look-out for another place—though during most part of the year she prefers, I believe, to live in London."

"You have had a personal interview with her, it seems?"

"Oh yes. I have called upon Madame Vandeleur twice."

"Humph! And you are quite satisfied that it is all right about her in every way?"

"I am quite satisfied that Madame Vandeleur is a wealthy woman, and that she will pay her rent honestly, Sir John—also, that she will keep up the place as it ought to be kept."

"Well, since I am obliged to let it, I am thankful, of course, to hear of any one to take it," observed Sir John Brentwood; "but, naturally, one likes to know a little about a person who proposes to

occupy one's home. And, hang it, McLellan, there's something in your manner—I can't explain what—that makes me fancy you could tell me more concerning this lady than you seem disposed to do. Put your professional reticence in your pocket for once, if you can, there's a good fellow. You've known me from a boy, and managed my affairs ever since I had any affairs to manage, and yet you are just as close with me as wax."

"What an unjust aspersion!" Mr. McLellan smiled—he very often did smile, though he rarely, if ever, laughed. "I have answered all your questions most fully, and I am quite prepared to give you any further information that is in my power. But why should you not call and see the lady for yourself, Sir John? It is always better, I think, in such negotiations as this, that the principals should meet, and I was meaning to suggest to you the advisability of an interview. If you take my advice," the lawyer smiled again, "you will certainly call and make Madame Vandeleur's acquaintance."

"Ah! Well, I don't know, I should have thought it more *en règle* to leave the matter in your hands," hesitated the baronet; "but if you are serious in advising it, I believe I should feel more satisfied to do as you say. You see, in an old house like the Towers there are so many family relics, and . . ."

"Yes, Sir John, I understand," interposed his companion, in a changed and sympathetic voice. "I know how attached you are, and naturally, to the home of your forbears—ancestors, I mean," he added, correcting the Scotch word. Though he still retained the accent of his early years, McLellan's turn of expression was, as a rule, perfectly English. "And I am deeply grieved that you should have to leave it even for a time. But since it must be, I candidly believe you could not find a more unexceptionable tenant than Madame Vandeleur."

"Oh! if you can say that, of course I feel satisfied."

"I can sincerely," protested Mr. McLellan. "As to the prime consideration of means, that, I assure you, is all right, and more than right. Madame is enormously rich. Her house in Grosvenor Square is a triumph of taste and luxury as regards its furnishing and decoration, and she drives some of the most splendid turn-outs in the park. I am not her legal adviser, but I understand that the property is entirely at her own disposal, left so by her husband's will, notwithstanding that she has two sons. A good deal, I am informed, is in English funds; but the bulk of the little widow's fortune is in Canadian property, in a rich iron mine and some canal building investments in Toronto. Yes, Sir John."

to advise you, not professionally, but *like a father*," the lawyer smiled once more and significantly, "I should say again, go and make the acquaintance of your fair tenant."

Sir John Brentwood coloured boyishly, although he was a man of thirty-eight. He frowned, too, slightly, not quite liking the sort of insinuation conveyed by his companion's words and tone.

"Is Madame Vandeleur fair," he asked, "and young?"

"She is handsome—strikingly so, I consider," returned Mr. McLellan. "Her appearance is distinguished, and her manner most fascinating. In short, if you ask my opinion, I tell you truly that I look upon her as one of the most extraordinary, interesting, and delightful little women in existence. As to her age, she looks about thirty-five, but . . . Well, Griffiths?"

"Lord Oxbridge is here, sir," announced a subordinate who had just entered; "he wishes me to tell you that he is in haste, and that since he wrote to say he should be here at this hour, he had expected to find you at liberty to receive him."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the attorney, bristling in offence at this supercilious message, which, however, had been decidedly modified in the delivery. "His lordship is three-quarters of an hour behind his time. Did he expect . . . Hem! Just say, Griffiths, that I shall be disengaged in a few moments. Will you excuse me, Sir John? You see I really had this prior appointment with Lord Oxbridge; and you know him, don't you? Rather a touchy sort of personage, eh? . . . But do not hurry away, upon any account, if you have any further instructions to give me as to your own affairs."

"No, no, it would not be fair to take up your time any longer," returned Sir John, who had already risen. "You have found me a tenant whom you recommend me to accept. There is really nothing more to be said about the matter. I rely upon your judgment, of course. So, if you will draw up the form of agreement and send it to me for signature, we can get the thing out of hand at once. Only, upon my word, McLellan, I wish I didn't feel as I do, that there is something rather queer in the background. No, I don't mean that exactly, but as though you were not telling me all you knew about this lady. Am I wrong in that notion?"

"You are remarkably shrewd to have arrived at it," said the lawyer, complimenting Sir John on a quality for which he was certainly not famed. "No, I don't deny that I have had exceptionable opportunities of learning something of Madame Vandeleur's history which, if you wish it very much, I may repeat to you on another occasion. But, in the meantime, believe me, that whatever I know

about her, I know nothing to her discredit. You may allow her to take the Towers with perfect confidence. But again, if you will excuse me pressing the suggestion, I really think, Sir John, that it would be the right thing for you to call and see her for yourself."

"Well, possibly I may. There's a good enough excuse for it; and I believe I should feel more satisfied," responded the baronet. "I shall see. I'll think the matter over. Good-morning. But get the document ready to sign, you know, in any case. After what you have said, I could not refuse to accept Madame Vandeleur as tenant *pro tem.* of Norbreck Towers."

CHAPTER XXXII.

SIR JOHN BRENTWOOD.

SIR JOHN BRENTWOOD was what is commonly called a "fine-looking man." Tall and fair, with a figure which in youth had been remarkably graceful, and which, despite a slight inclination to stoutness, was still exceeding shapely, the baronet possessed an undoubtedly attractive physique. His face, also, although not exactly handsome, was eminently pleasing. It was the expression that made it so—the kindly look in his honest, bright blue eyes, the good-humoured curve of his full red lips, the smoothness of the benevolent but not highly intellectual brow, about which his auburn curls were so neatly adjusted. For, notwithstanding that he had decidedly got beyond his first youth, Sir John Brentwood was by no means neglectful of his appearance.

The scion of a distinguished race, which could trace its lineage far back into the mists of antiquity, Sir John had come very early into his ancestral estate and title. At the age of twenty-one he had married the daughter of a Scotch peer, very poor, but very proud. His wife, however, a sweet, gentle girl of eighteen, had lived only sixteen months after their union, and Sir John—albeit that many traps had been set for him with tempting matrimonial bait—had since remained a widower. But, until recently, the baronet's hearthstone had not been entirely solitary. When Lady Winifred Cameron had consented to become Lady Winifred Brentwood, it had only been upon condition that she should not be required to desert her youngest brother, a motherless child of three, to whom she was passionately attached. This child, accordingly, Sir John had taken to him in his southern home; and after his wife's death, his regard to her memory, but still more his

extremely fond of the boy, he had, with the full sanction of his father-in-law, the earl (who, in view of his straitened means, had a good many more children than he knew what to do with), adopted as his own son and heir. Unhappily, however, for Sir John, the Hon. Alexander Cameron had turned out a *mauvais sujet*—a decidedly black sheep.

Possibly Sir John had been in a measure to blame for this misfortune ; at all events, he was in the habit of blaming himself for it very severely. As a child, he was wont now to lament, Alec had been ruined by unlimited indulgence ; as a boy, he had been admitted too early to an unrestrained association with his seniors. And, seeing that Sir John's companions had, for the most part, been bachelors, not always of the most straight-laced order, there can be no question but that such free intercourse had been highly injudicious. At any rate, as it proved, the lad had been early initiated into evil of various kinds, and had shown himself an all-too-apt neophyte. At the age of eighteen he had become a confirmed reprobate—demoralized, as it seemed, beyond redemption. Nevertheless, his adoptive father had clung to him with the utmost affection and forbearance. Again and again he had discharged Alec's "debts of honour" betting and gambling being among the youth's most flagrant vices. In this way, and by the aid of his own natural extravagance and free handed, even reckless, generosity, Sir John Brentwood had gradually become very much embarrassed in circumstances. But the culminating point of the baronet's troubles, in his own estimation, had been the death of his adopted son, which had taken place now three months ago, after a long and hopeless illness. That illness, a lingering decline, brought on by late hours and other abuses of a delicate constitution, had lasted nearly two years. And during those two years Sir John had devoted himself to his wife's young brother with a patient unselfishness, an ungrudging tenderness, which no actual parent could have excelled. Leaving England, by the physician's advice, he had carried the invalid about from one health resort to another in Europe ; he had tried a sea-voyage to Australia ; he had spared no expense in the consultation of the most notable medical authorities abroad. But, in spite of all that could be done, Alec had wasted away, and finally died at Cairo, at the age of twenty, profoundly repentant, so the warm-hearted, generous-minded baronet believed, of those past misdemeanours for which Sir John was always ready to take so large a share of the blame upon his own shoulders.

And now, upon his return to England after this protracted absence, Sir John's first proceeding had been to institute a careful examination into his affairs. As a result of that examination he had

seen that only by the most stringent retrenchment of his expenditure during the next three or four years would he be able to retrieve his position, or even save the ancient homestead of his family from the hammer.

As has been seen, therefore, he had resolved to let Norbreck Towers (so the fine old hall and surrounding estate was called), furnished, for a time, and had entrusted his lawyer with the task of finding him a tenant.

And that tenant had very easily been found, in the shape of a lady who, for private reasons of her own, had long desired to possess a house in that particular neighbourhood, though she had not quite cared to build one there for herself.

"Of course, I must let her have the place," reflected Sir John, as he walked slowly away from the solicitor's office. "There's no reason in the world against it. I wish she were English, though. Ah, that's it! That's the cause of my absurd suspicion—John Bull's insular prejudice against the foreigner." The baronet smiled to himself as he arrived at this conclusion. "Well, I'll call this afternoon," he decided—"I'll go and see this lady, and get my unreasonable repugnance either dissipated or confirmed. And, in the meantime"—he drew out his watch—"I suppose I must have some luncheon? Bah! what a grotesque bathos human life is! Ruin stares a man in the face—his wife lies dead in her coffin, or he is going to be hanged next day—and yet he must feed!" This reflection was not a purely original one, but Sir John was struck with the tragi-comicality of the thing just as powerfully as though nobody had ever been struck by it before. He walked on towards his club in a melancholy and meditative mood. Just now, though the brightness of early summer was all around him, Sir John Brentwood was passing within through a "winter of discontent." He felt strangely lonely and dispirited. As yet he had kept himself so aloof from society, since his return to England a few weeks back, that hardly any of his acquaintances were aware of his being at home. Nevertheless, Sir John was suffering very irrationally from a sense of desertion. His friends, he told himself, had forsaken or forgotten him. Albeit that he had no near relatives, the baronet had always possessed a large circle of friends, as a man of his temperament is almost sure to do. Of a simple, affectionate nature, honourable and pure (for Sir John's wildness and extravagance had never been of the vicious sort), the poor fellow was afflicted at the present moment with a touch of cynicism. He was asking himself that question, with which most men and women find themselves confronted at some

period or other of their existence, "Is life worth living?" *Cui bono?* Of what use this weary round of eating, sleeping, walking, riding, visiting—the same dull experiences from day to day—flat, stale, and unprofitable?

And perhaps for this, to him, unwonted condition of mind, Sir John Brentwood had some excuse. At the age of thirty-eight, well advanced in middle life, he found himself without home-ties, or, for the time being, a home, reduced to living en garçon in London chambers, or to the alternative of knocking about the Continent in an aimless fashion.

Unquestionably the situation was disappointing, and Sir John sighed as he looked back and contrasted it with the bright opening, at twenty-one, of his manhood's days. Then he had meant to go into Parliament, to make himself useful in his day and generation; he had hoped to enjoy the sweet ties of home and family. But with the close of his married bliss, so early blighted, those other dreams and ambitions had melted likewise into thin air, and, as he now told himself, his life had been to a great extent a wasted one. Henceforth, too, it must, he thought, be a solitary one. Sir John was very sad about the loss of his adopted son. In point of fact, it was chiefly to Alec's death that this novel attack of pessimism on the part of the usually jovial and good-tempered baronet was attributable.

In his last illness the Hon. Alexander had formed a capital illustration of "When the devil was sick the devil a monk would be." He had whined lugubriously over his past misdeeds; and although, in all probability, had he recovered, he would equally well have exemplified in his conduct the other line of that familiar couplet, "When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he," Sir John had placed the utmost credence in his professions of repentance, and now mourned the young fellow's demise as though he had proved his greatest comfort, instead of a constant anxiety and the occasion of his present financial difficulties.

In this heavy-hearted and infestive frame Sir John reached his destination, a fashionable West End club, of which he was a member.

Turning to ascend the steps, he found himself side by side with another gentleman, also entering the building; but he did not glance round until a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice exclaimed:—

"Hullo, Brentwood!"

"You, St. Claire!" As Sir John uttered this ejaculation in his turn, his face suddenly brightened, and the next instant the two men were warmly grasping hands.

"Well, this *is* jolly. So glad to meet you again, old fellow. Do

you know how long it is since we last saw each other? Let's see, it will be over three years."

"Will it really? Yes, I dare say it will. You were in America when I had to go abroad with poor Alec."

"Of course I was. And I only heard yesterday, Brentwood, that you had got back, and that that young rascalion of yours——"

"St. Claire, the poor boy is dead," broke in Sir John, hastily.

"Humph! And *de mortuis*, &c., I suppose? All right, I'll observe the precept. But what a good fellow you are, Brentwood! There's not another man in the kingdom, I believe, but would have shipped that young gentleman back to his own family and washed his hands of him ages ago. . . . I beg your pardon—I won't say anything more. Upon my word, I had no idea you felt the thing as you seem to do. Come upstairs, I've mountains of things to tell you of and to ask about. But, first, have you lunched?"

Sir John replied in the negative.

"Then you must be my guest. Excuse me one moment whilst I order the fare"; and without waiting to give his friend a chance of declining the invitation, Mr. Lawrence St. Claire hurried away.

Returning, when he had given *carte blanche* for as dainty a lunch as this first-class establishment could supply, he resumed—

"But, I say, Brentwood, explain yourself. How is it you have neither looked a fellow up nor sent him word that you had returned to revolve anew in your native orbit?"

"I haven't been revolving in any orbit, native or otherwise," rejoined Sir John, smiling. "I've been buried up to the nose in bills and account-books ever since I got back to England. I've had an accountant down at my place examining into the *res angustæ domi*, and, what with his report as to my impecuniosity and my recent loss, I confess that I've been feeling like a misanthrope and behaving like one."

"You? To be sure—why, you're the very cut of a Diogenes," rejoined St. Claire, surveying his well-dressed, agreeable-looking companion, with a sardonic smile. "Come, my dear fellow, if you've got the vapours—and I suppose the most unlikely subject may have an attack at times—let us dispel them."

"The sight of your genial countenance has gone a good way towards dispelling them already," protested Sir John. "And now, tell me, what have you been doing lately? Writing any new books?"

"Any new books?" St. Claire stepped back, and put up his eye-glass. "Let me look at the man! Does he come from Patagonia? You don't mean to tell me that the t has not yet resounded in your ears?"

"I am deeply ashamed, but——"

"Good Heavens, how humbling! A Mordecai in the gate, and in person of one's oldest friend, the chum of one's boyhood. How am I to bear it? Stay, here comes the announcement of luncheon. Speak no more, I beseech thee, until I am revived by the violet-scented vintage of Burgundy."

"What an extravagant spread, St. Claire!"

"Nay, I am in funds, good Mordecai. I have had a windfall."

"You are always having windfalls. Because you are too rich already, the fates pelt you with gold."

"But this time it's the publishers that are playing at that game—not one they are much addicted to, though, by all accounts. I have just had, this morning, an extra five hundred pounds sent me for a novel of which I had sold the copyright to Messrs. Barton and Cave, and which has run into three editions in an incredibly short time. The cheque took me by surprise, I can tell you, and I consider it a miracle of honesty on the firm's part."

"But tell me about the novel, St. Claire. And do, if you *can*, pardon my ignorance. Recollect, I travelled home straight from Egypt, and until I came up to town two days ago I have, as I told you, been burying myself at Longenvale."

"All right. I extend to you the sceptre of grace. Take it in the shape of this bottle of Clicquot. Yes, my friend, I have awoke to find myself famous, at length! You will acknowledge that I have been long enough about it. The title of the immortal work on which my laurels rest is 'A Midsummer's Madness.' For the last three or four months I have been a lion of the first order. I roar almost every night under the roof-trees of the noblest of the land. This evening I am engaged for exhibition, along with several other celebrities, at the house of one of the most interesting women in London—a rich and charming little French widow who lives in Grosvenor Square."

Sir John Brentwood laid down his knife and fork—"St. Claire," he exclaimed, "you don't mean Madame Vandeleur?"

"Precisely. But wherefore that planet-struck aspect? Do you know the lady?"

"I have heard her name."

"That goes without saying."

"But only this morning at my lawyer's office. I have advertised Norbreck Towers to let, furnished, St. Claire, and Madame Vandeleur has offered to take the place."

"*Zounds!* 'Tis my turn to sit agog. Pray elucidate matters! *I don't understand.* You can't wish to leave your home again?"

"No, emphatically, I don't wish it. But needs must, my friend, when the devil drives. I'll explain all that to you later ; but tell me now what you know of Madame Vandeleur. Who is she ?"

"She is Madame Vandeleur. That is all I can say, and all that requires to be said. The world takes her on her own terms. She has descended, so far as I know, from the clouds ; but here she is, and that's the point that takes you."

"Society generally demands some credentials as to birth and character," postulated Sir John.

"True ; but in this case, even the ladies, though I believe they fought a little shy of her at first, are beginning to feel satisfied that Madame's origin should be taken for granted. As for her character, no breath of scandal can touch that. But come with me this evening, and you'll understand all about it. You'll see that Madame Vandeleur is Madame Vandeleur, and you'll comprehend why her own recognisance should suffice."

"Why, are you familiar enough with her to introduce me ?" asked Sir John. "I had thought of calling this afternoon, in a purely business way. But if you think you could venture to take me with you in the evening as a friend, I might see more of her in that way."

"Venture to take you ? What a modest fellow it is ! As if you didn't know that any house in the kingdom would be proud to hold Sir John Brentwood as a guest."

"Come, come, St. Claire, draw it mild ! What is the entertainment to be ?"

"Oh, only a *thé dansant* this evening. Madame receives every Thursday ; but the dancing is rather a new feature in her assemblies. Until recently, she has gone in very strongly for private theatricals, in which she always took a part herself, and with immense success. The little woman, indeed, is a born actress. On the stage she would have won tremendous *éclat* ; at least, every one used to think so until a few weeks since, when she rather came to grief."

"How so ?"

"Well, it was a somewhat curious affair, and it had a curious result. But you are letting the decanters stand, Brentwood, and you eat nothing."

"Thanks, I have done amazingly well in both directions," protested Sir John. "Your vintages are rather too seductive, St. Claire, and I have gone to the end of my tether. Not a drop more ! Proceed, please, to unfold your tale."

"It won't take much unfolding," returned the other, "for the

length thereof is not great. As I was going to say, Madame Vandeleur and the little clique of amateur assistants, of whom she was the prima donna, had made quite a renown for themselves by their histrionic talents. In the beginning their representations were confined to a series of drawing-room comedies, and it was quite a favour to gain admittance to them, I can tell you. They were all held in Madame's house, where she had had a large room fitted up in the most perfect style as a miniature theatre. Whatever Madame Vandeleur does, allow me to observe in passing, is always done perfectly. Well, you should have seen the carriages on the square on the evening of the performances! One carriage that was never absent was Lord Stone-Stretton's shabby brougham. The old marquis appeared to be wonderfully taken with the little widow, and people were beginning to gossip about the pair—not without reason—for Madame certainly did not discourage his attentions."

"Lord Stone-Stretton," interposed Sir John—"why, the man is seventy-five at least!"

"But a marquis," returned St. Claire, "and for a lady from the clouds! — But let me not blaspheme. At any rate, I know that Madame Vandeleur proved complaisant to his opinion in one particular. His lordship, it appears, had several times begged her to attempt with her company one of Shakespeare's plays, and at length she assented, leaving the selection with him. Stone-Stretton's choice lighted upon *Macbeth*, and Madame, at his special desire, took the *rôle* of Lady Macbeth. And a marvellous impersonation of the character she made, with her long black hair streaming down her back, and her face as white as her dress. You never saw anything like it on the stage. I never did, at all events. I had felt sure, beforehand, that she would take the character grandly, and had been quite in a stew lest I might not get an invitation, which, however, I did. But the upshot of the matter was that she took it *too* grandly. At that climax of the sleep-walking scene where Lady Macbeth mutters, 'What! will these hands ne'er be clean?' Madame Vandeleur threw down her taper, gave a sudden horrified shriek, and went off into a strange sort of cataleptic fit. Imagine the commotion that ensued! She had to be carried off to her bedroom, and it was an hour before she reappeared to apologize to such of the guests as remained—for a few of them had already taken their departure. Lord Stone-Stretton was among the latter. The old gentleman had shown himself absurdly shocked and frightened by this *contretemps*, and a day or two afterwards he left London for Paris, where, *believe, he still remains*. My private opinion is that the old fellow

had rather committed himself with Madame Vandeleur, and that this is the cowardly way he has adopted of sneaking out of the connection. If the little widow regrets his loss, however, she has taken care not to show it. To the disappointment of a great many people, however, the fit—or whatever it was—has put an end to Madame's amateur company. Their leader refuses to act any more, whether in tragedy or comedy. She has too much sensibility, she avers, and finds the pastime too exciting. And I dare say she is right. Anyhow, she assuredly possesses an uncommonly strong and intense nature."

"She seems to me, both from McLellan's report and your own, to be an uncommon sort of individual altogether," observed Sir John. "I must confess that my curiosity to meet her is growing quite powerful. By all means take me with you to her reception this evening. What time shall you go?"

"Oh, we'll drop in about quarter to ten. Are you in your old chambers in Piccadilly? Then, I'll call round for you in my cab, shall I? And now, for your own affairs, dear old boy. Let me hear them, and if I can, let me help you, Brentwood."

(To be continued.)

THE WILD CATTLE OF NORTH AMERICA.

"THE danger to be most dreaded is that the Indians may side with the rebels, and as they are estimated to number some 16,000, serious consequences might ensue. *At this season the Indian is half starved, his natural food, the buffalo, has disappeared, and Government rations do not last long.* Should Riel offer 'plenty meat' and regular supplies, he may gain allies in many of the tribes which are now apparently friendly." Thus, in the spring of 1885, writes a correspondent from Ottawa, and his words may call the attention of many to one of the most remarkable changes in the fauna of a great continent, which has occurred in historic times, and notably in the present century—namely, that which has cleared the vast prairies of North America of the wild cattle which, fifty years ago, still swarmed in apparently incalculable numbers over territories well-nigh untrodden by man.

Now, in this year of grace, 1885, the American Bison is, to all intents and purposes, an extinct animal—in fact, he acquires a special interest from his extreme rarity.

As few travellers nowadays have the remotest chance of seeing him for themselves, and as the name of buffalo, so generally applied to him, is utterly misleading to any one acquainted with the meek and ugly animal bearing that name in India or Ceylon, it may be interesting to glance at some details connected with him.

First then, as regards his appearance

An adult male measures about nine feet from the muzzle to the root of the tail. If the latter be included, the length of the animal is upwards of twelve feet, without counting the tuft of long hair at the end of the tail, which is from twelve to eighteen inches in length. The height of the highest part of the hump is about six feet, and at the hind quarters less than five. The horns are short and thick.

The female averages six and a half feet in length, and about five feet in height at the hump. Her horns are more slender and her hair less shaggy than those of the male.

A very curious description of the bison is given by Gomara, an old Spanish writer, whose "*Historia de las Indias*" was translated by Hakluyt in the middle of the sixteenth century. He tells us how "all this land is full of crooked-backed oxen, which are of the bigness and colour of our bulles, but their hornes are not so great. They have a great bunch upon their fore shoulders and more haire upon their fore part than on their hinder part, and it is like wooll. They have, as it were, an horse mane upon their backe bone, and much hair, and very long, from the knees downe-ward. They have great tuffes of hair hanging downe their foreheads, and it seemeth that they have beardes, because of the great store of haire hanging downe at their chinnes and throates. The males have very long tailes, and a great knobbe or flocke at the end ; so that in some respects they resemble the lion, and in some other the camell. They push with their hornes, they runne, they overtake and kill an horse when they are in their rage and anger. Finally, it is a foule and fierce beast of countenance and form of bodie. The horses fledde from them, either because of their deformed shape, or else because they had never seen them. Their masters have no other substance : of them they eat, they drink, they apparel, they shooe themselves."

Another early Spanish traveller, Castañeda, thus records his impressions : "The first time we encountered the buffalo, all the horses took to flight on seeing them, for they are horrible to the sight. They have a broad and short face, eyes two palms from each other, and projecting sideways in such a manner that they can see a pursuer. Their beard is like that of goats, and so long that it drags on the ground when they lower the head. They have on the anterior portion of the body a frizzled hair like sheep's wool ; it is very fine upon the croup and sleek like a lion's mane. Their horns are very short and thick, and can scarcely be seen through the hair. They always change their hair in May, at which season they really resemble lions."

This fanciful resemblance is due to the fact that only the soft curly wool on the hinder part of the animal is moulted, while the head and shoulders permanently retain their shaggy coating of long hair, so that the fore quarters appear disproportionately large in comparison with the hind quarters. The short hair begins to loosen in February, and continues falling in March and April, during which period, to make it fall more quickly, the animals roll on the ground among the brushwood in the ravines, or against rocks and banks of earth. During this process the bison assume a very untidy appearance, as their woolly hair hangs loosely in ragged tatters. During May and

June they appear to be 'almost naked. Then a new crop of fine dark-coloured hair springs up, and the bison is once more clothed in soft velvety brown.

Roughly picturesque as are these huge shaggy creatures, with their gigantic and strangely disproportioned fore-quarters, there is one aspect under which they are truly hideous—namely, when emerging from a mud-bath—a luxury as dear to these long-haired, so-called buffalo, as to the true buffalo of Asia—the smooth, humble-looking, slate-coloured slave of the Indian peasant.

The bison prepares his mud-bath in the most systematic and careful manner. Whenever he can find on the dry parched prairie a little moisture—merely a damp spot, with a little stagnant water—there he commences operations by tearing up the ground with his horns, till he has formed a hollow, into which water soon trickles. Therein he lies down on his side and forces himself round and round, thus with horns and hoofs enlarging his bath till he is comfortably saturated all over, and emerges thickly coated with black mud, which soon dries all over him, and forms an effectual suit of armour to protect him from the attacks of insects. But like a good Mahomedan, if he can find no water, he consoles himself with sand or dust, and performs these curious ablutions with unfailing precision.

Evidently, however, the mud-bath is preferred, and as each animal in the herd successively indulges in a good wallow, following the lead of the first old bull, the bath becomes gradually enlarged, till it becomes perhaps twenty feet in diameter and a couple of feet in depth. A dry wallow, on the other hand, rarely exceeds twelve feet in diameter, and a few inches in depth. Wet or dry, the wallows thus made are marked features of every district where large herds have been in the habit of grazing, the "wet wallows being discernible from afar, by reason of the rank vegetation which springs up around these artificial pools."

Castañeda goes on to describe how the tail of the buffalo terminates in a great tuft. When they run they carry it in the air, as do scorpions. He adds, "We were much surprised at sometimes meeting innumerable herds of bulls without a single cow, and other herds of cows without bulls. It would sometimes be forty leagues from one herd to another, and that in a country so level that, from a distance, the sky was seen between their legs."¹

These were the first descriptions of the American bison that were ever published, and these explorers gave the name of Rio de las Vacas, or the Cow River, to a stream along whose margin they

¹ Translated by Davis: *Spanish Conquest of New Mexico*.

travelled for one hundred and twenty leagues, all the way passing through great herds of buffaloes.

Gomara records the divers uses made of these wild cattle by the Indians of the plains. He tells how "of their hides they make many things, as houses, shoes, apparell, and ropes ; of their bones they make bodkins ; of their sinewes and haire, thread ; of their dung, fire ; and of their calves-skinnes, buckets, wherein they drawe and keepe water. To be short, they make so many things of them as they have need of, or as many as suffice them in the use of this life." In truth, the buffalo not only supplied an unfailing store of food, but furnished the Indians of the plains with shelter and clothing, the coarse skins of the bulls furnishing coverings for the lodges, while the finer skins of the cows were converted into woolly robes and bedding. Spoons and ladles were made from the horns and bones ; bands, belts, and sacks were woven of the stiff buffalo hair ; and the braves made shields and bucklers of tough buffalo hide.

The meat when taken to camp was cut into long strips, about a quarter of an inch thick, and hung up to dry on a wooden lattice, and after a few days the strips were tied together in large bundles, and so stored. Or else it was prepared in the manner called pemican (*pimikehigan*), *i.e.* subjected to great heat till it became brittle, when it was spread on a buffalo hide and reduced to fragments by the use of a flail.

On to this broken meat was poured melted fat, and the whole was well pounded together, and then, while still warm, was pressed into bags of buffalo skin, which were then sewn up, and, as the compound cooled, it became hard as rock, and was thus stored for future use. The superfluous fat was run down as tallow (a healthy cow yielding thirty-five lbs., and a bull in good condition about forty-five), while the bones were boiled and broken ; and the marrow thus obtained was stored in bladders for cooking purposes.

Among the really valuable products of the bison it is necessary to mention that which is commonly known as "Buffalo chips," or, as the French settlers call it, *Bois de Vache*, which simply means dried dung—a priceless boon to all dwellers or travellers on the great treeless prairies, where no other fuel can be obtained, and where the very existence of the camp-fire and all the creature comforts connected therewith are wholly dependent on this supply—the only substitute for wood.

In the records of all explorers and travellers, the supply of buffalo chips is invariably noted, as, but for their presence, transportation of wood would be an indispensable addition to camp stores ;

and very grave are the discomforts endured when, owing to heavy rains, this precious fuel is found to be too wet to burn.

It attains its best condition after having been exposed for some months to the alternation of scorching sun and bitter frost, and continues serviceable for years. It burns like peat, with intense heat and little flame, so the evening camp fire is enlivened by throwing on an occasional strip of buffalo fat, which produces a light brilliant as when the resinous knots in the pitch pine suddenly blaze up, and proving this animal-fuel well-nigh as cheerful a companion as the vegetable fuel from the great forests.

Of other uses to which the bison was formerly applied, it is, alas! almost necessary to speak in the past tense; but a great store of this fuel happily still remains, giving some hint of the wide districts over which, but a few years ago, there ranged incalculable herds of these valuable creatures.

According to official reports, their traces are still to be found everywhere, from Missouri and Upper Mississippi Rivers westward, to the most remote valleys of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains; from the plains of Texas northward, to the forty-ninth parallel. Though there is evidence that the same herds frequently travelled immense distances north and south, in search of feeding grounds and water (especially in times of drought or when great prairie fires had devastated the land, leaving the pastures for thousands of square miles reduced to ashes), the range of the bison seems to have been almost exclusively confined to the woodless plains and prairies, only a comparatively small number having penetrated into the great forest regions east of the Mississippi.

There is satisfactory proof of their having ranged southward so far as the north-eastern provinces of Mexico, and so far north-west as the Sierra Nevada and the Blue Mountain region.

Their bleached skulls are still to be found in the great Salt Lake Valley, and in the early part of this century immense herds were seen throughout all the country lying between the Columbia River and the Green and Grand Rivers of the Gulf of California and all the head waters of Colorado River. Since then, year by year the cruel work of ruthless extermination has gone on, throughout Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, and the vast regions lying between the Platte River and the northern boundary of Texas.

The bison seems to have disappeared from the parts of Minnesota east of the Mississippi prior to 1832, but on the western bank they lingered for some years later, and so late as 1850 large herds were *often seen*. At that time they still frequented the whole valley of

the Red River, but the half-breed hunters pursued them remorselessly, destroying on an average twenty thousand a year, and their work of destruction has now resulted in complete extirpation. In British North America, the bison ranged from the Rocky Mountains on the west, to the wooded highlands about six hundred miles west of Hudson's Bay, including all the regions between Great Slave Lake and the Lake of the Woods.

Throughout all these wide regions, the wild cattle ranged in incalculable multitudes. The accounts of early travellers might well be deemed exaggeration, were not the veracity of the writers otherwise beyond question, and the statements reiterated by many independent witnesses in remote parts of the great continent. They tell of herds numbering tens of thousands, yea, millions ! To say that the plains, so far as the eye could reach, were all alive with one vast living mass of cattle, has become a hackneyed phrase to express their multitude.

Various travellers have recorded that for days together they were never out of sight of bison-herds, which extended for many miles in every direction ; and it is well known that in the early days of the Great Pacific Railroad, trains were sometimes detained for hours by the passage of dense herds across the line, always travelling southward, but never returning to the north. Rash engine drivers who at first ignorantly tried to push onward, unheeding these children of the prairie, found their trains "ditched" by the charge of these heavy squadrons.

Telegraph companies likewise were compelled to recognise the existence of the wild cattle, who hailed with delight the erection of such convenient scratching posts, of which they availed themselves with a vigour which was almost irresistible.

Considering the weight and clumsy structure of these unwieldy-looking creatures, it was often a matter of wonder to hunters and others to observe the readiness with which they would start off at a lumbering gallop, up hill and down dale, scarcely checking their headlong career for any obstacle. Impelled by thirst, they would make for the nearest spring or stream, plunging recklessly down the steepest ravines, leaping vertical banks, which a horse would utterly refuse to take, and sometimes even scrambling down precipitous bluffs by paths from which even a human being might shrink.

Mr. T. A. Allen, a close observer and accurate historian of the American bison, says that nothing concerning them has surprised him more than their expertness and fearlessness in climbing. He has followed their track through passes between high crags barely

wide enough to allow of the passage of a single animal, where a precipitous descent led to places where the herd must have leaped down bare ledges three or four feet in height, to land upon slippery rock-ledges, apparently most unsuitable ground for such great animals. And yet, as a general rule, the buffalo trails were found to follow the best possible levels, so that the most skilful engineer could not greatly improve on them.

Often in their wanderings they had to cross large streams, and this, too, they accomplished with reckless courage, no matter at what season of the year, often at the sacrifice of many of their number both old and young; as, for instance, in spring, when, in attempting to cross ice-bound rivers, the half melted ice sometimes gave way beneath the enormous weight of a herd, and multitudes were drowned. At other times, when exhausted by long swimming, they found only such muddy shores or precipitous banks that landing was impossible, and many perished from this cause. Sometimes they have been observed crossing wide rivers, such as the Upper Missouri, in herds which literally filled the stream for the space of a mile, and came pouring on in ever advancing hosts.

Governor Stevens, writing from Shavonne River in 1853, tells how he ascended to the top of a high hill whence he overlooked a wide expanse of prairie, and literally on every square mile there seemed to be a distinct herd of bison. Their number was variously estimated by his companions, some setting down the number within sight at half a million. He himself suggested two hundred thousand, so as to be well within the mark.

Mr. Allen relates how his own tendency to receive with doubt the statements of various writers as to the multitudes of the bison, had been effectually corrected by seeing them with his own eyes literally covering the vast plains of Kansas in incalculable hosts.

This was in the year 1871. But the opening of the Kansas Pacific Railroad in 1870, and of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1869, had already proved the thin end of the wedge which was to result in the grievous extermination of these valuable creatures. Not only was the way made easy for buffalo hunters, who poured in by the hundred, each eager to secure as large a share as possible of the hides, for which the railroad now provided means of conveyance, but also the fact of the country being opened up for permanent settlers brought such an influx of human beings as could not fail seriously to disturb these shy wild creatures.

In 1872, the opening of Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad marked a very sad epoch in bison history, owing to the increased

multitude of hide hunters who now swarmed over the land, making this line of railroad the basis for their operations in the cruel work of wholesale destruction. The result was very quickly apparent.

In 1875, Dr. Tremaine, writing from a military station in Kansas, tells how, on his arrival there, six years previously, the bison ranged in almost countless herds over a vast tract of country extending for miles and miles in every direction around the Fort. He could travel for days together, and very rarely lose sight of these moving multitudes. Then came the influx of wholesale butchers. Hundreds of thousands of the poor helpless animals were slaughtered solely for their hides, and their carcasses were left to putrify where they fell. So rapidly was this work of reckless extermination carried on, that already, he said in 1875, "a buffalo is a rare sight within two hundred miles of Fort Dodge."

From the moment when the railroad was opened, the outfitting of hunters, and the purchase of their game, became the chief trade of all towns all along the line.

From September to November 1872, the number of hides shipped (as is the railway term in America) was forty-three thousand, and the quantity of meat (*the saddles only being saved*) represented fully six or seven thousand more.

Before the close of January, this initiatory slaughter is estimated to have exceeded *one hundred thousand*, without reckoning those killed for actual "sport" or for food for settlers.

From Wichita, Kansas, came the report—"Thousands upon thousands of buffalo hides are being brought here by hunters. In places, whole acres of ground are covered with their hides, spread out with their fleshy side up to dry."

Before this wholesale destruction commenced, the herds chiefly suffered from the slaughter of the females, in consequence of the fact that their skins alone are valuable for robes; consequently these were always singled out by the hunters, and so the males in a herd exceeded the females in the proportion of ten to one. Whereas the female has a coating of fine woolly hair, which in the months of November, December, and January is soft and velvety, that of the male of over three years is harsh and irregular, the hair on the hind-quarters being no longer than that of a horse, while on the fore-quarters it varies from four to six inches in length. The skin of the male is also so thick and heavy that it can only be used as a tent cover, and the flesh is coarse, dry, and unpalatable. This then accounts for the reckless slaughter of females and young bison, so long as any discrimination was observed. But even this

distinction has of late years ceased to exist. Everything in bison form, old or young, male or female, has alike fallen a prey to the greedy skin hunters.

This disastrous slaughter has been going on for fully a century. So early as 1776 we find travellers noting the wanton destruction of "this excellent beast, *for the sake of perhaps his tongue only*," and in 1820 it was pointed out that a law should be enacted for the preservation of bison from wanton destruction by white hunters, who even then were in the habit of attacking large herds, and from *mere wantonness* would slaughter as many as they were able, leaving the carcasses to be devoured by wolves and birds of prey. Since then many successive travellers have called attention to the subject, and urged that the law should intervene for the protection of these herds from the barbarous hunters who slaughtered them wholesale, merely for "sport," or for the sake of the tongues only.

But years have glided on, and no protective law has been framed — far less enforced — for the preservation of these valuable creatures. It was stated some years ago that by far the greatest destruction of buffalo occurs in the summer months and the early autumn, although the skins of animals slain in those seasons are never purchased for the trade, the skins being only in good condition for using between November and March.

So early as 1840 the work of destruction was carried on in some districts in a fairly systematic manner. In that year the number of hunters engaged on the Red River settlement numbered six hundred and twenty men, accompanied by six hundred and fifty women, and upwards of three hundred boys and girls. They had with them above six hundred draught oxen, and nearly twelve hundred horses. On the first day of the hunt nearly fourteen hundred buffalo tongues were brought into camp! On this and following days of the two months' hunting, it was estimated that only about one-third of the animals killed were turned to account.

In 1847 we have an account of how another party of Red River hunters, *numbering twelve hundred carts*, went in a body south to Devil's Lake, in Dakota, already a very warm corner for the bison, insomuch as the Sioux and the Chippewa Indians were estimated at that period to kill an annual average of twenty thousand, for the manufacture of bison robes.

At the same date, it is stated that the Indians of the Upper Missouri were in the habit of manufacturing on an average one hundred thousand robes annually, each robe requiring the slaughter of *three bison*.

Though the Indians have the credit of not destroying more bison than they could actually utilize, some tribes appear to have been less careful. Thus, the Sioux are said to have occasionally killed thousands in a single hunt. Mr. Catlin describes one of these grand hunts, which occurred in 1833, just before his arrival at the Fur Company's settlement, at the mouth of the Teton, when about six hundred Sioux horsemen started to ride down a large herd of buffaloes, returning at sunset with *fourteen hundred fresh buffalo tongues*, all of which they exchanged for a few gallons of whisky ; but not one skin, nor even a pound of flesh, was saved from the victims thus ruthlessly slaughtered.

A few such statistics as these go far to contradict the theory that the Indians so greatly respected these Heaven-bestowed herds, that they never destroyed more than they actually could use. The white hunters have a very different impression. Very characteristic is the sort of apologetic form in which some persons officially described as "otherwise intelligent" vindicate the slaughter by white professional hunters, as being more than compensated for, from a bison's point of view, by "THE EXTERMINATION OF WOLVES AND INDIANS!!" A large number of wolves had been killed by strychnine. How the Indians were reduced in numbers is a larger question.

Very elaborate calculations have, however, been made regarding the slaughter by Indians, to obtain a sufficient number of robes for their own use, in addition to those sold year by year to various fur companies.

Of the latter, the return for ten successive years was ninety thousand annually, and, as each robe involves the death of three bison, this was no trifling item. One of the most moderate estimates suggests two hundred thousand as the number of robes annually manufactured, and these, it must be remembered, only represent *one third of the bison killed, during those four months of the year when the hair is in good condition*. A far larger number were killed for hides in the remaining eight.

Terribly vivid are the statistics of wholesale destruction of these valuable creatures, as shown by Government reports, which, ten years ago, called attention to the fact that whereas, fifty years previously, the buffalo (as they are almost always called) swarmed in incalculable multitudes over the vast plains of the Red River of the North, and the Grand Côteau de Missourie, over the plains of the Yellowstone, the Laramie plains, and innumerable other widespread regions, they had in all the States specified been gradually exterminated, leaving nothing to mark their former presence but

their whitening skeletons and well-worn trails. "They have not merely been driven out and pressed on to some more secure retreat, but actually exterminated, the vast majority being killed on the spot, as was the case east of the Mississippi during the last quarter of the eighteenth century."

Thus, when, in the summer of 1873, Mr. Selwyn travelled from Manitoba to "Rocky Mountain House," he failed to see one living bison, though the region he traversed was swarming with them not many years before. The sole evidence of their former existence lay in their deeply worn, but now grass-grown, tracts and their whitening skulls.

Mr. Allen, when on the plains in 1871, noted the wholesale slaughter practised all along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, in Northern Kansas, where sometimes hundreds of decaying carcasses, from which only the hide had been taken, might be seen from a single point of view.

He learnt that meat and hides, representing over twenty thousand bison, had been shipped over the Kansas Pacific Railroad in 1871, and General Meigs notes that in one season the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé line is reported to have carried upwards of one hundred and eighty thousand hides !

Thenceforward the work of destruction has gone on steadily.

For instance (I quote from the Government report) : "In 1873 not less than *two hundred thousand* buffaloes were killed in Kansas merely for their hides. In 1874, on the south fork of the Republican River, *upon one spot were counted* SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED CARCASSES *of buffaloes, from which only the hides had been stripped. The meat was not touched, but was left to rot on the plains.* At a short distance hundreds more carcasses were discovered, and, in fact, the whole plains were dotted with the putrefying remains of buffaloes."

It was estimated that there were then at least two thousand hunters encamped along the plains. Of these, one party of sixteen stated that they had killed two thousand eight hundred during the past summer, the hides only being utilised. So great was the slaughter that the hide market became glutted, and, whereas a few years previously hides were worth three dollars apiece at the railroad stations, the skins of bulls would only bring one dollar, and those of cows and calves sixty and forty cents respectively.

A horrid feature in the tale of massacre is the fact that only one shot in three is supposed to prove fatal, and an incalculable number of poor wounded creatures escape to die in lingering torture. Mr. Allen tells of one occasion in 1872 when his party, returning from a

buffalo hunt on the Kansas plains, fell in with a herd of about thirty of these unfortunate victims, nearly all of whom were in some way maimed, the majority having broken legs !

The incessant persecution which awaited the poor creatures everywhere within hail of the railroads soon drove all the survivors to the south-west, to seek an asylum in Western Texas, where as yet the Indians are sufficiently numerous to deter average white hunters from pursuing them.

Captain W. F. Butler, writing in 1872, describes his journey across the plains from Fort Ellice and up the North Saskatchewan River to the base of the Rocky Mountains, but met no living bison. But he describes a vast region strewn with the dead, in the country which bears the name of the Touchwood Hills, around which, he says, stretch immense plains, scored with the tracks of countless buffaloes, which, until a few years ago, were wont to roam in vast herds between the Assiniboine and the Saskatchewan. "To whatever side the eye turns in crossing these great expanses the same wrecks of the monarch of the prairie lie thickly strewn over the surface. Hundreds of thousands of skeletons dot the short scant grass, and where fire has laid barer still the level surface the bleached ribs and skulls of long-killed bison whiten far and near the dark burnt prairie."

Further on he tells of the wholesale slaughter formerly practised by the Cree Indians on the plains of the Saskatchewan, and speaks of the rapidity with which the buffalo is vanishing from the great central prairie land. He states that in 1872 not less than thirty thousand robes found their way to the Red River, and that fully as many more, in skins of parchment or in leather, had been traded or consumed in the thousand wants of savage life. The slaughter of bison by the tribes of Blackfoot Indians alone was twelve thousand annually.

Even in that time the buffalo had become so reduced in numbers and so circumscribed in their range that, instead of roaming over nearly half the continent as formerly, they were only to be found in two small widely separated areas, lying to the north and south of the great Pacific Railroad, and the routes chiefly frequented by westward emigrants. For whereas fifty years ago the great herds ranged freely from north to south, they soon learnt to avoid the track of the white man, and became divided into northern and southern herds. Ten years ago, therefore, it was officially reported that the buffalo range in the south was restricted to Western Kansas, North-Western Texas, and part of Colorado, while the northern range extended only

from the southern tributaries of the Yellowstone northward into the British possessions, including the larger portion of the territory of Montana. Even from these regions the wild cattle were rapidly disappearing ; and it was then calculated that at the same rate of decrease they would become wholly extinct within a quarter of a century. Less than half that period has elapsed since this calculation was made, and already the prediction has been well-nigh verified.

At the present day the principal trace of his former presence consists in stores of bleaching bones scattered in every direction over his once familiar haunts. But even these will soon disappear, for within the last ten years enterprising manufacturers of manures ("fertilizers" they are called in the States) have been found ready to purchase all such relics, so that an extensive traffic therein is now carried on, and the shipment of buffalo bones forms an important item in the traffic returns of the Kansas and other railroads.

Already, therefore, the American bison of yesterday may take rank with the ancient Egyptians, whose bones, after three thousand years of rest, have been as freely sold to fertilise the green fields of nineteenth-century farmers.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THE STORY OF A SMALL-SWORD.

I WAS born in London in or about the year 1700 ; though, owing to the destruction of the books of the firm to which I owe my birth, I afterwards found it impossible to ascertain the exact date. The point is, however, of but little importance, since I was created not for a brief age, but for a considerable portion of all time. Queen Anne came to the throne in 1702, and Louis XIV. still ruled in France, while Leopold I. was emperor in Germany. Ah ! I wish that I could succeed in picturing vividly to your imagination the manners and sentiments, both favourable to the sword, which obtained in old Europe during my early years ! The story of a small-sword will, however, illustrate these manners and sentiments, at least to some extent, more particularly as regards the social life of the time ; for I was far too delicate and fine for the rough work of war or the rude shock of battle. During the wars of Marlborough I was laid aside, and was comparatively neglected, in favour of a ruder, if stronger weapon. I am above jealousy, but still I must state unequivocally that my then owner's army sword was, when compared with me, coarse and clumsy. I was made by the first and best sword cutler in London, and was fabricated of carburetted iron ; that is to say, I was composed of steel produced from the purest and softest iron, kept red hot, stratified with coal dust and wood ashes, and subjected for hours to the intense heat of a close furnace. I well remember the anxiety with which my maker watched the operation while my metal was being molten ! The result was a triumphant success. My steel became susceptible of the greatest degree of hardness after it had become well tempered ; and I may assert with some complacency that, though my temper has been, often and long, sorely tried, it has ever been and still is flawless. Mine was, in truth, essentially equal to the renowned "ice-brook's temper" ; nor did I ever break or bend. I was of the last and finest fashion of the small-sword. Indeed, my species reached to the ultimate perfection of the gentleman's walking and duelling sword ; and as it was impossible to improve upon us, we became the last of the race,

because, since man could devise nothing better, he gave up wearing and using the small-sword when we had culminated in unsurpassable beauty and efficiency. That, at least, is the way in which I prefer to try to account for the disuse of those noble weapons which were, for so long a time, the distinctive symbols of gentlemen and the stainless types of honour.

Knights were knights then ! God mend the age, say I !

After the rapier and the dagger, which Shakespeare uses in Hamlet, came the very long rapier used without the dagger ; but the invention of the lunge rendered length unnecessary, and the rapier shrank to more moderate dimensions. Still, for duelling purposes, the rapier was open to the objection that, being a cut and thrust sword, it was superfluously heavy, and men found, as the science of fencing developed rapidly, that the thrust alone is the object to aim at in the duello. The thrust is much quicker than the cut can ever be. It requires more skill, but is much more rapid and effective.

The small-sword was carried in the time of Charles II. ; but then, with a view of obtaining a fine balance, the blade, just below the hilt, was thickened, so that the whole weapon was unduly heavy. Then came the time in which I was created, and I am of the latest and most perfect form of the small-sword. I combine the lightness of Ariel with the deadly force of Hercules. Cutting with the sword is useful for cavalry, necessary in battle, and effective for hewing upon armour ; but for the finest art of social swordsmanship, I am the flower and type, without a rival, without a peer. No superior weapon is possible. For delicate and skilful use by gentlemen in settling affairs of honour—alas ! where is honour now ? I am the paragon of weapons. If I be a partisan, 'tis in a falling cause ; if I speak indignantly, 'tis to a degenerate day. A man may be known by the company that he keeps, and, in my day, this was true of the relation between a gentleman and his sword. There is an unconscious sympathy between a cavalier and his familiar weapon ; and a fine gentleman was always to be known by wearing a fine sword. They call us cold and hard ; but they misjudge us. True steel has been so long and so intimately connected with the ways and works of man in time, that a mysterious sympathy and affinity has sprung up between the sword and its master. Swords are susceptible of strong affections, and they become deeply attached to an owner who is worthy to wear and to use them. "As true as steel" is a proverb based upon our noble and half-human qualities.

What a fine horse is to a good rider, what a fine ship is to an able captain, that is a fine sword to a skilful swordsman. The instrument

should always be worthy of the artist. Men in the present day are too ready to overlook the good which the sword has done in other days. Injuries may be redressed by law ; but insults can only be avenged by the sword. In a day in which a keen sense of honour prevails there must always be the duel. The dread of the duel keeps manners fine, preserves courtesy intact, defends the honour of women, and maintains the dignity of man. The sword is, I own, apt sometimes to lay undue stress upon the skill and courage of its wielder, and takes an abstract joy in a scientific combat. We like being well used. *Le devoir d'une impératrice est de s'amuser à la mort.* Those whose doctrines are as thin and hard as egg-shells ascribe to us bloodthirstiness and want of conscience : they are wrong. We sympathise with the right in all duels, and, even though we may have a slight weakness for a man cunning of fence, we yet wish well to the man that hath his quarrel just. For instance, a great friend of mine became the favourite weapon of "bloody Dick Mohun," and this friend was engaged in the fatal affairs with Lord Castlewood and with the noble Hamilton. Often has this sword assured me that, though from a merely professional point of view he sympathised with the fierce expertness of the ruthless and accursed Mohun, he could yet never feel cordially towards his lordship ; and that, if it had been possible, he would certainly have spared Castlewood.

In a parenthesis, I may point out that men would seem to have changed physically in connection with their power of resisting wounds. I believe that if to-day you were to run a man through the body you would seriously injure, or probably kill him outright, whereas, in my experience, I have known men run through who suffered only some temporary inconvenience. I have myself several times passed completely through the body of an antagonist, and yet some of these patients have entirely recovered. Were the constitutions of men stronger ? or were surgeons then more skilful in dealing with sword wounds ? I know not. Perhaps evolution has something to do with it ; but I am not fond of dogmatizing upon points which I have only imperfectly mastered. I prefer Sir Swordsman to Sir Surgeon, and I care not who knows it. I have only mentioned the point as a curious one in connection with duelling—I mean, of course, sword duelling. For a duel with pistols I have but scant respect. I am, I feel, only too apt to lose myself in general moral reflections, and to postpone the telling of my simple story. I was, I may say, so admirable a specimen of my kind, because I was fabricated regardless of expense, as a special commission for one of our splendid young nobles—Lord Starcross. Every care was taken

with my blade, and chaste ornamentation was pushed to exhaustion in my elaborate hilt. My white scabbard was elegant, my **general** style and appearance were captivating, and, indeed, corresponded with my intrinsic virtue and value.

I was proud of myself, and was pleased with my young owner, under whom I looked forward to a life of honourable activity, and of social gaiety. He was handsome, and so, without vanity, was I. He was brave and skilful; I resolved never to disgrace or to fail him. He had learned fencing of Mr. Sanderson and of M. Jacques Lenoir, then two eminent teachers of the noble art; and he could well hold his own with any in the fencing schools. He was impetuous, and a little too fond of attacking when fighting with an adversary; but his parades were strong. He was remarkably rapid, and his lunges were long and well directed. He was jealous on the point of honour; was of a quick, if generous, temper, and was always ready to fight his enemy. He was, too, frequently in love, and sometimes engaged in intrigue, so that there was every reason for me to reckon confidently upon a long and happy career with such a gay and brave young knight. I may here remark that the majority of the duels in which I have taken part have had a woman for their cause. Lord Starcross was my first wearer, and I look back upon him with an affection which comprises, it may be, a touch of tender sentimentalism.

He was a fair man, with a fine figure and bright blue eyes. Ladies looked upon him with favour, and men, generally, with good will. Life opened for him in splendour and in joy. Fortune had done nearly all that she could do for Lord Starcross, and she had certainly provided him with an entirely noble sword. I felt quite worthy of acting as his coadjutor, and, indeed, we had not been long together before an opportunity occurred of proving our metal and our mettle.

At length the ardently desired occasion for my first serious encounter arrived. Oh, how vividly I remember every detail of my first dear duel! The hour was early morning; the season was autumn; and the scene an open space of fairly level greensward in the chase of Northwood Park. The great trees already burned with the brilliant hues of sad decay, and a light mist rose from the chilly ground. There was no sun, no wind, and the air was rather cold. Through different alleys in the woods the two antagonists arrived on the *terrain*, which had been well chosen for the purpose. The seconds, cheerful but yet serious, conversed apart, and then each one *spoke earnestly* with his principal. Another figure, which I after-

wards found to be that of a surgeon, stood a little apart, and was covered with a cloak. I gathered that there had been, on the previous night, at a ball at Northwood Hall, a quarrel between the two gentlemen, who were rivals in the good graces of Lady Betty Mandeville. She was an exquisite creature, though she was, I fear, a terrible flirt. Love and jealousy were the causes of the duel, and the opponents were fiercely embittered the one against the other. Both were young, both were good swordsmen, and each was angry. My owner was frank, handsome, gay, and joyously eager for the fight. His antagonist was dark and spare, a little taller than my client, and he wore a look of quiet malice and cool resolution. He was a grave, reserved man, and seemed very much in earnest. The duellists lifted their hats to each other with stately and ceremonious courtesy. My length was measured against that of the inimical blade, which, indeed, very much resembled me—nor was that at all wonderful, for we were near relatives, and came from the same maker. The principals took off their coats and waistcoats, and I contemplated, for the first time, my bright, hard, thin point, opposed to the fairy breastplate of a fine lawn shirt.

It was my first affair, and I felt, I must admit, a certain natural anxiety, though I was not really nervous. I dreaded no consequences to myself—though I have known a small-sword to be snapped in two in an encounter—but I was then young and careless of danger, and eager for the bubble, reputation. I have found, in my later experience, that nervousness on the part of my client communicated itself to me, but, on the present occasion, my combatant was so elated and so ardent that he kept up my spirits. I was jocund, and anticipated victory.

The two gentlemen were placed in position, and the seconds (both standing by with drawn swords) gave the word for beginning. The rivals engaged by touching blades, and then each retreated a step. They were, however, thoroughly in earnest, and I found my rapid point darting in tempting proximity to the breast of our opponent, who, equally determined, was cooler and more wary, and was not so impetuous in attack.

Mr. Pierrepont fought chiefly on the high lines, and seemed anxious to try a *coupé*, or cut over my blade. I essayed to whisper a caution to my dear master, but he was too absorbed to listen to me. For my own part, my blood was up, and I was fiercely ardent for our success. The othersword was (as he afterwards told me) equally excited.

The duellists had now almost forgotten caution, and were fiercely engaged, well within distance. The assault was furious, but skilful.

Each man knew his danger, and neither dared to throw away a chance. I tingled from fierce collision and clashing with the other blade; the excitement grew violent. A terrible lunge in *carte* on the part of my master was well parried, with a *contre opposé* by Mr. P., who then tried a return in *seconde*. This attack failed, and I grew too dizzy to count the phrases. Mr. P. feinted cleverly, but my lord was remarkably rapid in his *ripostes*. At length my master, after a brilliant parry in *carte*, succeeded in a fierce *flanconade*, and I felt myself passing triumphantly through the ribs of Mr. Pierrepont. He fell to the ground, bleeding copiously, and the seconds stopped the duel. Enough had been done for honour, and the surgeon began his work. My master put on hat, coat, and waistcoat, and bowed gravely to his wounded opponent, who feebly returned the salute, and then fainted. My lord was flushed and excited, and as he carefully wiped me and sheathed me he said—and I thrilled with pride as he spoke—"Well, old boy, you have served me like true steel, and I shall always trust you in future." We walked away together, and that night my client danced with Lady Betty.

I have, of course, changed owners many times in the course of my long career. It is the hard fate of swords, to which length of days is granted, to do so; but my first dear lord always has my warm heart. I can scarcely tell you how many times I have been "out." After a time the thing became mechanical, and, unless the circumstances were very striking, I ceased to pay very much attention to an affair. I had my own sense of comfort in the feeling that I often rendered a moral service to society. What can daunt a bully, or deter a villain, like the dread of having to meet me when I was righteously indignant, and wielded by a fine swordsman? I always thought it a duty to inform myself exactly of the causes of a duel in which I might be engaged, and, if I felt that my wearer was in the right, I was actively helpful, whereas, if I thought him in the wrong, I was often merely passive. I was invariably attentive to *la courtoisie de l'épée*, and was ever particular to give and to exact from adversaries the fine conventions of the noble duel. I would never allow to the rapiers their claim to be of a higher school of manners than the small-sword. If the rapier be the type of the days of Elizabeth, the small-sword is the emblem of the time of Queen Anne. Mixing nearly always in the best society, I have met the gentle Addison, the genial Steele, the truculent Swift; and I have been highly admired by the malignant and deformed Mr. Pope, who did not naturally love the sword. Never shall I forget the splendid presence of the magnificent Marlborough, in his day of glory.

and of triumph. I always held S.r Charles Grandison to be somewhat of a prig, and I cordially disliked many of those of our then dandies, who were at once effeminate and vicious. Hogarth drew me in one of his pictures—I forget which one—but then I now forget much. I was once used in a disgraceful brawl in a tavern, over cards, when my then wearer, a desperate gambler, drew me upon an army gentleman, one Captain Norris, who was inebriated, and who, when the candles were knocked over, was run through and killed before he was properly on guard. A trial was the result, and I appeared in evidence, at the Old Bailey. I excited, I may say, the greatest admiration by my appearance and conduct, and was complimented by the court. The verdict was “chance medley,” and my scoundrel got off; but I gave him notice, and at once left his service. In 1712 I was instrumental in defeating a gang of Mohocks (several of whom I severely wounded) who had stopped a lady’s chair, and were about to insult her grievously, when I appeared upon the scene. I have also done serious hurt and damage to footpads. In the ‘45 I was, for a time, in Edinburgh, wearing the white cockade, and so doing violence to my political convictions; but a sword, however high-principled, cannot always choose its party. It is in that respect too dependent upon man. A sword of noble race is, however, always at home among wits, poets, fine gentlemen, soldiers, and, of course, among high-bred beauties.

But I must be brief; the present day might grow weary of too many of my old-world stories. Still, one duel in which I was engaged made an indelible impression upon me, and I must narrate it. It occurred so long ago that it would be mere affectation now to hide names, and I admit that I allude to the then notorious case of Lady Claridge. Men of fashion were, in my young days, sometimes rakes, and Mr. Conyers had the reputation of many *bonnes fortunes*. Lady Claridge was young, lovely, vivacious, and fond of pleasure. Her husband was cold, stern, and haughty. The wedded pair were unsuited to each other. Lady Claridge was a musician, and she sang divinely—a then uncommon accomplishment among fine ladies. Gradually Mr. Conyers “found her kisses sweeter than her song;” and the proud husband became aware that he was dishonoured. He at once forced on a duel. When the adversaries met I could feel that I trembled in the hand of my wielder, nor was that wonderful, for the wronged husband was an embodied fate, and an incarnate revenge. The face was pale and haggard; his lips were firmly set, and his eyes glittered strangely with a baleful expression. He knew no ruth; and, risking his own life in fair fight, he came there to kill

his foe. He spoke no word ; he gave no greeting. In a white heat of divine wrath, cool, concentrated, implacable, he began the duel which was an irresistible doom of vengeance. Conyers was cowed by conscience, and by the almost infra-human aspect of his terrible antagonist. The duel did not last long. Simple parries and thrusts alone were employed. I felt the blade of the injured husband pass through my guard, and Conyers, run through the heart, fell heavily on the sward. Help there was none. No surgeon could save. I was detached from the stiffening hand of the adulterer, and the husband left the ground without a word. I saw the white face of Conyers as it looked up ghastly, through closing eyes, to the dull sky.

I should perhaps mention that I was at one time very fond of the theatre, and that Mr. Garrick has worn me when playing Hamlet. This is one of my proudest recollections.

I was cursed with prescience, and very early I foresaw the change of manners, the decline of honour, and the coarsening of courtesy. I felt that the day of artificial comedy was over. Towards the end of the last century the vulgar duel with pistols became fashionable, and the small sword ceased to be used, or even worn, by gentlemen. I omit much. I hurry willingly over a long but melancholy time. I was neglected ; even my scabbard grew ragged, and slowly fell into holes. Like a ruined castle, I still remain a monument of the ways of men in by-past days ; but my active life is lived, and I am but a symbol and a memorial. I once fell so low as to be in the hands of a broker, but I was purchased as a perfect specimen of my kind for the great Meynell collection ; and when that was broken up, and sold off, I gladly came into the hands of my present owner.

Ay de mi ! You have my story, or as much of it as I can, or will, tell. The old order changeth, giving place to new. A life of excitement has sunk into a slough of lethargy. To this complexion must the small-sword come at last !

And now, after so many adventures, after so long a life of honour and dignity, I have found a not wholly unworthy haven of refuge. I have become the property of an author who has been a good and an enthusiastic swordsman, and who respects and cherishes me almost as well as I deserve. True—and this is a melancholy reflection—I am no longer worn or used ; I hang idly upon the wall, and feel that rust is a little affecting my iron constitution, which is, however—Heaven be thanked for it!—still vigorous and sound. I am as capable as ever I was of deadly use, nor are my fair proportions curtailed. I still, at times, glance with a certain complacent rapture down my

triangular blade, tapering exquisitely till it ceases at my yet fine and insidious point. With me it is a time for thinking, for dreaming, and for musing. I cannot easily get at books, though there are plenty of them in my guardian's lonely rooms. He has a few other swords—three fine Elizabethan rapiers, for instance, which hang near me. I speak frankly and impartially ; I have no bashful cunning, no affected reticence, and I am constrained to avow that, much as I esteem the romantic beauty of the rapier, I yet hold him to be a weapon *im Werden*, growing, and one which had not quite attained to my ideal combination of lightness, strength, grace, efficiency. One contemporary of my own—and we are naturally very intimate—is the last sword waved in the front of battle by an English king, that is, the sword which George II. wore and brandished on the day of Dettingen. He—I mean that sword—is heavier than I am ; he has a touch of the regimental. On his blade are graven effigies of the twelve Apostles, done after the manner of that day, and the fine steel bears likewise the device of a crown, and the name of its royal owner. Years ago we had met in society, and had then become good friends. I have leant against the wall, close to that sword, at a card party given by Madame de Walmoden, at which our owners were engaged at play.

Sometimes our present owner, in some idle mood, takes down from the wall me, or the Dettingen blade, and, in conflict with some imaginary opponent, lunges, parries, and passes, with a swordsman's ecstasy. Ah ! if he could only know the pleasure that he gives us. I wish that he would do it oftener. To feel myself held once more in a swordsman's grip, and engaged, even in idle play, in the noble exercise which was the delight of my active day of glorious fighting—why, it

Sends the old blood bounding free
Through pulse and heart and vein.

I throw off the load of years ; of later years, joyless and supine, with rust eating into my vitals and lethargy enfeebling my vigour, and I am young and strong once more ; I feel the olden thrill of the morning of the duel, of the night of the chance medley, and I glow with half-forgotten ardour, revived in faithful remembrance ; I fancy the touch of a vanished hand, the crossings of the angry blades, and the successful lunge which drove me with impulse through the foeman's breast !

Yes, mine is now a death in life, and yet I do not, would not, wholly die. Sappho sings : "Death is evil ; the gods have so judged : had it been good, they would die" : and I would not pass

away before my time. I have lived through much, and I am still a type and record of a time that has passed and gone for ever. I have yet one great delight. I live in memories, in memories that can never fade while I exist. In quiet, long and lonely hours, as I hang upon the blank, unconscious wall, I think of the brave and of the fair, of the royal and noble, of the handsome and witty, of the generous and knightly, that I have known so well in the olden day. I have seen the court, and Parliament, society, the playhouse, the card-room, the tavern ; I have been often in the *boudoir* of beauty, and my (scabbarded) point has been entangled in the ample robes of the best and loveliest of a vanished time. I have been intimate with honour, love, pleasure, splendour, and I was ever welcome where cavalier and lady met. White hands have twined ribands (*her* colours) round my happy hilt, and bright eyes have looked with admiration, tempered with a little dread, upon my glittering blade, from which the blood had been wiped off. I have been drawn in many an honourable, if sometimes fantastic, quarrel, and I have seldom been sheathed again without honour. My blade no longer glitters ; it is dull now, and the brightness has vanished from my life. What will be my fate if my present owner should separate from me ? I know not, and I dare not think. But, torpid and sorrowful as, in this degraded day, and in my lonely age, I am, there is still some life—the fond life of memory—in my tough old steel ; and I thus seek to speak to men, even of a generation that I hold in scorn. I have found means of communicating with my most sympathetic owner (who is a person of singular intelligence), and I have conveyed to him all that he could understand of this imperfect and too brief hint and glimpse of THE STORY OF A SMALL-SWORD.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

A BOAT-CRUIISING EXPERIENCE.

TO the eastward the sun was just rising over the dull heaving Indian Ocean, and lighting up the summits of the high land around Cape Guardafui. To the north of the Cape, two small black spots lying close together might be distinguished in the gloom at its foot, and further in a larger one, whilst occasionally a flash of white showed out suddenly from the deeper darkness where the rays of the sun had not penetrated. The two small spots were the cutter and whaler of H.M.S. *Arachne*, and the larger one a dhow, whose crew were employed in catching sharks and drying their flesh for sale as food for slaves and the poorer population of Zanzibar, Murcullib, and other Arab places. The white flashes were columns of water and spray forced up through blow-holes in the rock by the ceaseless throb of the sea.

We have to do with the two man-of-war boats, which had been detached from their ship on the dull and dangerous work of looking out for slavers for nearly a month, and whose crews were beginning to get dispirited by the constant monotony of day after day boarding legitimate trading dhows, and never hearing of or seeing a probable prize, and also by anxiety lest something should have happened to their ship, which had been due to return for a fortnight.

The officers in command of the cutter and whaler, a lieutenant and a sub-lieutenant called Breton and Jackson, kept up the spirits of their men to the best of their ability ; and now Breton hailed Jackson in the whaler to weigh his anchor and come alongside to consult over their condition and prospects.

The whaler was soon alongside, and whilst the men were busy getting everything ready to get under way, so as to be able to get away in chase of the first sail that might appear, the two officers with their coxswains held a consultation as to what had best be done. Breton summed up by saying, "Well, here we have been twenty-seven days without seeing the ship, and we had ten days' provisions, which were supposed to be enough to last us a fortnight, and now, if we had not had luck, we should have been out of food altogether.

Luckily we have been able to get water from the trading dhows, and some Arab bread, so that, with the rice and fowls we got from the Imaum of Muscat's ship, and the sheep we bought up to windward of the Cape, and the one that Jones, pointing to a Marine artilleryman who pulled stroke, here killed the night we boarded the dhow full of Somali boys when he thought the poke from its horns was the stab of a spear, and cut it in two with his cutlass, lucky it was a sheep and not a Somali boy, or we shouldn't have got out of the mess for two dollars ; we have managed to do pretty well. But now the monsoon is getting stronger, and the traders are getting fewer and fewer. Yesterday we had only two pass, and of those we could only board one, and even then the current was so strong it took us ten hours to pull back to our anchorage. In a few days more we shall have no chance of getting anything from them, and if we get to leeward at all will have to run for the Arabian Coast. We might make Aden for another week, however, let us think ; well, we had better go in and see our fishermen friends yonder, and ask them what their opinion is of the weather we're likely to have, and if it is favourable we will try to board the French mail from Mauritius, which is due to pass to-night, and try for some supplies from her, and then if the ship don't turn up, or we don't get a prize in another four or five days, we will make our way to Aden, leaving notice for the ship that we have left for there."

The boats were soon pulling in towards the fishing dhow, whose presence was perceptible even more to the nose than the eyes, or as Porter, one of the men, remarked, " You could smell a full slaver ten miles, but a dried shark dhow twenty, and need not take the trouble to chase." As the boats came in close the canoe of the dhow could be seen playing a shark, which, from the trouble it was giving, was sure to be a big one.

The way the Arabs catch sharks is very curious and interesting, and is somewhat similar to playing a heavy salmon, only no rod is used. A hook of soft iron wire is made very sharp and baited with a lump of garbage of some kind, usually a piece of shark too rancid even for a slave, and the line, which is small and very slackly spun, is wound round for some little distance from the hook with thin sheet lead, both to protect it from the teeth of the fish and to act as a sinker, and the other end is made fast to a huge calabash which acts as a float. When a shark takes the bait he tows the calabash about but cannot sink it for any length of time, and the fishermen set off after him in their canoe, and when they get hold of the line they play their captive until he is actually drowned. The shark that was now

on the hook was proving a tartar, and before the two boats came near the canoe which was playing him was capsized, and the half-dozen men who formed her crew thrown into the water.

"Give way, my lads!" said the lieutenant, and both boats dashed away, the crews straining every nerve to save the swimmers from their dangerous position, the water literally swarming with sharks, and in a few minutes the men were picked up and their canoe righted. The Englishmen, like all their nation, fond of sport, next went after the float, which could be seen being towed hither and thither as the shark tried to free itself from the incumbrance; but the Arabs, when they saw their intention, shouted and gesticulated to prevent them from doing so, and a second canoe put off from the dhow to assist in playing the shark. With some little trouble the line was again secured, and after about two hours' hard work, during which Johnny Shark several times nearly mastered his captors, he was at length killed and dragged upon the rocks, where the English, as he was such a huge monster, had the curiosity to measure him, when he proved to be the enormous length of thirty-three feet ten inches. This was the largest shark they had ever seen, though both boats had had oars dashed at by the ravenous brutes, and on one occasion the same whaler, when boarding a dhow at night from the ship, had her rudder carried away by one.¹ Whilst the majority of the boats' crews had been watching the capture of the shark, Breton and some of the men had been up to the summit of the Cape to try and make out if there were any signs of the *Arachne* to be seen, or any dhows coming up which might give some hope of a prize. Their climb and look-out gave no results, and on their return it was determined to get ready to stand out into the channel after dark if they should get notice of the approach of the French mail from one of the crew of the dhow, who had promised, in return for having been picked up in the morning and the promise of a couple of black dollars, to act as look-out for them.

"Well, we hope Johnny Crapaud will turn up to-night, and no mistake," was the chorus of the men as they made their frugal supper, which consisted of rice and a few fish which had been caught with a casting net by the Arabs, "or else we shall have a hungry cruise to Aden, with nothing but dried shark for chop."

The night settled in dark, the moon being too young to be of use, and, after consideration, Breton determined on lightening the cutter as much as possible by leaving all heavy stores behind in the whaler, and taking her empty barrecoes to go out alone, as he was afraid the

¹ The length of the shark, and the loss of oars and rudder, can be vouched for by some of those who served with the writer on the East Coast.

boats might get separated in the night, and that if the whaler got too far to leeward in the open run of the monsoon current, she might not be able to fetch up again to the anchorage.

"I say," sung out Breton, a few minutes after, to Jackson, "can you lend me a pair of shoes? Mine have been so wet over and over again with salt water that they have come to pieces, and I shall not look very nice on board the mail steamer barefoot, especially if there are any lady passengers on board."

"Much in the same case, sir," answered Jackson; "but I think your cruising frock coat would disgrace any pair of shoes, and altogether you will look a more interesting specimen of a shipwrecked mariner, or whatsoever *rôle* you intend to play, without shoes than with——. By Jove! there goes the light on the Cape; you must get off quick, sir. Good luck! I should not mind if I were coming with you."

In a few minutes the cutter was pulling out to sea, and, after getting out well clear of the point, sent up a rocket to signal the mail, which could not be seen from the boat, and then waited a bit to see if this had been seen and answered. A few minutes passed, and as there was no response, Breton made sail and stood off to seaward, keeping as much to windward as possible, and after about twenty minutes more sent up another rocket, which this time was answered almost immediately and at no great distance. Soon after the lights of the steamer came in sight, and a blue light was burnt on board the cutter to show her exact position, and shortly afterwards she ran alongside the steamer, the captain, crew, and passengers manifesting much astonishment at the appearance of an open boat on that exposed and dangerous coast. Breton was soon on board, and assailed with questions of all kinds, which his moderate knowledge of French scarcely sufficed to answer; and he would have been sorely put to it to explain that he was neither a shipwrecked mariner, nor a pirate, had not a lady—who had come up from below on hearing the news that a boat had come alongside—pressing forward recognised him as an acquaintance at Seychelles, at which place she had often met him both on board the *Arachne* and on shore. Her kindly offices were enlisted in interpreting, and the French officers, who at first had been disposed to regard him with some suspicion, now when they understood his story, were most cordial and open-mouthed in their astonishment at the devilment and hardihood of *ces Anglais* in attempting to attack slaving dhows in open boats, and being content to remain away from their ship for so long a time on such an inhospitable and exposed coast as that near Guardafui. Pressing invitations were

given him to abandon his post and come on to Aden in the steamer ; but no, he said he was stationed there, and as long as he could hold out he intended to do so. Anyway there was no time for much argument or talk, as the captain of the mail steamer could not spare time to stop, and Breton, knowing how the current ran, did not care to get further down than was absolutely necessary. His empty barrecoes were passed up and filled with water, a couple of bags of biscuit and some salt meat and rum were hastily put in the boat, and with a basket or two of potatoes, a dozen of claret, a couple of bottles of brandy, a ham, and a few small odds and ends, Breton thought himself most luckily provided for, and after settling his accounts was saying good-bye and looking round for his lady friend from Seychelles, thinking what a pity it would be to have to leave without bidding farewell to his countrywoman, when she appeared, with a couple of stewards following her with two baskets, which she said were her offering to the officers and men of the boats in remembrance of the dances and picnics she had enjoyed with the *Arachnes* when they were at Mahé.

"A million thanks, my dear Mrs. Rivers," said Breton, "but we cannot take all that from you."

"Nonsense," she replied. "A naval officer must always obey a lady, and my orders are that you take these baskets with you. Now good-bye and good luck, and next time I hear of you I hope that the news will be that you have taken a big prize and gained your promotion."

"Well, thanks and good-bye," he said. "A pleasant voyage home, and may you find all well when you get there. Good-bye, captain, many thanks for your assistance ;" and he swung himself over the side and got down into his boat. "Cast off forward !" and as they slipped from the steamer's tow-rope her screw began to throb and the cutter shot off into the gloom, her crew giving a parting cheer to the steamer, not forgetting one for the bonny and thoughtful English lady.

"How will she lie ? In for the Cape ?"

"Hardly, sir," said the west-country coxswain, "but I think we had better make a leg in till we are close under the land and then pull up as close inshore as we can."

"All right ; haul aft the sheets. And now, my lads, let us get our cargo stowed away shipshape. Those baskets we won't open till we meet the whaler." As soon as everything was settled down a tot of grog, to which the men had been strangers for more than a fortnight, was served out and the watch set. Breton himself took the helm, as careful steering was wanted to keep the now heavily loaded

boat well up to the wind without shipping water. A nice fresh breeze sent the cutter along cheerily until about two in the morning, when it faded away. The night was dark, except for an occasional star, and the high coast of Somali land seemed to hang right over the heads of the men as they roused out and took to their oars. They pulled on with eight oars, the bowmen, who, being cooks, do not usually pull, being used as reliefs, so that two men were always resting. As the sun rose they found themselves still about four miles from the whaler, who at once got underway and came down to join them. The stores were soon divided and stowed away, and then the lady's baskets were opened. One was full of oranges, which were indeed welcome to the men, and in the other were half a dozen bottles of champagne, two pairs of slippers, some cold fowls, and fresh bread.

"She must have noticed my feet, Jackson. We will drink her health in a bumper, and I hope her wish about the prize may come true."

"So it will, sir," said one of the men. "There is a sail off there, and if I mistake not it is one of those pirate dhows from the Persian Gulf."

"Quick! My glasses! Right you are, my lad. It is one and no mistake, and she is standing in. It seems to me as if she was steering badly. I expect something is wrong with her rudder, and she is coming in to repair it. Down masts and get everything ready for action. Ship the rocket stanchions, and, my lads, remember that this fellow will fight like the devil. It is a case of take him or lose the number of our mess. See everything in proper trim."

Not long was required for the practised crews to get their little vessels into fighting order; oar lanyards were looked to, grapnels prepared, cartridges served out, and the men told off for boarding and looking after the boats. As the breeze was very faint Breton thought best to pull close up to the Cape in the hopes that they might get under its shelter before the slavers saw them, and then make a dash out as they came in. In this he was successful, and was enabled to let his men have some rest and breakfast before the dhow came into sight round the point; as the slavers saw the boats they attempted to alter their course and make a run for it, but their steering gear, which as Breton had supposed had been damaged, did not stand the strain, the high head of the rudder breaking short off.

"Now, Jackson, mind your orders; stand off and cover us, and board on her quarter after we are well in amidships. Give way, cutters."

The Arabs were seen all in commotion, and a sputtering volley was fired by them, luckily without more damage than splintering

a couple of oars. The whaler returned the fire with effect, and the cutters answered with a cheer and gave way with a will. One or two more shots were fired by the Arabs, one breaking the coxswain's arm; but the plucky fellow only shifted his tiller hand, saying, "I can steer still, sir."

Crash! and the cutter was alongside and the grapnel hooked. Spears and swords were used to repel the gallant boarders, one part of whom, in obedience to orders, fought their way to the mast to cut the halyards, whilst Breton led the others aft to where the Arab Nakoda was encouraging his men to resistance, urging them to drive the Beni Nar (sons of fire, as he complimentarily called the English) into the sea. It was all a scene of confusion, British pluck and British cutlasses against Arab courage, Arab spears, and two-handed swords. Slippery decks and a rolling sea added to the confusion, but fortunately for the assailants they were successful in cutting the halyards, and the heavy yard and sail coming down, imprisoned some and disabled others of their opponents; but all things were by no means too favourable to their daring, as the Arabs outnumbered them by nearly three to one. It is hard to give any description of such a chance *mêlée*, but the cutter was stove by some heavy stones being hove into her, and Breton, slipping as he fought his way towards the Nakoda, would have had his head split open if one of his men had not guarded him with his cutlass, though at the same moment he received a severe cut on his right arm from another Arab's sword.

"I shan't forget that," said Breton as he recovered himself; and then, guarding a downright blow from the Nakoda, repaid him with interest by a thrust through the breast; he received at the same moment a spear wound in the calf of his leg, and fell with the Arab, breaking his sword as he did so. He managed to get on his feet, and dashed his sword hilt full in the face of another Arab who was rushing at him with a dagger; and at the same moment, the whalers boarding on the quarter, the after-part was won, and in a few minutes more the whole of the dhow was in the possession of the English.

"Well, Jackson, that's been a tight job—let us see what we have paid for our prize. Where's Jago? His arm was smashed before we boarded."

"Here, sir, I'm all right," answered the coxswain, who had been making play with a cutlass in his left hand, "but I'm afraid some of our fellows have been killed. Williams got a spear right in his throat; Jones got a cut on his arm; but we had better look through our numbers."

Breton, finding himself unable to stand, told Jackson to secure the prisoners whilst he called through the names. Williams was dead, and two others; Davies and Smith were mortally wounded, and died almost before anything could be done for them. Besides Breton, Jago, and Jones (it was Jones who saved Breton), there were seven others wounded, or three dead and ten wounded out of a total of eighteen. The Arabs were even more severely handled, as out of forty seven there were nine killed, including two stunned and knocked overboard by the fall of the yard, and sixteen wounded. If the sail had not kept down a number of the Arabs, the ending might have been different, and part of the crew being slaves, did not continue their resistance after the Nakoda was killed. Luckily, four of the wounded blue-jackets were able to assist in getting matters straight, and attending to those who were worse than they.

In about half an hour the dhow was cleared of wreckage and all her crew secured, and the captors could look round and take stock. The cutter was still held up alongside by the grapnels, which were luckily fastened to chains, but her last day's cruising had been done. Her stores were passed on board the dhow, and the whaler being made fast astern the holds were opened to look after the cargo of slaves. Stowed away without distinction of age or sex were 287 miserable wretches; and to add to the horrors of this *inferno* several were found to be suffering from small pox, and seven dead from that disease were found among the living.

Breton, seeing the impossibility of regaining the anchorage under Guardafui, now decided on running for Aden, and, getting new haul-yards rove and some steering gear fitted up, shaped his course for that place; but they had only been a few hours on their way when smoke was seen to the northward, and the *Arachne* was soon made out steaming towards them. She had met with a chapter of accidents, and after chasing and losing a dhow to the south of Socotra had lost her mainyard, and her engines also breaking down she had been unable before to get back to the rendezvous. As she came up and it was seen that the dhow was a prize to her boats, the rigging was manned and cheer after cheer sent up for the gallant captors.

Prisoners, slaves, and all were soon transferred to the *Arachne*, and the dhow taken in tow for Aden. The wounded were looked after, and in a couple of days Aden was safely reached. The formalities of the Prize Court were soon gone through, and Arab dhow, name unknown, adjudged the lawful prize of H.M.S. *Arachne*. Nor were her gallant captors unrewarded. Breton and Jackson were both promoted, and Jago got his warrant; whilst Jones was made sergeant, and some of

the others got other ratings, and all had the capture of the dhow noted on their parchment certificates.

Breton soon recovered from his wound, and, meeting Mrs. Rivers at a ball in London, was able to show that he had some better clothes than those in which he boarded the steamer off Guardafui, and that the Arab spear had not injured his dancing ; indeed, he danced so well that he danced himself into the graces of Mrs. Rivers's youngest sister, and in less than a year from the capture of the slave dhow he took another sort of prize and made it his very own.

V. LOVETT CAMERON.

GAVARNI.

IT has been well said that were the literature of the middle of the nineteenth century to perish, a good idea of the manners and follies and fancies of the English people of that period might be obtained from the sketches of John Leech. What John Leech has done for the English people, that Gavarni has done for the French—at least for the Parisians—not with so gentle a hand as Leech, with more of sarcasm than humour. Leech was almost inexhaustible, but he did not come up to Gavarni, who surpassed the indefatigable Gustave Doré in fertility. His sketches fill five hundred thick quarto volumes, and it has been reckoned that he used as many lithographic stones for his caricatures as would build two massive bridges over the Seine. Leech drew on wood, and formed a style of wood engraving ; his influence on the art is still felt. Gavarni created a style of lithographic illustration which has not been superseded or diverged from in the French comic journals of the present day. It may be said, without the least exaggeration, that he revolutionised the lithographic art.

Gavarni's real name was Sulpice Paul Chevalier ; he was born in 1801, in Paris, of poor parents, and began life as a mechanic. He saw that to make any way in his profession he must be able to draw ; accordingly in his spare time in the evenings he went to a drawing school, where instruction was given gratis to artisans. He devoted his special attention to architectural and mechanical drawing, and worked at land surveying and mapping, without any thought of turning his pencil to other purpose. His highest ambition was satisfied when he obtained a situation in the Government Ordnance Department, which he owed to his neatness in drawing.

He was engaged on some surveys in the Pyrenees in the year 1835, in a subordinate position, and was invited one evening, along with his superior officer, to supper with a family of good position, then spending the autumn at Saint Sauveur. The party consisted, beside the "director," of the gentleman and lady of the house and their two daughters. One of these latter was turning over the pages of a *Journal of Fashions*, looking at the insipid copperplate pictures of

ladies in the latest Parisian costumes, and gentlemen perfectly dressed.

"I really cannot endure these pictures," said M. Chevalier, "nor can I conceive the reason why the artists who design these absurd figures should make their gentlemen and ladies as expressionless as wax dolls, and as stiff as if set up by a taxidermist on wires."

"It is an easy thing, Monsieur, to find fault—not so easy to remedy what is wrong," said the young lady, looking up at the young surveyor.

"Mademoiselle Julie! any one could draw a more lifelike, characteristic fop than this dummy in a blue coat; the dress is absurd, but he need not look ridiculous. These figures have neither souls nor histories. Look at this damsel, how insipid! No thought can pass through such a brain, no emotion stir such a bosom."

"I cannot conceive any lady looking well as dressed in this costume," said the girl, studying the *Journal des Modes*.

"You would look charming in anything, Mademoiselle Julie."

"I do not believe you."

"See!" M. Chevalier took a pencil, a sheet of paper, and made a rapid sketch. The two sisters looked on in silence and amusement, which yielded to surprise when the pencil with a few lines produced a delicate likeness of the younger sister. In another moment the sketch was complete, greeted with approval, and then handed round.

"Now for the companion, the exquisite in blue coat," exclaimed the delighted young lady.

"He must be an ideal—we have no fops here," said the sister.

M. Chevalier said nothing, but began to sketch. Presently he looked up slyly at Mlle. Julie, who was colouring.

"Oh!" cried the elder sister, "that is Monsieur Alphonse, who went with us to-day to Gavarni——"

"Where I was surveying, and had the pleasure of seeing you, and helping you over the rubble to the foot of the waterfall."

The picture was finished, and shown to the parents.

"Really," said the lady of the house, "you would be conferring a benefit on the subscribers to the *Journal des Modes* if you would send these drawings to the editor."

"I will do it if you like, but decline to put my name to them."

"No need to do that; subscribe it with any fancy name you like."

"What name pleases the young ladies?" said M. Chevalier. "The drawings are theirs, to do with what they like."

"We had a pleasant picnic to-day at Gavarni; why not put that below the sketches?"

"You have decided for me, Mlle. Julie."

Then Sulpice Paul Chevalier subscribed the drawings with a bold "*Gavarni*."

Thus originated the world-famed signature.

Do our readers know the cirque of Gavarni? It is one of the most glorious scenes in Europe. The valley of the Gave ends abruptly in a vast semicircle of black precipices, which rise to the eternal snow; above, on ledges like the stages of an amphitheatre, rest glaciers of green ice, which discharge some fifteen cascades, one of which, the largest, falls unbroken 1,266 feet, and is reputed the highest fall in Europe.

By return of post M. Chevalier received a cheque, and a request that he would continue to draw for the *Journal des Modes*.

His clever drawings attracted attention, and he continued to draw for the magazine which had first engaged him, for other illustrated papers, and to illustrate books. He gave up his place in the Ordnance Office, and devoted himself wholly to his pencil. He was well paid from the beginning. Unlike many another artist, he had no trials to undergo before success was achieved. Victory was won at once by these two sketches, made without premeditation to amuse a girl, and signed without consideration with the name of the place where he had picnicked with her that day.

As has been already said, Gavarni's pencil was never weary. Chevalier threw off his sketches with rapidity, and apparently without effort. For several years he supplied most of the illustrated periodicals. He was the fashion. A journal could not live without a sketch by Gavarni. The readers expected it, and if it were not given, ceased to *abonner*. Then Chevalier undertook the editorship and management of a magazine, *Les gens du monde*, in which he began to issue lithographic drawings. As yet, however, his proper sphere as a satirist was not open.

One afternoon he was in a café sipping his cup of black coffee, looking about him and taking note of all he saw with his keen, lively brown eyes. Whilst he sat thus, Caboche, the editor of *Charivari*, came in, looking about for a place where he could have his coffee at a table by himself, and in so doing stumbled over the leg of M. Chevalier, which was stretched out. Caboche was precipitated upon the artist, who was playing with his cup, and sent the black coffee flying over his light trousers and waistcoat. At the same time Gavarni's cigar met Caboche's cheek and burnt it. The situation was neither picturesque nor pleasant. The garçon uttered a cry of dismay which drew the attention of the whole room to the accident.

Caboche was a peppery man, his cheek hurt him, and, worst of all, he had made himself, the minister of fun to Paris, ridiculous. It is pleasant to ridicule others, most unpleasant to place oneself in a position that draws down on one the laughter of those around.

Caboche's face blazed red, he gathered himself in a fury, about to fling an insulting expression at the gentleman over whose foot he had fallen, when he recognised him.

"Sir," began he, "I tell you, sir, I tell you, you are——" after a pause, "the illustrious Gavarni, the man of men I want."

"And you, sir, you," answered Chevalier, very angry also, looking at his discoloured garments, "you, sir, you are"—he at that moment recognised the man—"you are M. François Caboche of the *Charivari*."

"Chance has thrown us into each other's arms," said the editor of *Charivari*. "Here, waiter! bring a couple of *cafés noires*. I will sit at this table by the gentleman I have scused; we have business together. Now, M. Chevalier, I want you to work for me."

Gavarni shook his head. "I am no caricaturist," he said.

"You can draw. If I give you the ideas——"

Gavarni shook his head more decidedly. "I cannot execute the ideas of others."

"Then carry out your own."

"I have never drawn caricatures."

"Draw what you see about you, studies of real Parisian life. The reality is grotesque enough."

Chevalier thought for a few moments, and then said, "I must consider. I do not like embarking on strange seas. If I find I can sketch something, I will send you the sketches. If I find I cannot, you must do without me."

A few days after Caboche received two or three drawings from Chevalier. They satisfied him; he passed them to some of his colleagues, who added the text.

This was the beginning of the famous *Bolte aux Lettres* series.

Chevalier was not satisfied with the interpretations given to his drawings. He complained that he had designed one situation, and the colleague who had appended the dialogue had misunderstood the drift.

"Then write your own *légende*," said Caboche.

From that time Gavarni drew his pictures and interpreted them himself. He generally made his sketch, then looked at it for a few moments and thought, "What will they be saying to each other?" and in an instant the words came, and were scribbled below it. Now

it was that the real genius of Gavarni manifested itself. He caught the characteristics of the Parisians, and perpetuated them. As Mirécourt cleverly said of his drawings, "C'est l'esprit français au bout d'un crayon !"

He began to illustrate the shady side of Paris life ; he took as his field the world of amusement, and those who ministered to it and lived and were wrecked in it. He was not in the best society. He knew nothing of it. He lived in the Bohemian world, and he drew those who moved around him. Hence came the series, "The Actresses," "The Side Scenes," "The Fashionables," "The Artists," "The Students," "The Masquerade Balls," &c. After awhile, when he had worked his way into a superior social bed, he made his studies there, and to this second period belong "Les Enfants Terribles," "Les Parents Terribles," "Women's Tricks," "Dreams," "Social Sports," "Les Nuances du Sentiment," "Impressions de Ménage," &c.

Gavarni was not an artist only ; his sketches and their text show that he had in him the ability of a novelist and of a playwright. His drawings are fragments of life, but they are often suggestive of a complete domestic comedy or tragedy. In spite of the phenomenal fertility of his genius, Gavarni was rarely dull and tasteless. His faculty of observation was extraordinarily developed. Expression, movement, trick of manner, were caught and reproduced with fidelity. He spent the greater part of the day in the street, in the Bois de Boulogne, at the cafés, his eager, observant eyes on all who passed. A little pocket-book contained the hastily-traced ideas that came to him from what he saw. He sat on a bench in the Tuileries, or before a café, with a pencil concealed in his hand, and the little book at his side. Something that he saw struck him, in an instant it was reproduced, and those sketched were unaware that they would appear in next week's *Charivari*, exhibited all over Paris, circulated throughout France. The story is told of a lady who was in altercation with a friend ; she dropped her parasol, and the ferule fell on the paw of a pet poodle, which held up the injured foot and began to howl. The lady looked down, looked round, and saw, to her horror, Gavarni, pencil in hand, on a bench. Instantly, regardless of the favourite, she went to the artist.

"M. Chevalier, promise not to put me into the purgatory of *Charivari*, or I will go down on my knees to you here—before all the world."

"Madame, a lady has only to intimate a wish. I will caricature your rival."

In order to have an insight into the life and manners of the debtors confined in Clichy, he got his tailor to have him arrested and imprisoned. He spent three weeks in prison, and spent the time in sketching. The studies were new, and interested him, and, through him, all Paris. Whilst there, the prisoners complained that Gavarni did not attempt to enlist compassion for their woes. He represented them as light-hearted, careless fellows, who bore their imprisonment without pain.

"Give the other side, put in the shadows," said an old, grey-bearded man. "You are imposed on by the merry of mood, and forget the aches and agonies that lie behind, concealed."

Gavarni acknowledged the truth of this rebuke, and hastened to show the world that tragedy as well as comedy was enacted within the prison walls. His next sketch represented an artisan, visited in his cell by a young wife, who led a three-year-old child by the hand. She laid a book, a pipe, and some other trifles on the table, and said, "Here, mon cher, I bring you your cap, your pipe, and your Montaigne." A few hours after it had been despatched, Gavarni received a note from the editor: "The sketch is delicious, but surely the idea of the child being called Montaigne is too fantastic. Let us say 'Jules.'" It did not strike the editor that there might be among the artisan class men who read Montaigne's Essays. Or can it be that he had never heard of them?

M. Chevalier spent his evenings at masked balls, behind the side scenes of the theatre, or in the promenade galleries. "This is my library," he said; "men are my books."

One evening, a girl who stood at the refreshment buffet, a pretty coquette, said to him, "M. Chevalier, I will give you an ice gratis if you will draw me and publish me in the next *Charivari*."

He took her at her word. She was not at all pleased at the *legende* beneath the picture. Next time she saw him, "M. Chevalier," she said, "you are cruel. I will never serve you with another ice, not though you pay me for it."

Gavarni lived in the Rue de la Fontaine Saint George, No. 1, and there he received artists, authors, actors, musicians, twice a week. Once a fortnight he gave a *souée fantastique*, which was an orgy of indescribable madness.

In the *salon* of Madame Walder he met some blue-stockings, and immortalised them in his sketches. One of his drawings represents a poetess so poor that she is obliged to cook her own

dinner. She lays down her feather with a sigh, puts on an apron, and says—

Woe ! the chants Apollo harpeth
Sweep recordless through the soul !
Aphrodite's dove is devilled
On my lyre o'er glowing coal.

He took off the habits of the students of the university. One is sketched pacing his room, with head down. "What does papa mean by saying that I am an idler? 'Eugene,' he writes, 'you are doing nothing.' Doing nothing! It is not true. I have smoked out five meerschaum pipeheads in one term, thrashed seven gendarmes, and smashed countless window-panes. Is that nothing?"

In 1846 Gavarni married, and had two sons. In order to perpetuate the name under which he had taken the world by storm, and would be remembered as long as France lives, he had both baptised with only one Christian name, and that name 'Gavarni.' His married condition made little or no alteration in his life. He treated his wife kindly, but he was little at home; he left her for weeks and months, whilst he rambled about in all places, through all strata of society, studying life, and that not at its best. His habits had been formed by the exigencies of his art, and he could not or would not alter them. The time spent in his study making his drawings was short, the time spent dawdling about the streets and boulevards observing, seeking subjects, occupied the major part of his day and night.

For more than twenty years Gavarni occupied himself in catching and fixing the evanescent fancies and permanent features of the French character. By degrees, as he grew older, the gravity of life struck him, and from being a light-hearted humorist he developed into a moralist. Some of the series in his second period exhibit this tendency, as "How one dines in Paris," and "Les Partageuses," but the climax was reached in the "Propos de Thomas Vireloque."

The Revolution of 1848 threw Gavarni into the background, and in 1849 he went to England, where he remained some years, and where he made fresh studies of life among the lower classes in London. His sketches of this period exhibit the squalor and degradation of the idle, dissolute, and criminal of Seven Dials and the East of London. To this period belong the "Propos de Thomas Vireloque." Vireloque is a man of property, a well-to-do Diogenes, who utters dry, half-serious, half-cynical observations on life.

Take an instance. Vireloque is represented seated on a stone, eating an artichoke. He says to himself: "Man is Lord of creation

Who has said this? Man himself." That is all. Vireloque is looking at a cow ; he takes off his hat to salute her. " Beautiful creature !" he says, " beautiful without the necessity of stays." He sees two boys tormenting a rat. " Don't do that," he exclaims, " you animals devour each other." He discourses to two scholars on the philosophy of history. " The whole secret of history lies in this : Ancient History is the record of the Eaters and the Eaten ; Modern History of the Swindlers and the Swindled."

Gavarni spent the last years of his life in his pretty villa, " La Réunion," at Auteuil, near the Bois de Boulogne. In his old age he began to write verses. He conceived the idea that he had missed his vocation, that nature had designed him for a poet, and that the force of circumstances had made of him an artist and humorist. He placed great store on his poetical effusions, and professed profound contempt for his drawings. When Ricourt founded the magazine, *L'Artiste*, he asked Chevalier to send him a contribution. He was greatly disgusted when, instead of a sketch, sparkling with wit, he received a solemn " Ode to the Spring." In the same way it will be remembered that Thackeray thought himself an artist, Weber doubted his musical genius, and Goethe believed his true line lay in copperplate drawing. It is curious that at the same time that Ricourt applied to Gavarni for a sketch and received a poem, he made application to Victor Hugo for a copy of verses and received from the poet a drawing in chalks. " Man," said Madame de Sévigné, " is more proud of the gifts he has not got than of those he possesses."

Shortly before his death Gavarni believed he had solved the problem of the management of balloons. He could think and talk of nothing else. He had made the discovery how a balloon might be guided like a ship against the wind, and made to stand and descend where the driver proposed.

He argued the feasibility of his scheme, demonstrated it by algebra, urged the Government to take up his invention, pressed it on wealthy individuals, felt disposed to risk his whole fortune on the experiment, and was only deterred by his wife's remonstrances.

He died suddenly of a stroke on November 23, 1866, at the age of sixty-five.

He was the creator of the bold, broad style of lithographic drawing, his hand was firm, his lines strong, but every line had its purpose. He has found countless imitators, but has met with no equal.

In the National Library at Paris his drawings fill fifteen great folios, but the collection is known to be incomplete. His sketches

are already much sought after, and are costly ; their value will in time become very great. An edition of "Œuvres choisies," in four volumes, was published in Paris in 1845-48, and "Perles et Parures," in two volumes, in 1850, but these are wood engravings and do not reproduce the spirit of the original lithographs. In 1873 MM. Armel-haut and Bocher issued a "Catalogue raisonné" of all the works of Gavarni, which is fairly complete.

S. BARING GOULD.

THE MEDITERRANEAN GALLEYS.

IF it be true that the nation which has no history is a happy one, the saying is hardly equally applicable to those portions of mankind who, however great their suffering and degradation, failed to arouse sympathy or interest for want of eloquent or heartfelt pleading. Of no class was this more true than of the wretched victims who, from a period long anterior to the Christian era until the last century, laboured and died at the oars of the galleys which for so many hundreds of years fought or traded on the Mediterranean. Thousands—hundreds of thousands—inarticulate, died and made no sign, they found no Las Casas, no Howard, only occasionally some one of them, whose higher sensibility and education may well have made his misery keener, lifts for a moment the veil and allows us a glimpse of the life that our mediæval forefathers dreaded as a veritable Hell upon earth.

The ferocious criminal legislation of the Middle Ages, while sparing the noblesse, struck indiscriminately at all beneath them, and punished with equal severity, youthful rashness, offences against life and property, and individuality of opinion. At a time when convict prisons and the real applications and purposes of legal penalties were unknown, the only punishment in use among the nations on the Mediterranean coast for offences, not by chance or interest involving torture and death, was the forced labour at the oar. Here met in equal misery the mere vagrant and the convicted murderer, the cultivated and pious reformer and the hardened thief, the political dreamer and the yet more innocent victim whom envy, hate or interest had sent to a doom worse than any even the Inquisition could inflict, while among them sat in sullen apathy and despair thousands of Turkish and Moorish soldiers and sailors, prisoners of war.

The word "galley" was introduced by the historians of the Crusades and the writers of the Lower Empire, and is of doubtful etymology, but the vessels themselves had an antiquity older than recorded history, and had certainly altered but little from those used by the Romans and Carthaginians in comparatively recent times. At a period when Chaldæa was a great empire—before Assyria had risen

on its ruins, or the Bible was written—Phenician galleys were colonising the Mediterranean islands and coasts. At a date distant probably only some three centuries or less from that of the exodus from Egypt, their vessels had passed the straits of Gibraltar and founded Cadiz, perhaps the oldest living city in the world. As within historic but still remote times we know that their skilful use had sometimes decided the mastery of the ancient world, so in the Middle Ages, besides being the cargo ships of the great commercial Italian republics, their services in the hands of Moslem or Christian adepts frequently altered the balance of power in Europe.

Acted on by the same influences, the necessities of their position and national life induced all the many races living round the Mediterranean coast to adopt the same form of vessel suitable for service on that sea, and differing only in minor details of form and equipment due to national peculiarities or the needs of war and commerce. The galley proper was from 110 to 130 feet long and from 15 to 18 feet wide, with usually twenty-five oars a side. After the introduction of artillery, at each end of the ship was built a forecastle and a poop, containing guns which had a direct fire ahead and astern, and the prow was armed by a strong beak sheathed with iron, twelve or more feet in length, and capable of tearing open the side of the hostile ship. Down the whole length of the centre of the vessel ran a raised platform, called the "coursier," some six feet wide, and reserved for the use of the boatswains, soldiers, and officers. At right angles to this platform were placed the rowing benches, each about four feet apart, and on these benches sat the slaves, their shoulders level with the coursier, while between them they slept at night, their heads meeting in the centre of the space. The oars were from thirty-five to forty feet in length, of which some seven-tenths were outside and three-tenths inside the vessel. As only the extreme inside end was small enough to be grasped by the hands, the slaves, except the furthest one inside, worked it by handles. There were usually two masts, lateen rigged.

In the Spanish galleys the space below their one deck was divided into six compartments, devoted to the service of the officers, sailors, marine stores, and provisions. In the French galleys of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the same space was divided into eleven compartments, one of which, at the prow, was a hospital, but in merchantmen the hold was nearly entirely filled by cargo instead of being divided in this manner. The painting and decoration of the hull varied according to the fashion of the moment, the fortune of the captain, or the nature of the service in which the ships were engaged. The ancient pirates, we are told, painted their vessels blue all over,

hull, sails, and rigging. The Saracens preferred lively and various colours—one side green, the other yellow. Later on red became the favourite hue, and the war galleys, according to the wealth and social position of their captains, glittered with gilding and armorial blazons, were adorned by artistically carved balustrades and huge poop lanterns, while the awnings were sometimes of silk, velvet, or brocade, the casket thus forming a strange contrast to its contents; human beings steeped in filth, degradation, and misery.

Occasionally every effort of art would be lavished on a galley intended for special service, such as the one famous for its beauty and gorgeous decorations, presented by Philip II. to his brother Don John of Austria, when the latter took the command of the allied fleet against the Turks. At other times the hue would be changed to black, as a delicate sign of sympathy with misfortune, as in the case of the squadron which, after Pavia, conveyed Francis I. from Italy to Barcelona.

Smaller than the galley, and undecked, or half-decked, were frigates and brigantines, numbering twelve and twenty oars respectively; larger than the galley was the galeasse, concerning which some details will be presently given.

In respect of motor power a Spanish galley trusted chiefly to her slaves, of whom she carried from 150 to 200. Of these there were three kinds: convicted criminals—a class which we have seen included all grades, from murderers down to mere disorderly characters and suspected heretics; Mahommedan prisoners; and—strange as it appears—volunteers, these last being obtained by pressure of destitution, by kidnapping, and such other arts as were common in England in the days of impressment. No difference, however, was made in their treatment, except that they had a monthly pay of two crowns (twelve shillings).

Collected in the prisons of the large towns, the slaves were marched in chains across the country to the port of embarkation, their passage being dreaded by peasants and shopkeepers who had anything to lose. Arrived on board, four, five or seven of them were allotted to each bench, according to the length and position of the oar; each man was then chained by his ankle, and his head and beard shaved, leaving the moustache to the volunteers. A red frock and cap, together with a few other articles, were issued to each one, but were worn out or stolen long before others replaced them. The daily ration was thirty ounces of biscuit, with water, and sometimes vegetable soup; four times a year, on certain Church festivals, they were given meat and wine, but the everyday allowance of biscuit and water was too frequently of the quality supplied to our own men of-

war's-men during the eighteenth century, besides being diminished in quantity by the chicanery of officials.

The reader of to-day can hardly picture to himself the life of these outcasts, the majority of whom, be it remembered, were either absolutely innocent or at worst guilty of but light offences. Chained to the deck, unprotected from wind, weather, or the enemies' shot, they laboured in gangs at the oar. Down the rows of oarsmen ran the boatswains with their whips, the lashes plying pitilessly on their backs. If a slave were too young or too old for the work, too feeble or too ill, the only refreshment administered was redoubled flogging. If this stimulant failed he was taken out of his chains and thrown into the filth of the hold on the possibility of recovery, or if obviously too far gone for even that poor chance, at once flung overboard. And among themselves the strong ill-treated and robbed the weak, even of their miserable food, while the officers terrorised over all. Naked, vermin-tortured, and half-starved, toiling ceaselessly and unsheltered under a southern sun, herded and fettered like beasts, their only spur and their only reward the expectation of the lash, it was small wonder that the bestiality and savagery of galley slaves became proverbial, and their fate and character synonymous with the lowest depths to which human beings could sink.

An awning was intended to cover the whole length of the vessel and afford some slight protection to the men, but in stress of weather when it was most required the galleys, always bad sea boats, could not carry it, and under such circumstances it was not uncommon for the slaves to be bruised, maimed, and even drowned at their benches by the seas sweeping over them. The continuance of a storm for even a short time usually ensured the destruction of a whole fleet, and at Algiers Charles V. saw the loss of 155 ships and the death of 8,000 men take place within an hour.

During navigation, the boatswain, standing on the poop, gave the signals with a silver whistle, his subordinates running up and down the coursier with their whips, saw them carried out. An ordinance of Don Pedro III. of Aragon in 1354 ordered whips to be used instead of sticks, so that men's arms should not be broken or disabled for rowing! The lash was the only argument, and was applied equally to stupidity, insubordination, or incapacity. Under a *régime* in which death was the great mercy to be desired and the sole deliverance to be looked forward to, forms of torture were the only means of punishment available. Impudence or abuse to a boatswain involved the loss or mutilation of the tongue, and flogging to death, deprivation of nose and ears, and keel-hauling, were other

disciplinary measures. On account of their strength and fatalistic submissiveness the Turkish and Moorish captives were highly valued as oarsmen, and as Spain was in a state of chronic warfare with the Moslem there was usually no lack of such recruits.

But while Turkish cavaliers endured the boatswain's whip there were, on the other hand, a still greater number of Christian sufferers in the Sultan's galleys, which were manned more exclusively by Christian slaves. There was no distinction of rank under the Turkish lash, and it not infrequently happened that nobles of the highest birth, soldiers of renown, and knights of the famous military orders, found themselves, by a turn of Fortune's wheel, shoulder to shoulder with the sweepings of the Italian and Spanish gutters, sharing the same miseries, but perhaps more forlorn, as having a keener consciousness of their downfall. Nor did the Turk recognise sects and nationalities: Englishman and Spaniard, Frenchman and Italian, Catholic and Protestant, might be deadly enemies under the Cross, but under the Crescent they were brothers in wretchedness, bound together by the common tie of daily anguish of body and mind, rarely to hope for such a deliverance as that of Lepanto with its glorious harvest of 15,000 Christian slaves gathered back to life and freedom.

Englishmen, naturally, formed but a small minority of the Turkish captives, but of these few some, who eventually escaped, have given us a glimpse of their lives while slaves. Hear Edmund Webbe, writing in 1590 of the captivity in 1583:—His ship being taken, they "presently stripped us naked and gave us 100 blows apiece for presuming to fight against them." Being sent to Constantinople and put on board a galley: "First we were shaven head and face, and then a shirt of cotton and breeches of the same put on us, and our legs and feet left naked, and by one of the feet is each slave chained with a great chain to the galley, and our hands fastened with a pair of manacles. The food which I and others did eat was very black, far worse than horse bread, and our drink was stinking water. . . . Thus, as I said before, I remained six years in this miserable state, wonderfully beaten and misused every day: there have I seen some of my fellows when they have been so weak as they could not row by reason of sickness and faintness, where y^e Turks would lay upon them as upon horses and beat them in such sort as oftentimes they died." For an unsuccessful attempt at escape, Webbe had seven hundred blows: "Three hundred on y^e bellye and four hundred on y^e backe."

The boatswain of a Spanish vessel, we see, was an important

officer ; taking his orders directly from the captain (who was usually only a soldier), he was responsible for the navigation of his ship, and, in the thirteenth century, was liable to impalement if he lost his galley or handled it badly. His monthly pay, not too extravagantly liberal, was five crowns (£9 now). Among the other officers were the chaplain, master, and surgeon, receiving respectively four, five, and four crowns a month each ; besides these there were artillerymen, carpenters, and twenty-four seamen, and, when on war service, a detachment of soldiers. A war galley was usually in harbour seven, and at sea five, months. The cost of building such a vessel was, in 1342, some £4,500 at the present value of money. The charge of maintenance in the sixteenth century averaged 6,700 ducats each for the year, equivalent then to £1,750, but now to six times that sum. The number of war galleys owned by Spain itself was greatly dependent on the chances of war and weather, sometimes falling so low as twenty, at other times reaching a hundred ; but the Spanish kings were accustomed to hire vessels belonging to the nobles of Genoa (especially the Doria family), to the Duke of Savoy, the knights of Malta, and to the Pope, thus they could always reckon on at least fifty ships to be added to their own. The fixed price for a hired galley, completely fitted for sea, was 6,000 ducats a year, or 700 ducats less than its royal comrade cost, even then earning a handsome profit for its owner, and showing how invariably in all ages and countries private skill and enterprise has proved itself superior to the crystallised routine and mediocre intelligence at the service of a government.

The galeasse, almost peculiar to Spain and its Italian dependencies, differed from the galley chiefly in size and armament. It had a length of 160 to 170 feet, and a proportionate breadth, with oars of such weight that seven and sometimes nine men were required to each one. Besides two tiers of guns on its forecastle and poop carrying balls weighing from thirty to seventy pounds, a swivel gun was placed between each rowing bench, in all from sixty to seventy pieces of artillery. It had three masts and two decks, and was an attempt to combine the useful points of the galleon, or sailing ship, with those of the galley, but was practically found only to unite the weak spots of both. Introduced by the Catalonians at the commencement of the fifteenth century, they had become disused before the close of the sixteenth, but within that space of time played an important part in the maritime contests of the period, especially in the great and decisive struggle of Lepanto.

Once, however, they were employed in an expedition (said to

have been the last in which galleasses were used), the success or failure of which was perhaps fraught with results more grave than had been any service upon which galleys had been engaged from Salamis onwards. The great Armada included four Portuguese galleys and four Neapolitan galleasses. But vessels fitted for summer service in the Mediterranean were but helpless toys in the mighty Atlantic surges, and the four galleys foundered in the Bay of Biscay long before nearing the English coast. Of the galleasses one was driven ashore in Calais roads, and her crew of seven hundred men—slaves, soldiers, and seamen—drowned or put to the sword. All the remaining three were lost during the terrible return voyage round the stormy western coasts of Scotland and Ireland, those of their crews who escaped the slow agony of starvation and typhus, perishing by the sharper and more merciful discipline of the sea. And in one of them died the ideal cavalier of Spanish chivalry—Don Alonzo da Leyva, together with many cadets of the noblest families of Spain, who had been entrusted to his care.

From their extensive commerce the Italian maritime republics were, as might have been expected, the first to compile legislative codes for the mutual benefit and security of owners, shippers, and crews. As early as the twelfth century, both the Venetian and Genoese republics prohibited the burdening of a merchant galley below a certain load mark in the case of Venice a cross—fixed at a specified spot on the ship's side, under penalty of a fine of one hundred florins. In 1339 this fine was raised to 1,000 livres, equivalent to at least £500 now; and the legislature of Ancona strictly interdicted deck loads, while, even with these precautions, the height of the side of a Venetian galley above the water line was hardly three and a half feet. The senators of Genoa required a deposit of caution money from its owner before a galley was allowed to leave port, as a surety that privateering against the allies of the State should not be added to more legitimate but slower methods of gain, and it was compulsory that four-fifths of each vessel's crew should be Genoese subjects.

The Venetian government could not carry out this latter rule, the chronic scarcity of oarsmen for their more numerous ships compelling them to make use of any and all material, and to purchase them from more fortunate—or unfortunate—States. In the first years of the 17th century the Emperor of Germany, wishing to cultivate the friendship of Venice, sent as *a present* a large number of criminals for use at the oar, many of whom perhaps had deserved but light punishment. The legislative opinion of the period as to

the character of the penalty is shown, however, by the language of the sentence passed in 1606 on Bernardo, brother of Beatrice Cenci: "Afterwards he shall be sent to the galleys for ever, so that life may be a torment, and death a release." All Venetians were forbidden to sell their ships to strangers, owners of galleys had to take an oath not to do so, and the proprietor who broke this pledge forfeited the whole of his property, and was exposed to public "hooting" on the steps of the palace. Minute and complicated regulations were drawn up for the management of government squadrons at sea, these directions ranging from systems of fleet manœuvring and codes of signals by flags during the day and lanterns at night, down to fines and punishments for quarrelling and blasphemy.

Many causes, notably the development of ocean traffic, contributed to the falling off in the use of the galleys, and improvements in scientific and practical seamanship were their death-blow, even in their stronghold, the Mediterranean. The galley was the steamer of the Middle Ages in so far as it relied chiefly on artificial means of propulsion; and its navigating officers and crew bore the same relation to the cool, hardy, self-reliant seamen of the North—active, ready and dexterous, and trained to trust to their skill to adapt the varying circumstances of wind and weather to their needs—as do the modern "steamboat sailors" to the generations of Rodney and Nelson. As merchantmen they were more unseaworthy and more expensive than the sailing vessel, for war purposes they were no match for it when the sailing ship was handled by the skilful English or Dutch seaman of the sixteenth century. Unless the galley could ram her adversary's side with her beak, a manœuvre difficult of accomplishment, the sailing vessel would range alongside, firing her broadside guns, smashing the oars, and hurling the slaves together in heaps, while at the same time her musketeers—themselves protected—poured down a murderous plunging fire on to the much lower and unsheltered deck of the galley.

Turning to France, we find little in the construction and equipment of its galleys, or the ordering of her slave crews, that has not already been mentioned, both ships and men being organised on the model of Spain; but their history has a special interest in being more intimately allied with the political ambitions of the nation, and the domestic legislation of its rulers, than was that of other countries. The institution of the galleys as a portion of the national naval service, occurred at a much later date than among the other Mediterranean States, owing to the political aims of the early French kings having been directed rather to the north and east than to the south

of France. When Louis IX. prepared for his ill-fated Crusades he had to hire from private owners in Marseilles and Italy the vessels he required, and in which first, second, and third class passages were granted at prices ranging from four livres tournois to forty sous.

The systematic organisation of the galleys does not appear to go farther back than the reign of Charles VII., in the first half of the fifteenth century, and it was not until more than one hundred years later that, in 1544, Francis I. ordered that criminals condemned for crimes other than heresy or treason should be sent to the oar instead of suffering death or other punishment. This seems to have been the first instance of an injustice which became a crying wickedness in the succeeding century, and through which the law became as much despised as degraded, because known to be manipulated by royal or ministerial wil. in accordance with the needs of the rowing benches for men. In 1558, there being few vessels in commission, Henry III. forbade criminals to be so frequently sent to the galleys. In 1602 the condition of affairs being again changed, Henry IV. ordered that in all except the most atrocious cases, the penalty of death was to be commuted into that punishment. By another ordinance of 1606 he decreed that, even if the sentence had been for a less time, all convicts were to be retained six years, this regulation being, later on, confirmed by his son Louis XIII.

During the ministry of Mazarin, and the disorders of the Fronde, the galley service shared the weakness and inefficiency of other government departments, and in 1660 had almost ceased to exist, but under the personal rule of Louis XIV. was re-organised and new vessels built, so that in 1677 the king possessed thirty, which number by 1696 had risen to forty-two. The difficulty, however, did not lie in obtaining galleys, one of which—so completely were the royal dockyards fitted—could be built, ready in all respects for sea, in eight hours, as was practically shown Colbert when he visited Marseilles in 1679, but in procuring the men to row them; and the means used to supply this want form yet one more page of the heavy indictment history draws up against this king and his ministers.

Recourse was had at first to the old method of manipulating the law, and, in 1662, Colbert sent round an official circular to the intendants of provinces and presidents of parliaments, stating it to be the king's will that in all possible cases criminals should be sent to the galleys, and that the death penalty should be so commuted as far as practicable. Officials depending for promotion on their servile suppleness of mind and phancy of back, were not slow to act up to

these orders, and the number of galley slaves rapidly increased. One intendant sending only five, writes: "It is not my fault that there are not more, but one is not altogether master of the judges." All expedients were resorted to: the Duke of Savoy had ceased to keep galleys, so his criminals were bought of him, and in 1668 the Prince of Monaco was negotiating for the sale of a thousand of his subjects; boys of fifteen and sixteen were even sent to Marseilles, while, worst iniquity of all, no victim, once engulfed, was ever freed so long as he could row, whatever the original term of his sentence. One man was condemned for five years in 1660; another was sentenced to two years in 1665; both were still on the benches in 1679. In 1674, thirty-four individuals who, in the years between 1652 and 1660, had been condemned to terms ranging from two to ten years, were still undergoing their sentence¹. Only the invalided or the maimed had any chance of regaining liberty, and even then only by buying one or two Turkish slaves, whose market price was 400 livres apiece, as substitutes. The French consuls in the Mediterranean ports had standing instructions to buy Mahomedan slaves, and knew that there were few better ways of obtaining favour in the eyes of ministers than that of sending some as a present.

Notwithstanding all these efforts, the muster-roll in December 1676 only reached 4,710, a number gigantic enough if measured by the constant mental and physical torment inflicted on human beings, whose sufferings were rendered keener in the majority of cases by a sense of innocence or of savage severity of punishment, but in which number, itself insufficient, death made daily ravages. One of the shifts resorted to in 1684 deserves notice, as being especially mean and paltry, even when judged by the standard of Louis XIV.'s tinsel and lacquered statesmanship. The governor of Canada was ordered to send as many of the Iroquois as he could obtain for service as slaves. Not being able to catch them by force, he enticed a large number into pretended negotiations, seized them, and sent them to France. But the untamed Iroquois, unversed in the niceties of Versailles diplomacy, flew to arms, and, after four years of savage warfare, the "Roi Soleil" cowed by the storm his treachery had raised, was fain to humbly and ignominiously send back the survivors in order to save the colony from an exterminating struggle.

Eventually the lightest real or nominal offence led to the galleys; "vagabonds," a wide term, might be sent after arrest, and without any form of trial; beggars who wandered under a false name or feigned an infirmity; innkeepers who lodged travellers for more than one night without having reported their presence to the police,

sailors of the Royal Navy who smoked at times or in places forbidden by the regulations; insubordinate soldiers and many smugglers. Literature too, was numerous, if not nobly, represented. Both writers and sellers of the innumerable libels, verses, and epigrams that were daily showered on Louis XIV., his courtiers, and his generals, paid this stern penalty when denounced.

The salt-tax also was a fruitful mother to the chain gang. By an ordinance of 1680, every person over seven years of age was compelled to purchase seven pounds of salt a year, at a price equivalent to eight times its present cost. This salt was to be used only for cooking and eating purposes under a penalty of 300 livres. The edict was mercilessly enforced at times when whole provinces were sterile with famine, and the wretched country-people literally eating roots and grass. Naturally every peasant not himself a salt smuggler was a friend to those who were, and fierce conflicts occurred everywhere between the revenue officers and the smugglers, which gave a daily quota to the rowing benches, both seller and buyer being exposed to the same punishment. And this was only one branch of the excise; all the others rendered a smaller but due proportion.

In 1685 was published the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and within twelve months there were more than six hundred Protestants at the galleys, who were treated with exceptional severity if they remained constant to their faith. The majority of these men had, but a year before, been well-to-do tradesmen, respected clergymen, or even country gentlemen, and now suddenly found themselves martyred for their religion, in company with murderers, thieves, smugglers, and mere beggars, who, by the irony of the law, were martyrs for their poverty, together with Mahomedan slaves suffering for Christian sins; and negroes from Africa, who, when useless for rowing purposes, were sent to America by the economical government and there sold.

The clothing, irons, and food were the same for all the convicts, and similar to those of the Spanish. Those condemned by legal process had the head and face entirely shaved; those purchased retained a tuft of hair on the head; while volunteers retained a moustache as well as the tuft, and were paid four sous a day while at sea. Each man carried a piece of cork fastened round his neck, which he was frequently ordered to put into his mouth to ensure his silence; sometimes a whole crew would be thus gagged, but would nevertheless be still expected to keep up the regular rate of twenty-six strokes a minute, and that for five or six hours without cessation. The daily and nightly torments endured—for, putting aside the whip

and other punishments, five or seven men lived and slept chained in a space seven feet long by four feet broad—led to epidemics of suicide, and, when suicide was not practicable, to the murder of any boatswain or subordinate careless enough to be on the coursier at night within reach of the slaves. For such a one to be dragged down, beaten to death with the chains, and flung overboard, was almost literally the work of a minute.

Besides, civil death and forfeiture of property, involving perhaps starvation to the convict's wife and children, the condemned were deprived, as a part of their punishment, of the—to the Bourbon intellect—inestimable privilege of shouting, "Vive le Roi" when visitors of distinction came on board. Instead of this, they raised a cry of "Hou ! Hou ! Hou !" three times repeated, "as if they were bears and not men," says a pitying eye-witness.

Ill-treatment, exposure, insufficient food, and over-work naturally led to sickness. We hear from M. Jean Bion, sometime chaplain of "La Superbe," of the slave's solace and treatment when ill : "There is in the hold a close dark room. The air is admitted only by the scuttle, two feet square, which is the only passage into it. At each end of the said room there is a sort of scaffold, called *Taular*, on which the sick are laid promiscuously, without beds or anything under them. . . . In this horrid place all kind of vermin rule with an arbitrary sway. . . . When the duties of my function called me in among them to confess and advise, I was in an instant covered all over with them. But when I was in, methought I walked, in a literal sense, 'in the shades of death' . . . and the whole space between the ceiling and the *Taular* being but three feet, I was obliged to lie down and stretch myself along their sides to hear them confess, and often while I was confessing one, another expired just by my side." From the same authority we learn that after victims had been flogged until "the skin is flayed off their bones," a mixture of vinegar and salt was applied to the wounds !

Little use in wading further in such horrors. They bore the natural and inevitable fruit that tyranny, oppression, and cruelty have harvested in all ages and among all races, that of recoiling in bloodshed and disease—for the galleys were a *nidus* of infectious disease—with hundredfold violence on the dominant class which had neglected its duty to, or abused its power over, its fellowman.

The Spanish galley service shared the ruin of that Empire, and had practically ceased to exist before the close of the seventeenth century. That of France existed until 1748, when most of the criminals were employed on public works connected with the dock-

yards, a few of the vessels being still kept up for State visits and coastguard purposes. The first recorded sea fight between organised fleets of war galleys occurred in B.C. 537, between the Phocæan and the united Carthaginian and Etruscan squadrons. The last was that of A.D. 1638, between fifteen French and fifteen Spanish galleys, in which the Spaniards were defeated and their ships captured. The last French galley, "La Ferme," was broken up in 1814, at the age, it is said, of one hundred and twenty-five years. Her last Italian sister—and probably final example of an instrument so long and so intimately connected with the history, progress, and sufferings of man—shared her fate at Genoa in 1841.

M. OPPENHEIM.

AN UNKNOWN FAIRY-TALE IN VERSE BY CHARLES LAMB.

A DISCOVERY highly interesting to all lovers of Charles Lamb has just been made, of which the credit is due to the industry and sagacity of a quondam London bibliopole, who, in the well-earned retirement of his Devonian retreat, is still unable occasionally to refrain from a short local excursion to his former hunting-fields, in quest of what forgotten or buried treasure the neglected old nooks and corners of the West of England may yield.

It seems that we are to add still another to the already considerable list of children's books produced by Charles and Mary Lamb for Godwin's Juvenile Library. The "Tales from Shakespeare," the "Adventures of Ulysses," and "Mrs. Leicester's School" (the second of which was the sole production of Charles Lamb) were the only three of these works known to or remembered by a former generation. Eight years ago attention was called in this Magazine¹ to the discovery of the long-lost "Poetry for Children," in two volumes, and three months later² the discovery was chronicled in the same pages of the little tale in verse entitled "Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance,"—the sole production of Charles Lamb—to which a clue had been found in a stray entry in the Diary of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson. Both books were kindly loaned to us by their respective owners, and the two little works were reprinted together, for the first time, in the ensuing autumn, and published early in the following year.³

But the hidden treasures of William Godwin's little book-store were not even yet exhausted. Mr. Pearson has brought to light another versified tale by the same hand as "Prince Dorus," which bears, or rather which should bear, the following title (for the title-page has disappeared from the hitherto unique copy recently discovered) :—

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1877, pp. 113-122. ² *Ibid.*, Oct. 1877, p. 507.

³ *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb; to which are added *Prince Dorus*, and some uncollected Poems by Charles Lamb. Edited, prefaced, and annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd. London: Chatto and Windus, 1878,

An Unknown Fairy-Tale by Charles Lamb. 189

Beauty and the Beast, or a Rough Outside with a Gentle Heart, a Poem : ornamented with eight superior engravings ; and Beauty's Song, set to music by Mr. Whitaker (5s. 6d. coloured or 3s. 6d. plain). London : Published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street, Snow Hill, 1811.

The booklet is uniform in size with "Prince Dorus," measuring $5\frac{3}{16}$ by $4\frac{1}{8}$ in. There are thirty-two numbered pages of letterpress, containing about 480 lines, or an average of fifteen lines to a page. In Mr. Pearson's copy the eight illustrations are plain, and appear to be executed by the same hand or hands that embellished the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Prince Dorus." "One plate in 'Prince Dorus,'" writes Mr. Pearson, "is by Blake undoubtedly." Blake is also supposed to have had a hand in the designs to "Tales from Shakespeare."

We find no reference, either direct or indirect, to the little tale in Lamb's copious published correspondence, or in any of the Lamb books. "Beauty and the Beast" had not only hitherto shared the fate which, till lately, included "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus," but the oblivion to which it was consigned was still more complete, as not only all trace of the book itself, but all record or memory of its former existence had disappeared.

The idea of a poetic and pictorial *rifacimento* of the well-known old fairy-tale, for the delectation of his juvenile clients, appears to have originated with Godwin. But it was not to Lamb, curiously enough, but to Wordsworth, that Godwin first applied for assistance in the poetic part of his project. The application to Wordsworth was made with Lamb's knowledge (as appears from an extant letter of Coleridge's), and if made by his recommendation there can hardly have been absent from it a touch of the sly, covert humour and love of practical joking in which Lamb was wont to indulge at the expense of his friends ; for Wordsworth had long ago outgrown the salad days of the "Lyrical Ballads," and had become somewhat pompous and prosy to wit. But, whether made spontaneously or otherwise, the application failed. Wordsworth summarily, if not haughtily, refused ; professing insufficient sympathy with or attraction for the subject, doubts of its successful or felicitous treatment in the hands of a *raconteur* less skilful than La Fontaine, and finally and chiefly an invincible repugnance to all poetical task-work whatever, or to writing under any other impulse than that of direct inspiration.¹

¹ Wordsworth to Godwin, "Grasmere, March 9, 1811" (*William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries*, by C. Kegan Paul, Lond. 1876, vol. ii. pp. 218-225).

Wordsworth failing, Godwin was fain to go back, as a *pis-aller*, to his old coadjutor Lamb, who had no such fine-spun scruples, was glad of the opportunity of making a little money, and appears to have readily consented. And now let us take a short survey of the little piece itself, which opens as follows :—

A MERCHANT who by generous pains
Prosper'd in honourable gains
Could boast, his wealth and fame to share,
Three manly sons, three daughters fair ;
With these he felt supremely blest.
His latest born surpass'd the rest :
She was so gentle, good and kind,
So fair in feature, form and mind,
So constant too in filial duty,
The neighbours call'd her LITTLE BEAUTY !
And when fair childhood's days were run
That title still she wore and won ;
Lovelier as older still she grew,
Improved in grace and goodness too.

She has, however, like Cinderella and Cordelia, two haughty sisters, who spurn her.

Her elder sisters, gay and vain,
View'd her with envy and disdain,
Toss'd up their heads with haughty air,
Dress, Fashion, Pleasure, all their care.

The merchant, their father, suddenly meets with reverses.

Sudden as winds that maddening sweep
The foaming surface of the deep,
Vast treasures, trusted to the wave,
Were buried in the billowy grave !
One Merchant, late of boundless store,
Saw Famine hasting to his door.

These reverses make no change in “ Beauty,” but rather bring out all the latent sweetness and serviceableness of her character.

With willing hand and ready grace
Mild Beauty takes the Servant's place ;
Rose with the sun to household cares
And morn's repast with zeal prepares,
The wholesome meal, the cheerful fire :
What cannot filial love inspire ?
And when the task of day was done,
Suspended till the rising sun,
Music and song the hours employ'd,
As more deserved the more enjoy'd.

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The conduct of her sisters affords a striking contrast, however, to hers.

Not so the sisters ; as before
'Twas *rich* and idle, now 'twas *poor*.
In shabby finery array'd
They still affected a parade,
While both insulted gentle Beauty,
Unwearied in the housewife's duty ;
They mock'd her robe of modest brown
And view'd her with a taunting frown ;
Yet scarce could hold their rage to see
The blithe effects of Industry.

At last, after a year of this humble, straitened life, the merchant receives a letter, apparently containing more hopeful news of his ventures, or at least giving some ground for supposing a remnant of his fortunes to have escaped wreck. He hastens to town, asking each of his daughters what he shall bring back with him for her ? The two elder sisters choose bracelets, brooches, bonnets, laces, linens, and other costly commodities, and, loth to swell the list of their exactions and importunities, Beauty chooses a *rose*—"the emblem of herself"—for her present.

The good merchant's last hopes are, alas ! doomed to be frustrated. He has to travel back on foot, empty-handed, and while still a day's journey distant from his cottage, he is overtaken by a storm, from which, led by the welcome light of a taper, he is tempted to take shelter in a dwelling which turns out to be a palace, and an enchanted one.

Entering a splendid hall, he found,
With every luxury around,
A blazing fire, a plenteous board,
A costly cellaret, well stored—
All open'd wide, as if to say,
" Stranger, refresh thee on thy way."

He is naturally tempted to avail himself of the offer of all these comforts and luxuries (and here we have surely a touch of Lamb's quaint and playful humour).

So hungry was he grown
He pick'd a capon to the bone,
And as choice wines before him stood
He needs must taste if they were good ;
So much he felt his spirits cheer'd,
The more he drank the less he fear'd.

Fatigued with his toils and travels, he at length sinks to rest. In the morning he finds that his wet clothes, which had been soaked

with the storm, have disappeared, and that a complete and elegant new suit has been substituted. Entering the hall, he perceives a sumptuous breakfast ready spread for him. Passing along joyously,

A shower of roses strew'd the way,

and the merchant suddenly remembered his promise to Beauty.

E'en to his hand the branches bent.
"One of these boughs, I go content !
Beauty—dear Beauty—thy request
If I may bear away, I'm blest."

As he proceeds to pull a rose the branches break and a dreadful growling assails his ears. A hideous beast appears to view and taxes him with his ingratitude.

All that my castle own'd was thine,
My food, my fire, my bed, my wine ;
Thou robb'st my rose-trees in return,
For this, base plunderer, thou shalt mourn !

The merchant humbly and contritely explains that the theft was committed for the sake of "a loved daughter fair as spring."

O didst thou know, my lord, the maid.

The beast angrily disclaims the title of lord, thus conferred on him, somewhat disingenuously perhaps, as will appear by the sequel ; but though he had threatened that the stolen branch should seal the merchant's fate, he agrees to let him depart free and uninjured, upon his undertaking on oath to bring his fair daughter within three months as a volunteer to suffer for him.

On his return Beauty is the first to meet and greet her father, who relates his ill-starred story, while presenting the dearly-bought roses to his favourite child.

Beauty, undaunted by the sneers and taunts of her jealous sisters, and refusing by her father's advice the more generous offers of her brothers to go and slay the monster or perish in the attempt, firmly resolves to make herself a sacrifice to filial love. The three short months having elapsed, Beauty departs, with crocodile tears from her sisters, and under her father's escort reaches the palace.

In the hall a costly and sumptuous feast is spread, 'as before. The merchant, mindful of his former experience, sits down in terror and refuses to taste of the rich banquet. As Beauty is endeavouring to soothe and comfort him, and to assuage his alarms—

A hideous noise
Announced the growling monster's voice.
And now Beast suddenly stalk'd forth,
While Beauty well-nigh sank to earth ;
Scarce could she conquer her alarms,
Tho' folded in a father's arms.

Beast now asks her if she has come thither willingly, to which Beauty gives a tremulous assent. Beast is mollified by her answer, but charges the merchant to depart by the morrow's daybreak, and bidding a brief farewell (or *au revoir* rather) to Beauty, he retires.

With some difficulty, at early dawn, she arouses her father and gets him safely off. Left alone—

She now survey'd the enchanting scene,
Sweet gardens of eternal green ;
Mirrors and chandeliers of glass,
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All these her admiration gain'd ;
But how was her attention chain'd
When she in golden letters traced,
High o'er an arch of emeralds placed,
"BEAUTY'S APARTMENT ! Enter blest !
This but an earnest of the rest !"
The fair one was rejoiced to find
BEAST studied less her eye than mind.
But wishing still a nearer view,
Forth from the shelves a book she drew,
In whose first page, in lines of gold,
She might heart-easing words behold.

"Welcome, Beauty, banish fear !
You are Queen and Mistress here :
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still."

Thus encouraged, she sighs to herself that she desires nothing so much as to see her dear father once more. Scarcely has she expressed the wish when a magic mirror brings all the cottage family to her view—

And there with pity she perceived
How much for her the merchant grieved ;
How much her sisters felt delight
To know her banish'd from their sight ;
Although with voice and looks of guile,
Their bosoms full of joy the while,
They labour'd hard to force a tear
And imitate a grief sincere.

(The crocodiles !)

At the evening meal Beast appears, and humbly asks Beauty's permission to see her sup, offering to withdraw if he offends or intrudes.

"Am I not hideous to your eyes?"

"Your temper's sweet," she mild replies.

"Yes, but I'm ugly, have no sense."

"That's better far than vain pretence."

And so they continue, bandying civilities and apologies in a very pretty and suggestive way.

Thus three months, or, as the narrator, in the stilted artificial diction of the period, more pompously terms it,

One quarter of the rolling year,

passes by quietly, Beauty and Beast remaining upon these terms together, with no other living creature near. Custom at last, and Beast's forbearance, not only dispel her fear, but create a feeling of regard and kindness.

She found that monster timid, mild,

Led like the lion by the child.

Custom and kindness banish'd fear ;

Beauty oft wish'd that Beast were near.

Availing himself of the permission granted, he regularly appears at supper-time.

Nine was the chosen hour that Beast

Constant attended Beauty's feast,

Yet ne'er presumed to touch the food,

Sat humble or submissive stood,

Or, audience craved, respectful spoke,

Nor aim'd at wit or ribald joke,

But oftener bent the raptured ear

Or ravish'd eye to see or hear ;

And if the appointed hour pass'd by

'Twas mark'd by Beauty with a sigh.

Beast now endeavours to obtain an oath from her that she will not leave him. This Beauty is willing to swear, provided she may see her father now and then. She craves for one little week of his company, and Beast releases her on parole. At peep of day she accordingly finds herself transported to the abode of her father, by whom she is received with rapture. But her sisters' malice is not yet appeased.

They both were married and both proved

Neither was happy or beloved;

And when she told them she was blest

With days of ease and nights of rest,

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To hide the malice of the soul
Into the garden sly they stole.

"If," said the eldest, "you agree,
We'll make that wench more cursed than we !
I have a plot, my sister dear:
More than her WEEK let's keep her here.
No more with MONSTER shall she sup,
Who, in his rage, shall eat her up."

Their wicked plot nearly succeeds. Beauty, hard pressed, promises to stay another week beyond the time granted ; but, conscience-stricken at the thought of poor Beast's agonies and possible death through her ingratitude, she lays on her toilette the same ring that transported her home, and finds herself in the morning back in the enchanted palace, just in time to save poor Beast's life.

Beast open'd now his long-closed eyes
And saw the fair with glad surprise.
" In my last moments you are sent ;
You pity, and I die content."
" Thou shalt not die," rejoin'd the maid ;
" O rather live to hate, upbraid—
But no ! my grievous fault forgive ;
I feel I can't without thee live."

Beauty had scarce pronounced the word
When magic sounds of sweet accord,
The music of celestial spheres,
As if from seraph harps, she hears !
Amazed she stood—new wonders grew ;
For Beast now vanish'd from her view :
And lo ! a Prince, with every grace
Of figure, fashion, feature, face,
In whom all charms of Nature meet,
Was kneeling at fair Beauty's feet.
" But where is Beast ?" still Beauty cried :
" Behold him here," the Prince replied.
" Orasmyn, lady, is my name,
In Persia not unknown to fame ;¹

So that if her fond father had playfully, or her scornful sisters sneeringly, asked her, " Have you seen the Shah?" she might unhesitatingly have replied : " Yes, I have seen the beast." But we are interrupting his Royal Highness, who goes on to explain that he was—

¹ Compare the speech of the transformed *Sultan Stork* in Thackeray's little-known *jeu d'esprit*, " The humble individual who now addresses you was a year since no other than Persia's king."

Till this re-humanising hour
The victim of a fairy's power,
Till a deliverer could be found
Who, while the accursed spell still bound,
Could first *endure*, tho' with alarm,
And break at last by love the charm."

All of course ends happily. Beauty gives the Prince her hand; she is arrayed in bridal vestments and summoned to sit as a queen "on Persia's glittering throne." As for the envious sisters, they are transformed into statues, a punishment only to be remitted in the almost hopeless contingency of their changing their minds, after years of penitence and prayer, from false to true; for even as statues they are to be

Cursed with the single power to feel.

And so with a flourish of trumpets, gay crowds assembling, virgins dancing and minstrels singing, and music ringing through the vaulted dome, to grace the bridal festival of Orasmyn and his queen, the curtain falls.

The same *naïveté* and simplicity, combined with a certain studied, or at least conscious ruggedness and quaintness, that characterise Lamb's juvenile prose story of "Rosamund Gray," and not a few of his contributions to "Poetry for Children," pervade this little piece also. To those few of us who love the man, if that be possible, still more, or at least not less than the writer, and to whom not only every fresh scrap or trifle from his pen, but every additional crumb of random record of his ways among his fellow-men, supplies new fuel to the ever-glowing fire of old admiration and affection, this authentic and indubitable little product of the richly-stored brain and loving heart that were content to work for years to please the little children whom he cherished all the more tenderly because he was himself a childless bachelor, will prove (forced and crabbed, unnatural and obsolete, as some readers may think it,) an inestimable as well as inalienable treasure-trove. It is to be hoped that other copies may now come to light, and that the entire text may shortly be republished in some accessible form, so as to place it beyond the future chance of utter and irretrievable loss, to which, by the lapse of only three-quarters of a century and the destructive habits of our little ones, it had already been well-nigh subjected.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

VACCINATION IN INDIA.

IN the Society of Arts "Journal" of May 15, is printed a paper that was read before the Society on May 8, by Surgeon-Major Robert Pringle, M.D., late of the Sanitary Department, Bengal. If anything further were required to refute the wild assertions of the anti-vaccination agitators, the facts stated in this paper supply such requirement.

They refute the only respectable argument of the opponents of vaccination, viz., that based on the theory that our present immunity from small-pox arises from the general change in the habits of the people. "The plague has disappeared without vaccination, and the small-pox also from the operation of the same causes," say those who use this argument.

This can only be refuted by an appeal to facts. The efficacy of vaccination renders such facts *at present* unattainable in this country. I say *at present*, having no doubt that ere long Keighley and Leicester will supply very melancholy data, if the advocates of "personal liberty" are permitted to carry out their principles.

In India the conditions are very different. Inoculation has been practised from time immemorial in certain regions—as a religious rite—but not universally. Vaccination of the natives was introduced in 1864, and the only objection that can be urged against it is, that it is giving rise to a very serious difficulty by removing one of the most potent checks to that over-population which is threatening India, as the most serious evil of British rule.

In a large district north of Allahabad where neither inoculation nor vaccination is practised, 95 per cent. of the population are marked, and "in the graphic language of the country, each small-pox marked case represents a death from the disease."

The growth of public opinion among the natives during the last twenty years of vaccination experience is curiously shown by the fact that at first, in villages under the inspection of officers carrying out the Female Infanticide Act, only the girls of high caste were brought to the vaccinators. Now this is changed, the boys are vaccinated and the girls left unvaccinated.

r determined.

A number of other interesting facts are narrated in the paper named. The testimony of Dr. Pringle against the efficacy of vaccination when primary vaccination has been effected is especially his experience of the effects of hot weather in India on the efficacy of the lymph, is, I think, especially worthy of consideration of medical practitioners.

We have hot weather in England, occasional outbreaks of Indian weather. The fact that Dr. Pringle found it necessary to suspend operations during seven months in the year (except in the Himalayas), that he could only vaccinate reliably from the middle of October to the middle of March, is very suggestive of a probable cause of failure here, a cause which from its rarity may have been overlooked.

TEA-GROWING IN ITALY.

ATTEMPTS have been made to grow tea in Italy, and have failed rather mysteriously. In 1871 some Japanese seeds were sown at Caltanissetta, in the same latitude as the place from which tea is imported, but they failed. In 1875 another variety, the *thea sinensis*, was tried, with similar result. Then the Government made experiments at different places between Florence, Naples, and Palermo, but failed also. Signor d'Amico, of Messina, has been more successful. He exhibited in 1882 more than a hundred three-year-old tea plants at the Messina Agricultural Show.

It is to be regretted that the suitability of the Italian climate for tea-growing has not been more fully investigated.

Short Chapters"), which resulted in a complete refutation of the statements made by certain public and other analysts concerning the adulteration of tea with iron filings.

There is, however, actual iron in tea, which appears as magnetic oxide in the ash when the leaf is burnt. This was found to be the case in a sample of tea grown in a flowerpot under glass at Kew. To this iron I attribute the colour of *black* tea. Ordinary leaves, when dried, are brown, but tea leaves contain tannin and iron; the tannin when heated is converted into tanno-gallic acid, and this acid, acting on oxide of iron, produces the black pigment of our common ink.

The soil of the tea-growing districts of China is highly ferruginous, that of most parts of Italy is not so, therefore I suggest that the cause of the failures above named may be due to this lack of iron. If so, the remedy is simple enough. Water the plants with a dilute solution of ferrous sulphate, which is a waste product of extreme cheapness. Should this succeed, as I seriously believe it will, I shall expect a handsome honorarium from the Italian government for the suggestion.

CURIOSITIES OF MOUNTAIN CLIMATE.

NOW that the tourist season is commencing, and many readers are preparing for Alpine excursions, a note on some of the anomalies of Alpine climate will be in proper place.

As everybody knows, we reach colder and colder regions as we ascend, but this general statement very imperfectly describes the facts. The temperature of the air itself does become colder, but simultaneously the heat of the sun's rays increases. A thermometer kept in the shade falls as we ascend; exposed to the sunshine it rises. The punishment of the skin, and the demand for a veil to protect the face in climbing such a mountain as Mont Blanc, is due to this. I climbed it in my rash youthful days without protection; the skin of my face peeled off entirely in large blister patches, the disfigurement lasting about a fortnight, and the effects of the snow blindness more than two months.

Down below, at ordinary levels, the aqueous vapour diffused through the atmosphere co-operates with the solid particles suspended in it to act as a veil and cut off a considerable amount of the solar radiations. Langley has lately shown that the quantity thus absorbed is greater than was previously supposed. This is the case both with the luminous and the obscure rays, *i.e.* with both light and heat, but greater with the heat than the light.

The aqueous vapour absorbs the heat into itself, the solid dust particles are superficially warmed and radiate accordingly, besides warming, by direct convection, the air that touches them. Still more heat is conveyed to the lower air by contact with the warm surface of the earth itself. As the air thus warmed ascends it is cooled by the mechanical work its heat performs in effecting the expansion of the air itself.

In the course of this cooling much of the aqueous vapour that has ascended from below is condensed as clouds and rain, and the air loses the greater part of its solid particles which drop through it as it thins out in the course of its upper rarefaction. This deposition of dust renders the air so clean and so clear at great elevations that the sun there displays his full brilliancy and caloric power when only just above the horizon. Viewed at corresponding altitude, through our dust laden lower atmosphere, he appears to us down here as a dull, copper-coloured, half obliterated ball radiating no sensible amount of heat. It is stated by certain theoretical paradoxers that the rarefaction of gases does not diminish their power of suspending small solid particles, but this statement is false, as anybody may prove who chooses to try the experiment.

Thus as we ascend we leave below more and more of the heat-holding and heat-screening constituents of the air, hence it receives less and transmits more of the solar heat.—itself is cooler while the sun's rays are hotter.

The warming action of the snow on the climate of elevated regions during the time of sunshine is a simple effect of reflection. We see plainly, and even painfully, the glare of reflected sunlight, but without special experiment the reflected heat is not so apparent.

Each facet of the millions of snow crystals is a little mirror. These mirrors reflect the sun rays, and just in proportion to the completeness of such reflection do they themselves escape the warming and thawing agency of the direct rays. For further illustration of this see the next note.

THE SNOW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

WHAT would have happened twenty or thirty years ago to a physician had he publicly and privately recommended consumptive patients and other victims of lung disease to leave Devonshire or the South of France in order to winter amidst the snows of the High Alps, to remain there as long as the snow covered everything around them, and leave immediately the snow began to thaw?

Mad as such advice appears, it is now given and followed, and the result has proved that there is not only method, but great wisdom in this apparent madness.

The principal scene of this strange experience is the Davos Platz in the Upper Engadine. The anomaly of the proceeding comes out the more strikingly upon consulting old-established authorities concerning the climate of this particular region. Thus, on referring to the third edition of Murray's "Handbook" (1846), I find the following description :—"The Engadine, or Valley of the Upper Inn, is nearly 60 miles long, and one of the highest inhabited valleys among the Alps." "Owing to this high elevation and the icy barrier of enormous glaciers which separates it from Italy on the south, *it possesses a most ungenial, nay severe climate.* In the language of its inhabitants it has nine months of winter and three of cold weather. The only grain grown in it is rye and barley, a stunted crop ; and in the upper portion, potatoes rarely come to maturity." Further on we are told that "its inhabitants, aware of the inclemency of their climate, and of the barrenness of the soil, are but little addicted to agriculture."

It would be difficult to contrive a more unpromising description than this, and the first consumptive patient who tried this singular sanitarium must have been a brave man or woman. Now, such patients abound, during the winter, in flourishing hotels that have been specially erected for their accommodation.

Dr. Edward Frankland has made some interesting observations there, and his results are published in "The Popular Science Monthly" (New York) in a paper written for the purpose of suggesting the establishment of "A great American Winter Sanitarium" that shall be higher, more snowy, and more desolate than the Upper Engadine : "an elevated plateau in the United States which rivals, if it does not surpass, Davos in the excellence of its winter climatic conditions." This is in the Yellowstone National Park.

Dr. Frankland states his reasons for preference ; he tells us that "in elevation above the sea it surpasses Davos ; the great plateau of the park is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet above sea level (Davos is 5,400), while it is stated that not one of narrow valleys dips below 6,000 feet. The mountain ranges, partly surrounding and partly within the park, rise to heights from 10,000 to 12,000 feet. I should anticipate therefore, that all the advantages which, as a winter resort for invalids, Davos possesses from its elevated position, would be enjoyed even in a far greater degree in the Yellowstone Park. The period of permanent snow is longer, so that invalids could

probably remain there until the end of April, whereas the melting of the snow generally compels them to leave Davos early in March."

The winter temperature of Davos varies from the freezing point to ten degrees below it, and Dr. Frankland anticipates that his proposed plateau will not perpetrate any temperatures exceeding these.

He found, at Davos, that the thermometer stood at, *in sunshine* on 26th December, 89.2° Fah. 25 minutes after sunrise, 103.5° at noon, and 91.6° at 35 minutes before sunset. On the 22nd of December he obtained in a box lined with padded black cloth and covered with plate glass, a temperature of 221° when this box was exposed to the sun. At Davos, water boils at 203°, therefore a good dinner may there be cooked simply by using an oven lined with black cloth, covered with plate glass, and exposed to the sun. Inside this, the soup, fish, entrées, &c., may be cooked as it stands on the snow; outside, where its shadow falls, the ice creams are firmly frozen.

Dr. Frankland tells us that the climate of Davos is so genial "as to allow patients to spend nearly the whole of every sunny day in the open air, although the temperature of the air may be 15° or 20° below the freezing point. Five minutes after sunrise, many of the patients walk in the open air without any special wraps, and some of them even without overcoats. In the brilliant sunshine, one feels comfortably warm sitting in front of the hotel in a light morning coat," and that "sitting perfectly still in the sunshine, the heat in mid-winter is sometimes almost unbearable; on rising and walking about briskly, a delicious feeling of coolness is experienced; but on driving in a sledge, the cold soon becomes painful to the unprotected hands and face." This is all due to the usual stillness of the air.

The conditions demanded for this paradoxical climate are, 1st, great elevation; 2nd, a continuous and permanent covering of snow; 3rd, a minimum of watery vapour in the air; 4th, a clear sun; 5th, a clear atmosphere, free from zymotic germs, dust and fog; 6th, a sheltered position, favourable for receiving both direct and reflected solar rays.

A record of the ages of patients who have been successfully treated by this climate would be interesting and useful. My own *a priori* suspicion is that it would be fatal to those of advanced age and with weak hearts.

SEASIDE CLIMATES.

IN "A Simple Treatise on Heat," published five years ago, I stated (page 78) that "my own sensations and observations in

the course of sea-side and lake-side peregrinations have led me to suspect that the climate of steep hilly coasts is sensibly affected by the reflected heat-rays of the sun when its height above the horizon is such that (in accordance with the law of equality of the angles of incidence and reflection) the solar rays reflected from the surface of the water strike the steep slopes or cliff faces of the coast. I have not had an opportunity of residing long enough in a favourable locality to submit these passing impressions to proper scientific scrutiny, but am satisfied that the subject is worthy of careful investigation."

I now learn from Dr. Frankland's paper, in the "Popular Science Monthly," of July, that such investigation has been made, and that the results fully confirm my anticipations.

M. Dufour has measured the proportions of direct and reflected solar heat incident at five different stations on the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva. He found that the proportion of reflected heat was as much as 68 per cent. of that directly incident from the sun, when the sun's altitude was between $4^{\circ} 38'$ and $3^{\circ} 34'$. At about 70° ¹ altitude, the proportion was between 40 and 50 of reflected to 100 of direct heat, and even at an altitude of 16° the proportion was between 20 and 30 of reflected to 100 of direct heat; but when the sun was higher than 30° the reflected heat was hardly appreciable. Dr. Frankland has made similar observations at Alum Bay, Isle of Wight, and finds that the reflection from a ruffled sea at 6.45 P.M. in May added no less than 44 per cent. to the direct solar heat. Here then is an important and hitherto unconsidered factor in the determination of sea-side climate. Its importance is naturally increased by the fact that it operates most powerfully in the early morning, just after sunrise, and in the evening.

The reflected rays of early morning are of course the most effective on places having an east aspect. We are accustomed to look eastward with repugnance, and consider that "shelter from east winds" is one of the indispensable conditions of a mild climate. Let the reader who is fully satisfied of this look to his map of the South Coast of England, and note the position of Tor Bay, so celebrated for its mild winter climate. He will find that it is just the one part of the Devonshire coast that has the most direct exposure to the east. It hugs the east winds that blow directly into it from the open sea, and has no protection whatever from them. Paignton is the most directly exposed and the warmest part of the Bay; the next is Torquay, or rather the Paignton side of Torquay.

¹ I copy the figures as printed, but have no doubt that this " 70° " is a typographical error. It should probably be 7° .

The steep slopes of Torquay favour greatly this reflection of the early morning sun-heat, and we must remember that besides this reflection due to the east aspect, there is another advantage in such aspect when it is seaward as well as eastward, viz., that the bleak east winds are subjected to the tempering influence of the sea before they reach the land. An east wind blowing over the land is quite different from an east wind blowing across the sea.

The fact that Scarborough is gradually acquiring a reputation as a desirable winter and spring sea-side resort is probably due to these causes. We should always remember in considering such questions of local climate that latitude is only one factor.

Broadstairs is another striking example. Here is a little sandy bay backed by cliffs and facing directly east. I have several times on a sunny day in winter time walked along the sands from the Granville side of Ramsgate to Broadstairs, and have been much interested in observing the sudden change of climate experienced on turning the projecting cliff forming the south horn of the Bay. Ladies sit on the sands there with needlework and novels in the month of December. Would it were better drained !

CLIFF REFLECTION.

THIS, in many cases, powerfully supplements the sea reflection. When the aspect is due south as at Hastings it over-rides it altogether. The peculiar climate of Hastings is, I think, entirely due to this, for here we have the anomaly of sea cliffs that have been deserted by the sea, which has left sufficient foreshore for houses to be built between it and the cliffs. In the winter these cliffs warm these houses by reflecting the southward mid-day sun ; in the summer they roast them. Not only do cliffs reflect some of the sun's rays during the day, but they absorb the remainder and give it out after the sun has set. I have jotted these notes for our August number, because it is well that people who take sea-side holidays should observe their surroundings and reason upon them. A few suggestive hints may direct such observation profitably.

Other local climatic influences may be noted ; among them the effect of a stretch of dry sand above high-water mark and at the foot of cliffs.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

IGNORANCE OF CITY-BRED CHILDREN.

SOME statistics obtained in Boston concerning the intellectual knowledge of children when they first come into the hands of teachers are likely to startle those who have bestowed no attention on the subject.

I have, unfortunately, access to a portion of the statistics only, and these at second hand. These, so far as they go, corroborate fully my own observations concerning the condition of mind of children who live wholly in large cities. A series of investigations, then, with regard to children of Irish, German, and American parentage, ranging from four to eight years of age, undertaken by Mr. Stanley Hall, of Boston, shows that 65·5 per cent. of the children had never seen an ant, 62 per cent. a snail, and 20·5 per cent. a butterfly; 55·5 per cent. had never gathered buttercups, and 54 per cent. had not seen a rose growing; 90·5 per cent. did not know the position of their ribs, 21·5 per cent. could not tell their right hand from the left, 75·5 per cent. did not know the seasons of the year, and 65 per cent. had not seen a rainbow. That leather comes from animals was unknown by 93·4 per cent.; 89 per cent. were ignorant of the origin of flour. Other equally surprising proofs of ignorance, such as statements that a cow who lows blows her own horn, that butterflies make butter, and so forth, abound. After this the reader will not be surprised to hear how on Hampstead Heath I have heard children of fourteen or more, on seeing ducks, express surprise that pigeons could swim—the pigeon being the bird with which a London boy is likely to be most familiar—or ask concerning a nettle in flower if it were not a dandelion.

AMERICAN BIRDS IN ENGLAND.

WE pay a good many thousands a year to import into England non-feathered foreign vocalists. I fancy that one-thousandth of the cost would be well expended

acclimatize their feathered rivals. I am delighted with a proposition of Mr. Stillman that we should endeavour to bring over some American song birds. There can be no difficulty in the way of climate, and some of these birds would add indescribably to the music of field and woodland. Mr. Stillman speaks of the bobolink as "the cheeriest bunch of feathers alive, a real rollicking sky-lark, with the sky-lark's habit of singing up an aërial scale, and pouring out his merry soul at the top of it. He nestles, too, in the grass undiscoverably." Of the blue bird, moreover, he says that he "comes first of all song birds in the spring, and sings a simple song, but with so tender and touching a voice that, to my mind, there is not its equal among birds for pure pathos." Other birds, the wood thrush and the migratory thrush among them, would, Mr. Stillman thinks, prosper here. Concerning the mocking bird alone has he any doubt. Now that the law fixing a close period is passed such a proceeding as importing these birds is feasible. All that is necessary is that the law protecting birds should be enforced. The most savage sportsman or "naturalist," as by a melancholy misapplication of terms, a bird-murderer elects to call himself, would surely give the strangers a breathing time until they reconciled themselves to their new home and had educated a few broods in security.

AN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART.

A VENTURE more worthy of encouragement than that undertaken by the society calling itself "The Dramatic Students" has not often been made. In a country in which neglect of education in certain forms of Art is proverbial, and in which opportunities for acquiring knowledge have diminished with each succeeding year, a movement from within bids fair to accomplish what should long ago have been contributed from without. The formation of the league of "Dramatic Students" is practically the establishment of a School of Dramatic Art. No preliminary blare of trumpets announced the new movement. A programme, modest as it could well be, stated that the Dramatic Students propose "to give further opportunities of practice to the junior members of the theatrical profession, and to promote the study of dramatic literature by the production of the best plays in the English language, especially those little known to the stage." Concerning the manner in which this scheme is to be carried out they are commendably silent, leaving their actions to speak for themselves. They state, however, that no member of the league will be allowed to play on two consecutive occasions a leading part, and all who are

not cast for speaking parts must assist otherwise on the stage if required. These two rules are simple, judicious, and imperative. The first performance of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" furnished convincing proof how much is to be hoped from the establishment of the society. One or two characters were, as was to be expected, played weakly and in amateur fashion. Other performances were, however, excellent; the intention was everywhere apparent, the stage management was creditable, and the *ensemble* worthy of highest praise. The result then of the first experiment is that a play of Shakespeare's which has not been seen for a quarter of a century is produced in a manner creditable to all concerned, and rendering fully intelligible its poetry and its romance. The dreamy, unworldly beauty of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" exercised a marvellous influence over the public. Granted discretion, good temper, and self-denial on the part of those concerned, and it is difficult to say what may not be expected from the continuance of the experiment.

OUT-DOOR RECREATION IN LONDON.

ONE by one places of out-door recreation in London have been closed: Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Cremorne, and a dozen other public gardens have yielded to hostile influences of Puritanism and climate. With an obstinacy and energy we are pleased to regard as characteristically British, the battle against the more formidable of these opponents, the English climate, is still waged. In spite of a season in which frost outlasted midsummer, the highest attractions of the summer have been, in part at least, out-door entertainments. The other opponent of enjoyment, pharisaical worship of sour faces, has been evaded rather than combated. The result is that no European capital, during the summer months, has offered the pleasure-seeker an entertainment equal to that furnished at the "Inventories," nor has there been anywhere seen a *fête* with so much interest as the revival of "The Faithful Shepherdess" of Fletcher by "The Pastoral Players." Recollections of that enchanting and poetical performance, where for the first time Art concerned itself with out-door amusements, are not likely soon to fade. An experiment which in the case of a piece requiring strong dramatic power would have been dangerous, was possible when the play produced was a pastoral, and the demands upon actors, many of whom were amateurs, did not extend beyond picturesqueness of appearance, ease of manner, and clearness and correctness of delivery. These requisites were forthcoming, and the venture was and. unfortunately, the riche

opportunity of seeing for the first time within recorded history one of the most poetical plays in the language ; a work, moreover, which has been banished from the stage for over two centuries. A treat more intellectual than the one provided at Coombe House under Mr. Godwin's admirable management cannot be recalled. Its success should inspire courage for further effort in the same direction.

FASHION IN BOOK-BUYING.

WHEN the subject of bibliography is scientifically studied, it will furnish a curiously edifying lesson on human inconstancy of taste and infirmity of purpose. Bibliographical records are of growth comparatively modern, and cover as yet too small a space of time to permit of an exhaustive series of conclusions being drawn. The evidence in existence shows, however, that book-collecting, supposed to be a taste confined to the erudite, is subject to almost as many mutations as fashions in dress. A few extremely rare books, such as draw attention to a collection, the monuments of the art of printing, copies on vellum of the great productions of the Aldine or Valdarfar press, and so forth, maintain their price, and must always maintain it. Works of a second class, however—first editions of the classics, and early theological treatises—have sunk in value until a book that a generation ago was competed for by the great collectors, will not now bring so many shillings as it then brought pounds. Books, on the other hand, which were the customary lumber of the stalls, the innumerable and often frivolous, to use no stronger adjective, productions of Rétif de la Bretonne, first editions of the works of Swift and Fielding, any dramatic tract or fragment, and the like, are eagerly demanded. Early works, moreover, of Dickens and Thackeray, or of men still living, like the Laureate and Mr. Ruskin, are so prized that bibliographies specially dedicated to them are constantly issued. Illustrated books are a class to themselves. Here even the same change of taste is manifested. A copy of the *édition des Fermiers Généraux* of the “Contes de La Fontaine” will, *pour cause*, maintain its value ; and the graceful designs of Eisen, Marillier and Gravelot are in request. These, however, in first-rate condition are not very easy to obtain. Ordinary illustrated books are not prized, and the collector, content with more accessible productions, now turns to George Cruikshank or Gavarni. Choice bindings are of course eagerly sought, and the outsides of books are often more valuable than the inside. To be of any use to purchasers of books, such great bibliographical compilations as those of Brunet and Lowndes should be revised and reissued every ten years.

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THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MADAME VANDELEUR AT HOME.

THE heavy square hall of that aristocratic mansion, No. — Grosvenor Square, had been transformed into a bower of fairy-like beauty, such as might have formed an appropriate entrance into an enchanted palace. A grove of dark, sheeny evergreens, arranged on stands up to the very roof, afforded an effective background for the waxen blossoms of innumerable exotics which shed on every side the richness of their colouring and the fragrance of their perfume. A pair of matched footmen stood at the foot of the broad staircase, and another gentlemanly-looking individual with powdered hair received the guests at the door.

"What names, if you please, gentlemen?" inquired the latter of Sir John Brentwood, as he and his friend crossed the threshold. "And do you desire to be conducted to the drawing-rooms, or to the ball-room? Ah, Mr. St. Claire, sir, I beg your pardon!" he subjoined, recognising that distinguished novelist with condescending affability.

Mr. Tomlinson had done St. Claire the honour to peruse his latest work, which had made so much noise in the world; and, although he considered it decidedly beneath the dignity of the "higher orders," to devote themselves to literature, he had bestowed high praise upon it in the servants' hall. "A clever tale, mind you, with some of the best attriboots of good fiction. The plot ain't to call strictly original, but the workin' out is noo. The characters is well-drawn, and the sitiuations strong. Moreover, there's humour in it—a thing vitch is becoming deplorably rare in these days—very deplorably rare."

Most of these remarks Mr. Tomlinson had culled from a review in his favourite journal, but, as he omitted to mention this fact, his criticism produced that impression upon his auditors which a good many criticisms are designed to do for the oracles who utter them—to wit, that Mr. Tomlinson himself must be a person of keen literary discrimination.

"We will go up to the drawing-room, Tomlinson," rejoined Mr. St. Claire. "My friend and I are not dancing men."

"Very good, sir. I believe Madame is there at present. Egbert, the drawing-room." And with a wave of his hand he passed them over to his subordinate, and returned to his post.

About the curtained doorway of a stately apartment known as "the larger drawing-room" (there was a second of more modest proportions leading out of it), quite a little crush prevailed. Beyond, however, as the new arrivals perceived, the room was not inconveniently crowded. At its further end, standing near the entrance to the second apartment, appeared the hostess. Madame Vandeleur was dressed in a robe of sheeny black satin, trimmed with a rich and costly lace, and having a long train floating behind. Her abundant black hair, coiled in a heavy plait, in the form of a crown, around her head, added somewhat to her stature. A diamond arrow fastened the braids on one side, which sparkled brilliantly against that sombre setting. A diamond necklace encompassed Madame's neck, and diamond rings glittered upon her fingers. Madame Vandeleur never wore any other jewellery than diamonds, and never dressed in anything save black and white. No colour, even in the shape of a flower, would she tolerate about her person. Her maid, upon one occasion, had ventured to suggest that a touch of rouge on her mistress's pale cheeks would be a vast improvement. But Madame, whilst gently negating the suggestion, had smiled to herself at the maid's lack of discernment—at her incapacity to see that such a touch would be fatal to the peculiarity and distinction of her appearance. As a young artist had once observed, Madame Vandeleur always posed as "a study in black and white—and a very striking study, too."

Just now, as she stood softly opening and closing her white fan, and talking to a little group of gentlemen who surrounded her—and who comprised amidst their number a cabinet minister, an attaché from some foreign court, and a celebrated English judge—the small woman appeared to be the most prominent figure in the apartment. Wandering around, the eye was inevitably caught and as inevitably arrested by her appearance. Here, in a London drawing room, amidst surroundings so different as to make the change appear

almost incredible, Madame was still the same imperial little personage whom we first encountered so many years ago at that humble birthday fete. There, in the backwoods, in her low-ceiled kitchen, surrounded by the peasant-women in their home-spun garments and wooden *sabots*, she had ruled as a queen. Here, when the marvellous evolution of circumstances, and the development, *pari passu*, of her own nature had set her in so diverse a sphere, she still found herself wielding the sceptre of supremacy. To come to the front in all places and circumstances whatsoever was as natural to her as to breathe the air. An instinct of her being, inherent and uncontrollable, cried out, "Aut Cæsar aut nullus;" and although Madame asserted herself half unconsciously, it was with such calm, unshaken confidence in her own rights and claims, that no one thought of questioning or disputing them. The very strength of her self-sufficiency and assumption in which, however, there was nothing of vulgarity or impertinence—carried all before it. People submitted to the power of Madame's will with that slavish sycophancy which seems inherent to humanity at large, and which prompts men to fawn and cringe before every species of force—be it the potency of the millionaire's gold, the physical strength of the prize-fighter, or the intellectual sovereignty of a Voltaire.

"St. Claire," said Sir John, after gazing for some seconds at their hostess, whom his friend had pointed out from the doorway—"if that is Madame Vandeleur, I have seen her before."

"Oh, have you? Where?"

"Down at Longenvale. Wait half a moment longer!" The Baronet laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

St. Claire stopped short. "Why, what's the matter?" he demanded.

"Nothing, nothing!" Sir John coloured and laughed. "Only I feel somewhat surprised. That face, St. Claire, has haunted me for the last twelve or fourteen years. I've seen it in my dreams hundreds of times."

"By Jove! Come back into the corridor? No one seems to have seen us yet, or to have heard that fellow's feeble announcement of our names. Now, what in the name of goodness, does the man mean?"

"You may well ask that." Sir John laughed again. "It was like witchcraft. I only saw the woman once, for a few seconds. She met me on the highway at Longenvale and just stopped to put a simple question—to ask me in what direction Westaxon Park lay. Yet, in that brief second, the impression she made upon me. . . .

Well, if I tried to explain it to you, you would say I was cracked."

"Um ; almost everyone has a bee in his bonnet somewhere, I admit, if you can only set it buzzing," observed St. Claire, "but I'll endeavour to give you the benefit of whatever doubt I may feel upon the subject. Therefore say on. Was your impression a favourable one?"

"That's the point I don't like to confess," hesitated Sir John, trying to suppress a curious excitement which each moment was taking stronger possession of him. "There's where the imbecility of the thing comes in. . . . No, I won't answer you now : later on, perhaps. . . . Just let me pull myself together a little, and then you must introduce me. And remember, St. Claire, she is not likely to recollect me. Of course, you will make no reference to what I have told you?"

"Certainly not. To inquire one's road of a stranger, hardly constitutes an introduction. But *how* long did you say this was ago?"

Sir John reflected for a moment. "It will be thirteen or fourteen years, at least, And, so far as I can judge, she has not altered one atom. She does not look a day older!"

"But, my good fellow, fourteen years! Are you sure she is the same lady?"

"Perfectly sure. Do you think there are many faces like hers?"

"But I understood that she had only been living in England about five years," objected St. Claire ; "and at Longenvale? What do you suppose she was doing down at Longenvale?"

"I haven't the slightest idea—excepting, as I tell you, that she was asking the way to Westaxon Park. But she spoke the most charming broken English. . . . There, don't let us waste any more time. Come and present me."

"Fourteen years," resumed his companion, "that involves her origin in more mystery than ever. If she has been living in England so long that ——"

"Oh! What does it matter where she has been living?" interposed the Baronet, with unusual brusqueness. "If a lady does not choose to publish her entire history to the world, that, I suppose, is her own concern? At all events, I don't feel it necessary to pry into Madame Vandeleur's antecedents before making her acquaintance. And, as I am here for that purpose, suppose we go into the drawing-room?"

"By all means. But what eagerness has seized thy soul? What signifies this ominous impatience? My friend, you alarm me. *Mais allons!*"

Returning to the reception room, the two gentlemen perceived that during the few moments of their absence, Madame Vandeleur had changed her position, that she was now in the act of disappearing between the curtains into the adjoining room. The two friends followed—St. Claire bowing right and left to the many people he knew, and Sir John Brentwood also finding familiar faces amidst the company. It was rather a mixed company, perhaps, and yet, in a sense, it was select; for there were few amongst the assembly who were not distinguished in some way, either by rank, wealth, or some sort of literary or artistic talent. In one corner a noted painter and R.A., was conversing with some lesser lights in his own profession; in another, a celebrated operatic singer, who had promised Madame Vandeleur to give her guests a song in the course of the evening, was languidly entertaining a little coterie of admirers.

"Ah! Mr. St. Claire, you are late!" exclaimed the hostess, catching sight of the new-comers, as they passed into the inner room, where tea was still in progress—numberless little stands being set out with dainty services of the most fragile and costly china-ware. Below stairs, tea and other refreshments were provided for the dancers in an ante-chamber to the ball-room, and later on there was to be a sumptuous supper, the arrangements for which Madame had left in the hands of the Gunter of her day, only stipulating that everything should be of a super-excellent quality. "You are late, yes, but a thousand times welcome"—(Madame Vandeleur had not yet compassed all the difficulties of English pronunciation, and her habitual omission of the *th* imparted an agreeable piquancy to her speech.) "A dozen people have been begging of me an introduction to the great author. But where now shall I begin?"

"Let *me* begin first, Madame, by introducing someone to you," returned St. Claire. "I have taken the liberty of bringing a friend with me, who desires to make your acquaintance, if you permit it. Sir John Brentwood—Madame Vandeleur."

"Sir John Brentwood?" repeated Madame—a gleam of surprise in her dark eyes—"not of Norbreck Towers?"

The Baronet bowed. "The same; but I hope, Madame, you will pardon this unceremonious intrusion? I ought first to have made a conventional call, as I was meaning to do."

"Ah, no: I care nothing for what is conventional!" And in proof of this remark, Madame extended her glittering fingers to shake his hand. "It is very good of you to come this evening, and I am ravished to receive you. Now, let me give you some tea? . . . Ah, see, Mr. St. Claire is already served! Since he grew so big a

man, the ladies are all ready to eat him up. Adolphe, is this a fresh teapot?"

The servant whom she addressed returned a respectful affirmative; and, with her own hands, Madame proceeded to pour out a cup of tea for the stranger guest.

"But do you not perhaps dance, Sir John Brentwood?" she inquired, as he took it from her hand.

"At present, Madame, I do not," he returned: "I have lost, not long since, a very dear relative."

"Ha? that is sad. I am sorry!" Madame gave him a sympathetic glance which afterwards swept over his attire and figure — taking in the black studs and other particulars of the former, and noting the manly build and easy grace of the latter. "I do not dance either," she resumed, "but I must now go below a little and see how my young people get on. Perhaps when you have finished your tea—" (Madame, lifting her eyes again to his face, had caught an expression of deep interest and unmistakable admiration in the gaze Sir John was bending upon her own handsome, clear-cut features) "though you care not to dance yourself, you might like to accompany me and see the ball-room?"

Sir John flushed a little under the sense that he was being offered a high favour. "Thank you, I should like it immensely," he replied, "and my cup is empty now. May I offer you my arm?"

"In one moment. First, I must say something to your friend, Mr. St. Claire." She beckoned that gentleman to approach. "Listen, now I forbid you to dance this evening. The young people in the ball room, they have no time to stare at you—they are too much occupied in amusing themselves. But, remember that you are what one calls a notability, and that it is your duty to suffer yourself to be stared at. So please, remain, to oblige me, in the drawing-rooms here."

"As you command, Madame, I must obey," assented St. Claire; "but when people make such a fuss of my little success it makes me feel quite small, I assure you. Though you are kind enough to call me so, I cannot believe that to have written a popular novel gives me any claim to be considered a notability." In his heart of hearts, St. Claire looked upon fiction as the highest description of literature and the noblest kind of art. Nevertheless, like most followers of the craft, he was in the habit of speaking of his productions in a light tone of disparagement, as though to have written a novel was a thing rather to be ashamed of than otherwise.

"Ah, you are too modest," said Madame, shaking her finger at him. "But if you *will* be clever, one cannot permit you to be also

humble. Now, Sir John Brentwood, I place myself beneath your wing."

Suiting the action to the word, the little woman passed her hand through the Baronet's arm, and smiled up into his face in her most bewitching fashion. About Madame Vandeleur's smile there always had been something eminently bewitching. Even the placid, dull-witted peasants in that far-away Canadian settlement, where, with her soul of fire and heaven-born genius, poor Marie had been so woefully out of place, had proved susceptible to its charm. If by chance a disposition had betrayed itself in any of the community, male or female, to rebel against a command or suggestion of hers, it had only needed that Madame should smile upon the culprit, and obedience was the inevitable result. As for poor simple Paul, to the very end of his miserable and ruined life he had thrilled with pleasure when the sunshine of his wife's smile had lighted upon him (an occurrence which, as a matter of course, had been very rare in his latter years). And now Sir John Brentwood—who, although a man of so different a calibre, was, as respected the guileless sincerity and naïveté of his character, to the full as simple as poor Paul had been—felt himself thrilling too.

To analyze Madame Vandeleur's smile, or to explain in what its fascination consisted, would be a difficult task. To the recipient, however, it conveyed a subtle sense of flattery and approbation. It was a distinction that was felt to be as marked and personal, as the caress of a monarch to a favourite subject.

"Shall we take, before we descend, one little turn here?" asked Madame, designating a long corridor out of which the drawing-rooms opened. Blazing with light, this broad landing, like the hall below, was brilliant with floral decoration. Palm-like shrubs in fancy pots, and stands of rare exotics, found place between curious old cabinets, filled with wonderful treasures in bric-à-brac, and Louis Quatorze chairs. Several other people were promenading the vestibule, or standing to gaze at one or other of the collection of fine modern paintings which adorned the walls—chaperons who had deserted their posts in the ball-room in favour of a little quiet gossip with a friend, or a pair of lovers who had stolen up here to "cool" themselves by dint of a warmer flirtation. Madame Vandeleur always encouraged a dash of Bohemianism at her parties—a freedom which, though it never degenerated into licence, caused them to be enormously popular, especially with the young. At her entertainments the whole house, as she gave them to understand, was thrown open to her guests—and this evening the continual flitting of stray

couples of youths and maidens up and down stairs, and in and out of the conservatories below, gave proof that advantage was being taken of the fact.

As Sir John Brentwood, with his hostess upon his arm, promenaded the grove-like corridor to the softened strains of a waltz that was being played by the band below, he felt as though he had been transported into a different world from the one he had inhabited in the morning. During the last few years he had been living alone, or worse than alone—shut out, by his self-sacrificing devotion to that dying youth, from all congenial or pleasant society. Now, under the influence of Madame Vandeleur's entrancing smile and piquant tones, a strange exhilaration had seized upon his spirit, and the Baronet felt as if he were renewing his youth.

There is no siren so powerful as the handsome, clever woman whose attractions, though mature, have not yet begun to fade. Who could fancy Delilah or Cleopatra as a girl of eighteen? And, notwithstanding that she had absolutely passed the age of forty, Madame Vandeleur had never in her life looked so handsome as now. No doubt the adventitious advantages of her dress and surroundings had something to do with this circumstance; but, at the same time, it is true that Madame's faultless features were of that sort with which time deals very leniently. and, as Sir John had declared to his friend, the little woman hardly looked a day older than she had done thirteen or fourteen years ago.

"Is it permissible to speak just one word of business?" asked Madame, pausing when they had reached the end of the corridor before a copy of Murillo's "Ecstasy of St. Anthony." "I am tantalized until I know if you mean to let me have your charming house."

"Without question, Madame, I do mean it. I shall be honoured to think of you as living beneath my roof."

"Ah, I am gratified. That is good!" Madame answered with sparkling eyes. "But how can you choose to desert yourself so beautiful a home?"

"It is not a question of choice with me, Madame."

"No?" Madame hesitated a moment as though about to pursue the subject. But she did not. "The house is a very old one, is it not?" she demanded. "How old, exactly?"

"The side wings and all that part round the courtyard at the back, including the towers, from which the house takes its name, is about four hundred years old. But the front façade is rather more recent; that was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

"Mon Dieu! And it has belonged always to your ancestors?"

Sir John bowed an affirmative. "I understand you have been down to inspect the house?" he inquired.

"But yes, indeed; and I was interested extremely. The house-keeper she showed me everywhere, and told me who were the long-dead-and-gone people in the great portrait gallery. But there are a thousand questions I should like to ask you. Will you come to-morrow and talk a little with me about the place? Ah, that will be so much more agreeable. We will arrange all between ourselves now as friends, is it not, and without the lawyer?"

"We can't throw McLellan overboard entirely, you know, Madame," rejoined Sir John, smiling, "but I will call to-morrow, with the greatest pleasure, and answer two thousand questions, if you like, instead of one."

"You are very obliging. Remember, then, I am at home to you only to-morrow afternoon. And now we will speak no more of business, but content ourselves for this evening to make each other's acquaintance."

And throughout the evening, whether Madame Vandeleur was anxious to push that acquaintance, or whether her complaisance was dictated by the fact that he was the greatest stranger to her amongst the company, it is certain that Sir John Brentwood was made to feel himself a favoured guest. When he left the house at two o'clock in the morning, the Baronet was in quite a fever of excitement. He was not, however, much disposed for conversation, and was thankful that the noisy rattling of St. Claire's cab gave him an excuse for silence.

Notwithstanding that he had enjoyed so much opportunity for talking with her, Sir John had not chosen to inform Madame Vandeleur that he had seen her before, and that, after a lapse of so many years, he had recognised her again on the instant that his eyes had lighted upon her. But to himself, now that he *had* seen her again, the circumstance of his recollecting her did not seem at all singular. Although forming as strong a contrast as possible to the fair, sweet girl who had been the wife of his youth, Madame Vandeleur's appearance had nevertheless touched Sir John's fancy as that of no other woman's except his wife's had ever done before or since. Certainly the case had hardly been a realisation of what Shakspeare calls "That saw of night—Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?" Sir John could not, strictly speaking, be said to have fallen in love with the pale, dark-eyed little woman whom he had spoken with for a few moments on the public road at Longenvale. Yet it was perfectly true, as he had told his friend, that her face had haunted him with the strangest persistency, for days and months, even for years.

He had made inquiries everywhere in the neighbourhood of Longenvale, with a view to discover whom she was, and he had been on the look out for that striking countenance which had so deeply interested and attracted him, whensoever he had travelled by rail, or wheresoever he had found himself for some time afterwards. But his eager desire to encounter again the object of this unaccountable fascination on his part had met only with disappointment; and, by degrees, as a matter of course, the powerful impression which had been made upon his mind had faded away. Now, however, through the unexpected introduction this evening to Madame Vandeleur, that impression had been renewed with a vengeance! Sir John Brentwood lay awake for hours that night, thinking over the singular circumstances of this tardy meeting, and looking forward with all the fervour and excitement of a boy to the private interview which Madame had promised him for the next day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

For her part, Madame Vandeleur had not retained any recollection of the gentleman from whom, on that occasion of her first visit to Longenvale, she had inquired her way to the estate of Lord Westaxon; and, even had she done so, it is hardly probable that she would have recognised that gentleman in Sir John Brentwood.

For, however it might have been in her own case, the fourteen years which had advanced him from the age of twenty-four to thirty-eight, had undoubtedly effected very considerable alteration in the Baronet's appearance.

But notwithstanding that, as she supposed, she had met him this evening for the first time, Madame Vandeleur, too, retired to rest with a flutter of excitation in her gentle breast à propos of this gentleman, which was almost as strong as that he was experiencing on her account. Between the nature, howbeit, of the feelings which had been awakened on either side there existed a very decided difference. Moreover, had Sir John Brentwood been asked to explain what his feelings were, and how it came to pass that this new encounter with Madame Vandeleur had dispelled so suddenly the pessimistic gloom which had been weighing upon his spirits, and had given him, as it were, a new interest in life, he would, in all probability, have been unable to answer the queries. Of her mental

perturbation, on the other hand, Madame Vandeleur could have supplied the most simple and straightforward rationale.

The fact was that Madame had read the honest-hearted middle-aged Baronet like a book. Although he might not yet have realised the truth in his consciousness, she was fully aware that she had made a conquest of him. His fancy, at least, she was convinced, had been attracted. She had noted how his admiring gaze had followed her every movement throughout the evening, and how, whenever she spoke to him or smiled at him, his face had kindled with pleasure. Such having been the effect of this one introductory visit, Madame entertained no manner of doubt as to her power of completing the Baronet's subjugation. With his guileless, ingenuous nature he offered the very best sort of material upon which to exercise her fascinations; and Madame had hardly been half an hour in Sir John Brentwood's company before she had made up her mind to marry him.

For some time now Madame Vandeleur had entertained the intention of re-marrying as soon as she could discover a suitable *parti*. Not, it need scarcely be said, that she coveted marriage for the sake of marriage, or that a husband was for her a desideratum of life.

The little woman felt quite competent to be her own philosopher, guard, and guide. It was not for a protector that Marie desired to enter again into the holy estate of matrimony, nor was it in order to ensure to herself love and friendship, though these things were not indifferent to her. Alas! it was ambition, not affection, that had prompted this design. It was a *title*, not a help-mate that Madame ached for, and until this evening she had looked upon the latter merely as an incumbrance that must be accepted along with the former.

In the person of Sir John Brentwood, however, Madame did not feel that the incumbrance would be a serious one hardly, indeed, that it would be an incumbrance at all. She could teach herself, she believed, to like this simple-minded Sir John, who in some ways reminded her of her poor unfortunate Paul in his better days. In the case of another suitor upon whom Madame had, until a few weeks ago, meant to bestow her hand, her sentiments in this respect had been very different.

Since the date when, in her early widowhood, Madame Vandeleur had changed her residence and burst forth in all the resplendency of her wealth and audacity, she had attracted many admirers. Several of these had been men of good family and position. But in vain had they laid themselves at Madame's feet, seeing that, with two excep-

tions, they had lacked the *sine quâ non* which she looked for in a husband—*i.e.*, the capacity of transmuting her into "my lady."

To add to her importance the further dignity of a title had become an imperative necessity to the little woman, the chief good for which her insatiable ambition now cried out. And yet, in the single instance in which she had been definitely offered this coveted boon, Madame had had the great good sense to decline it. For the encumbrance which, in that instance, would have gone with the title, had been a weak-minded boy of nineteen; and even Madame Vandeleur had felt that she hardly dared outrage, by such a union, the world's sense of propriety. But with the second exception from her ineligible suitors, the diversity in age had been on the other side, and had therefore constituted no objection. Lord Stone-Stretton, a patriarch of seventy-five, was the individual above referred to as he upon whom Madame had entertained the purpose of bestowing her hand. Through the agency, however, of an unlucky accident, that purpose, as has been already seen, had fallen through. Lord Stone-Stretton had not gone quite so far as to make the little sorceress a positive declaration, but he had unquestionably committed himself.

Accordingly, when, irrationally and foolishly enough, he had taken fright at the strange culmination of Madame's too perfect impersonation of Lady Macbeth, the timorous old man had felt himself on the horns of a double dilemma. Afraid now to invite Madame to become the Marchioness of Stone-Stretton, and equally afraid to remain in London without doing so, he had ignominiously fled, leaving Madame, if she chose, to wear the willow of desertion.

That Madame had not "worn the willow" was a matter of course. Only in the profoundest secrecy had she indulged her disappointment, execrating, by turns, the faithless Marquis and her own sensibility. In public she had, since the noble lord's disappearance, been gayer than ever.

And now Madame had caught sight of another prize which she considered, taken all in all, to be fully as valuable as the one that had escaped her. It is true that, under ordinary circumstances, the rank of a marquis is a very different thing from that of a baronet. But, in this case, the prestige of long descent and *sang pur* lay with Sir John. Beside the last representative of the Brentwood family the Marquis of Stone-Stretton was a parvenu.

This information Madame had acquired, in part from the lawyer, McLellan, and in part from the confirmatory testimony of several of her guests, whom, after Sir John's introduction to her, she had taken an opportunity of judiciously pumping. The disparity, therefore, be-

tween her position as Lady Brentwood or Lady Stone-Stretton would, as she understood, be more a question of convention than of actuality.

And, in other respects, how far the balance of advantage weighed in Sir John's favour! Madame had always disliked her ancient admirer. At present she detested him. Also, she had felt that he would not prove very manageable, either as a suitor or a husband; for, although shy and timid, he was, at the same time, both obstinate and suspicious. Before irrevocably binding himself by the *vinculum matrimonii*, he would, Madame had all along feared, have required to know more concerning her antecedents, and especially concerning the disposition of her property, than she might have found it convenient to disclose. In Sir John's case there was no danger of this sort to be apprehended. With her keen mental vision and nicety of discrimination, Madame had gauged very thoroughly this new quarry which she was now determined to run to earth. She believed, and with truth (despite that passing mistrust wherewith his lawyer's manner had inspired him), that Sir John Brentwood would be more inclined to take her for granted than any other man she knew, and also, that he would be more likely to prove entirely amenable to her government. Then, too, whilst the runaway Marquis was old, ugly, ill-tempered, poor, and covetous, Sir John presented a delightful contrast in all these regards—save, perhaps, the poverty. That he was in financial difficulties just now Madame was aware, but she had been assured by Mr. McLellan that these difficulties would only be of a temporary nature.

Her resolution fully taken, then, and her plan of action well matured, Madame awaited next day the advent of her visitor. Dressed with the greatest care, and with the light of the room subdued to an effective shade, she looked, Sir John thought, more handsome, refined, and graceful than on the previous evening. Amidst such surroundings, indeed, and aided by such studied elegance of attire, a much plainer woman than Marie Vandeleur might have appeared beautiful. But Marie's beauty was the least thing she depended upon. Her manner, always attractive when she had chosen to make it so, had been developed by practice into something positively seductive. Her chief study, in these last years, had been to perfect herself in the art of charming. And whilst by virtue of that inherent and inexplicable power which she possessed, she had reigned over the little world of fashion that she had managed to gather around her, Madame had never been known to wound the self-love of her meanest subject. People invariably left her presence pleased with themselves, no less than delighted with her.

Upon Sir John Brentwood the force of all these natural and acquired allurements was now brought to bear. This afternoon the Baronet remained two hours in Madame's company, and the time seemed to him as ten minutes ! When he took his leave, however, it was found that a few little matters which Madame still wished to ask about in reference to her proposed tenancy of Norbreck Towers, had been left untouched ; and with eager *empressement* Sir John fell in with her suggestion that he should call again on the following morning to discuss them.

He did so, but instead of discussing the point in question, he was drawn on to pour into Madame's sympathetic ear the story of his early marriage and brief wedded life ; and, also, of his subsequent trials with the unfortunate Alec. It was only when he returned to his chambers in the afternoon, after remaining to luncheon at Madame's house, that he reflected with wonderment on the extent to which he had given his confidence to one who was as yet a comparative stranger to him. And not understanding how purposely and adroitly (with that highest art which conceals art) he had been led into those candid confessions, the innocent fellow blushed for shame to remember how much he had talked of himself. Madame Vandeleur, he felt sure, must think him the most egotistical man on the face of the earth. How glad he was that he had promised to call again next day with a book she had expressed a desire to read, and that he would thus have a chance of trying to undo that impression.

Poor, simple Sir John, he was to enjoy with that dark-eyed little Delilah more chances than he suspected of making and receiving mutual impressions. Day after day, for nearly a fortnight, he found himself upon one excuse or other, under that hospitable roof in Grosvenor Square. At the end of this time he was brought, by the friendly banter of St. Claire on the subject of his attentions to the wealthy widow, to recognise the truth that Madame Vandeleur had bewitched and infatuated him ; that, as he would have put it himself, he had fallen deeply in love with her.

But, together with this recognition, had come the fear (also suggested by his friend's badinage) that, in his pursuit of Madame Vandeleur, he might be set down by the world as a fortune-hunter. And so obnoxious to the high minded Baronet was the bare notion of such a suspicion as attaching to his conduct, that for two whole days he absented himself from his *Dulcinea*.

On the third day a note recalled him to his allegiance, and he answered the summons with ready alacrity. Then, feeling that the time was now ripe for it, Madame played an important card. In

company with Sir John, who believed that the proposition that they should visit it together had emanated from himself, Madame went down to see Norbreck Towers again.

With its owner for cicerone, she inspected every nook and corner of the delightful and imposing old mansion. Then, with a light in her fine eyes, which did not look as though it were kindled by the sentiments which really inspired it, and, in her lowest and sweetest tones, Madame suddenly protested to Sir John that she dared not become his tenant, because she was sure that, if she once came to live at the Towers, she could never endure to leave the place again. In an instant, as she had expected (for Madame had calculated carefully the right moment for making this very leading suggestion), the Baronet was at her feet.

"Ah! Madame, if I only dared to ask you never to leave it again!" he cried. "If I only dared venture to beg you to become the mistress of my home! Of my heart," he added, with an earnestness which prevented the remark from appearing a little melodramatic "of my heart you are already mistress. I love you! dear Madame, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

The final question was put with simple dignity. Sir John stood upright, his manly figure towering above that of the slight little woman whose answer he awaited, one hand stretched out towards her with a pleading gesture.

The answer was not long delayed. Marie, naturally, did not blush; she smiled, which did a great deal better; and placing her hand in that of the Baronet, whispered softly, "And I too, mon ami, I love you!"

An hour later the pair were on their way back to London, and Madame was relating to her future husband all that she deemed it well to relate to him concerning her past history.

Satisfied, now that he had taken that step which for an honourable man was beyond redemption—that loyalty to his word, no less than affection for herself, would carry him through the little trial, Madame informed him, with perfect frankness, how far she was from being a person of good birth. She gave him to understand something of her former life in the backwoods of Canada. (Sir John had hitherto supposed her to be a Parisian.) She even told him about the restaurant, and how that it was only two or three years since she had finally dissolved all connection with that flourishing concern, and sold out her interest to an immense advantage. Finally, she scattered to the winds that interesting fiction about her husband having been a political refugee, and communicated pretty accurately the truth re-

specting poor Paul and his unhappy career. Yet, in making these disclosures, the little woman contrived to keep her personal dignity entirely untarnished. Sir John bore them remarkably well. It was true that, along with his simplicity of nature, the Baronet possessed also a great deal of inherited pride ; but the potency of his enthrallment, as Madame had soundly concluded, would have enabled him to have borne without flinching a greater shock than this.

And, as it proved, Madame Vandeleur had been wise in thus placing herself in shelter against any chance discovery that Sir John might have made before marriage about her antecedents.

Mr. McLellan had owned that he knew something of the rich widow's history. He had learned it through Signor Crespino Barretti, for whom he had acted for many years as legal adviser. Happily, however, he knew nothing more, nor even so much, as Madame had herself told her betrothed ; so that when, with deep uneasiness (on the latter's going to announce to him his engagement), the solicitor began, from a sense of duty, to give a softened account of Madame's connection with the restaurant, he discovered that he was indeed launching a *brutum fulmen* at the Baronet's head.

But notwithstanding this well-considered candour, Madame had reserved one or two little circumstances from the knowledge of her future husband. She had not confided to him, for instance, that one of the two youths whom she had sent for to run up from Oxford to be introduced to him, was not in reality her own child. Nor had she yet communicated the fact, that, in a year or so, the property in Canada, from which she at present derived so large an income, would pass into the hands of her elder son. These, and some other small particulars, she had decided, might be kept for revelation until after marriage.

Meantime, it had been arranged that the marriage should take place immediately. There was nothing to wait for. Both parties in the contract were of mature age and independent position. Sir John Brentwood was lonely, and Madame Vandeleur was wishful to enter as speedily as possible upon the new dignity of her title.

There were merely the settlements to agree upon, and that business was disposed of on principles of the strictest mutual accord. Madame proposed to pay off at once Sir John's most pressing liabilities, and to arrange for an early satisfaction of all claims upon him. On his part, Sir John insisted that all the widow's property, of whatsoever sort, should be settled upon herself, and he further made generous provision for her out of his own personal estate.

At Madame's request, the intended marriage was not made public

until a day or two before it took place. Nevertheless, the fashionable church, St. George's, Hanover Square, was crowded to witness the ceremony that transformed Madame Vandeleur into Lady Brentwood. With her characteristic good taste, Marie had ordered that the wedding, as regarded her personal adornment, and the invited guests (who, though few, were very select) should be an extremely quiet one. After the breakfast in Grosvenor Square, the bride and bridegroom departed for a short wedding-trip through France and Italy. It had been Sir John's wish to spend the honeymoon at a small estate he possessed in Scotland; but that notion had been over-ruled by Madame, who, in her secret mind, had resolved to spend the greater part of the time allotted to their absence in Paris.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TRIO OF OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES.

OXFORD Trinity Term was ended. The first day of the long vacation had arrived, and from early morning the railway station of this modern Athens had been in a ferment of bustle and business. The general exodus had commenced in earnest, and the swarming from that great intellectual hive of over ten thousand men and youths was hardly to be accomplished without a little confusion. Between two and three in the afternoon the crowd at the railway station had about reached its maximum density. Principals and provosts, professors and tutors, graduates and undergraduates—all more or less excited by the prospect of their protracted holiday—were rushing hither and thither in apparent aimlessness, or being gradually absorbed into two long trains which stood waiting for their passengers on different lines.

One of these trains—(that marked for earliest departure)—was an express to Reading, at which town it would divide—one portion going direct to London, the other continuing in a south-easterly direction, towards Surrey and Sussex. By the door of a compartment, in the hinder part of this train (the Surrey portion), a fair young man stood anxiously beckoning another young fellow to approach.

"We can crush in here, Louis," he said, when his summons had been obeyed.

"No, no! Come away, Claude?" was the half-whispered reply. "I've just heard the station-master say he was going to put on another carriage. Hold on a bit, and we'll get a comfortable place."

The other obeyed, and

his case met with

its reward. Another first-class carriage was speedily attached ; and, slipping into the last compartment of it, the two young men found themselves its sole occupants, with the exception of a couple of elderly ladies.

As, however, the train was in the very act of moving out of the station, the door of this end compartment was suddenly thrown open again—and, with the words—"Here you are, sir ; jump in quick !" a fifth person was added to the company, or, to speak more correctly, precipitated amongst them.

This was a young gentleman, apparently about twenty years of age, with a countenance not at all handsome, but comely enough and pleasant. He had large grey eyes, out of which he looked people straight in the face—rather full lips, and a chin decidedly too square for beauty. His figure, also, was of the square type—somewhat short, but with broad shoulders, deep chest, and well-shaped, muscular limbs. At present his face was flushed, and he panted a little as he sank into his seat, and observed, with a smile, to the two young men opposite him,—

"By Jupiter ! I've only just saved my bacon."

Considering that the speaker was the grandson of an earl, and that he was expecting, at any moment almost, to succeed to that title himself, the colloquialism was perhaps a little vulgar. But Oxford undergraduates are rarely above the use of slang, and neither of the gentlemen he had addressed appeared greatly shocked by the remark.

"Yes," returned one of them, "you certainly made a near shave of it." The new-comer settled himself more comfortably in his corner.

"I did so," he rejoined. "I'd been lunching, you see, with one of our men who is stopping up to read, poor beggar ; and the time slipped away faster than I thought. But I wouldn't have missed this train for a kingdom. I have got to take a little sister of mine up at Reading, and she'd have been in an awful funk if I'd been *non est*. By the way, may I introduce myself? I know you two gentlemen—well by sight—and, *of course*, by reputation ; but you don't know me—Stenhouse, of Magdalen?"

His interlocutors, after cordially acknowledging the self-introduction, exchanged a quick and rather surprised glance.

"We've heard of you," answered the younger, "though we haven't had the honour of making your acquaintance before. My brother had a letter this morning in which your name was mentioned. Rather a curious coincidence, isn't it? *Your* mother called a day or two

ago upon our mother, and, as I suppose you know, we shall have the pleasure of being neighbours?"

"No, by Jove; but I'm jolly glad to hear it," exclaimed young Stenhouse, looking astonished in his turn. "Why, where is your place?"

"At Longenvale, I suppose. At all events, that's where the mother is at present. She and her husband have just returned from their wedding-trip. Sir John and Lady Brentwood"—he explained, smiling as he noted to what a width his *vis à-vis's* grey eyes had distended themselves. "You hadn't heard of the marriage, then? I fancied, from what you said about knowing us, that you might."

"Nay, I'd reason enough to know you without that," the other protested, leaning forward quite excited. "But this is good news. Of course, I knew that Sir John Brentwood had just been married again. But how can I explain it to you that I didn't know the lady's name? You see, it was rather a sudden affair, wasn't it?"

"Very sudden to us," put in Claude Vandeleur.

"My sister wrote and told me about it. But she only said that the lady Sir John had married was a French widow, terribly rich. She did not even mention the name. Girls are not very explicit, as a rule, you know. To be sure, I might have seen it in the papers, if I had looked," he acknowledged. "But, to tell the truth, I didn't feel so particularly interested. Sir John is our nearest neighbour, certainly, but he has been away from Longenvale almost ever since we went there to live with my uncle. I wish I *had* known, though, that it was your mother he had married. It would have given me a sort of excuse to call upon you fellows."

"I should think you did not require any excuse for that," observed Louis politely, "if inclination prompted you to the kindness, the honour would have been all in our favour."

"Oh, come, you know you Vandeleurs of Balliol are great guns in the University. One of you with the Ireland Scholarship, and a prize poem; the other——"

"Oh yes, to be sure," broke in Claude, laughing, "the other having distinguished himself by being plucked for his Little-Go, to begin with—escaping a second plough by the skin of his teeth, and doing less reading than any other man in his college. My brother, though," he subjoined, laying his hand with a glance of exultant pride on Louis' shoulder, "he *is* a clever little fellow, isn't he? To think of him carrying off the Scholarship in his sixth term. I'm ready to back him against the whole University to take a Double First."

"Now, Claude, don't talk

"*impatiently.*

"He's such a fellow for disparaging himself. I assure you, if he only chose to exert himself, he'd make a name in the schools. Why look at his head. There's no lack of brain there, I guess? But a man can't cultivate mind and muscle at the same moment."

"And he doesn't need. Come, now, don't you know, Mr. Vandeleur, you're the biggest man in Oxford? Even the Don would admit it. To win those two races, as you did this year, and to be elected Stroke of the University Eight—good heavens! what's a *pluck* to count against an honour like that?"

Claude laughed again, a hearty, ringing laugh.

"It's very good of you to say so," he returned, "and to tell the truth, if it wasn't for vexing my mother I'm afraid I shouldn't care very much about turning out such a dunce. I oughtn't to have been sent to college at all. It's a great waste of money—only the mother would insist. She says it's the hall-mark of a gentleman—a University education."

"Well, of course, it's the correct cheese," admitted the Hon. George Stenhouse; "but, for that matter, I'm in the same boat with you. I content myself with the minimum amount of study and the maximum amount of enjoyment that is to be got out of the situation."

"And there's plenty of amusement going, isn't there?" laughed Claude. "I never find any term dull. And of course I mean to stick to the ship so long as my brother takes over his innings," he added, with an easy mixture of metaphor.

"Well, I don't. I intend to desert the academical 'ship,' as you call it, directly I have the chance. And, in fact, I expect to be *obliged* to almost immediately. . . Whew! how hot it is! Do you think those ladies would object to having both windows open?"

"I'll ask them," said Louis. And moving to the other end of the carriage he lifted his cap to put the question, thus uncovering his curly black locks and broad white forehead.

"I say, what an awfully good-looking fellow he is!" remarked young Stenhouse, nodding towards the junior but addressing the senior Vandeleur.

"Yes, isn't he?" ejaculated Claude, enthusiastically. "And he's just as good as he's good-looking."

"Humph," was the somewhat inconsequent rejoinder. "I wish I'd a brother like you, by Jove! But, I say"—after a moment's pause—"you don't resemble each other in the least. No one in the world would take you for brothers. You are cut out, you know, on quite a different pattern."

"Yes," assented Claude. "Louis is more like my mother, who is small and dark, whereas I am more like my father."

"Who was your father, if it isn't a rude question?" demanded out-spoken George.

"Well, his name was Paul Vandeleur," answered Claude, smiling and colouring a little. "I'm afraid we haven't very much pedigree to boast of." With the fear of his mother before his eyes, and the memory of her strict injunctions in his mind, Claude Vandeleur dared venture upon no broader admission than this.

"Now, I'm rather glad of that," was the unexpected rejoinder. "For I'm in the same boat with you again there."

"You! Why are you not Lord Westaxon's nephew?"

Before he could reply Louis returned, faintly shrugging his shoulders. "The old dames object to air," he reported, "but, thank the Fates, they get out at Reading. Oh, it's all right! They are both stone deaf," he went on in answer to a cautioning gesture from Claude, "we need not trouble to modulate our tones."

"That's satisfactory—I mean about their getting out at Reading," remarked young Stenhouse. "We must have my sister in here and then I can introduce you to her. She is the most charming girl in the world, *bar one*. By the way"—with a look of comic dismay—"I hope neither of you fellows will cut me out there."

"You'd better tell us *where*," suggested Louis.

"Oh, you'll find that out soon enough! There are precious few young ladies near Longenvale; and there's nobody like *her*."

"Ah, well, I think we may promise not to poach on your preserves. Neither Claude nor I is of the spoony sort," affirmed Louis.

"That's a comfort!" (He evidently felt it so.) "But how jolly it is that you should be going down there. I can hardly believe it. Do you mean to spend all the Long at Norbreck Towers? Then we can shoot together, can't we, and have a real good time? That is, if my uncle holds out a bit longer," he appended.

"The Earl is very ill, is he not?" asked Louis. "My mother mentioned, in her letter to Claude, that he was not expected to recover. Has he been ill long?"

"All *my* life, and longer," George replied. "It has been a peculiar case, poor old fellow! For twenty years and more his existence has been a sort of death in life. The doctors consider his tenacity a positive miracle; and, indeed, it does seem like it. When my father died, nearly three years ago, he sent for us all (that is my mother, sister, and myself) to go and live a"

they hardly thought he could live from day to day, and, you see, I'm the heir. Yet he is alive still; so, though they say things are looking awfully bad with him just now, it's rather like the cry of 'Wolf, wolf,' you know."

"Would you mind telling me," questioned Claude, rather stiffly, when he paused, "what you meant, a little while ago, by saying that you were in the same boat with us regarding pedigree? It appears to me——"

"Hold hard! don't suspect a fellow's veracity without cause," interposed the other. "I can justify the statement easily enough. My maternal grandfather began life as a pawnbroker! Come, you can't beat *that* in the way of an ancestor?"

"But how did he end life?" broke in Louis, with a view to evading one query by the pressure of another.

"Ah! that's a different thing," laughed George. "He ended it by entertaining royalty at his house, and getting knighted for the proceeding."

"Dear me!" interjected one of his listeners.

"Yes, he made an unconscionable fortune in business, not pawnbroking, of course, but as a Liverpool merchant. He deserted 'the three balls' before my mother was born, I believe. Still, I always look on that sign with deep family affection, and once I took the opportunity of popping my watch in order to encourage the profession. I wasn't short of tin at the time, for I had twenty pounds in my pocket; it was pure *esprit de* what do you call it?"

"Sky-larking, I should call it," said Louis, smiling in frank delight with this amiable and unpretentious rattle. "But I suppose you can afford to make light of one grandfather when you've got the other to balance him against?"

"Make light of him? I beg your pardon, I was doing no such thing. It wouldn't be easy to make light of twenty-three stone, and that, I understand, was his weight to a fraction."

"I was speaking figuratively," suggested Louis.

"Oh, I see! Well, without any figure, allow me to assure you that I think quite as much of one grandfather as the other; or, no, the one that kicks the beam in my estimation is Sir Peter Godfrey, decidedly! Why, the man carved out his own fortune, made himself a name and a place in the world by dint of brains and energy, and he's to be respected for it. The other—now what credit is there in being born to an earldom?"

"O, none whatever," answered Claude, laughingly, as the youth paused for a response to his naive question.

"No, there is *not*," resumed George, growing suddenly grave. "I consider it a disgrace instead of a credit. In my opinion, no man has any prescriptive right to inherit either a title or land. Here are we Westaxons in possession of quarter of a county or so, just because one of our ancestors distinguished himself by pandering to the vices of a king. But what right had the king to bestow the land? Did he make it? or what right have we to keep it? Is not land the original inheritance of the whole species, and such wholesale appropriation of it an injustice?"

"Hear, hear! ironical cheers from the gallery!" cried Louis.

"Most becoming sentiments," added practical Claude; "but how does the future Earl of Westaxon propose to act in view of holding them?"

"Oh, I have my schemes, but there isn't time to enunciate them now. We are getting close to Reading. But if we see as much of each other at Longenvale as I hope we shall, I'll give you the full benefit of my ideas. I don't mean to bore you with them, though," he promised. "Only, I tell you in confidence, I'm a thorough-going Fourierist."

Two peals of laughter greeted this announcement.

"Strikes me you don't believe what I say?" George looked annoyed for a moment, but the next his countenance cleared. "All right: wait a bit till you know me better!" he subjoined calmly. "Now, here we are. Try and keep seats for my sister and me, will you? Ah, there she is!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MISS MADELINE STENHOUSE.

SCARCELY waiting for the train to stop, George Stenhouse sprang lightly to the ground. The attention of the Vandeleur brothers was then absorbed by the two deaf and rather disobliging old ladies. Louis assisted them, with gentlemanly courtesy, to collect a number of small belongings wherewith they had encumbered themselves, after the manner of old-fashioned elderly ladies in travelling, whilst Claude alighted in order to help them from the carriage. When they had moved off, under convoy of a porter to whom he had committed an assortment of their bags, parcels, and umbrellas, Claude re-entered. "Lovable sort of boy that, isn't he?" he asked, referring, as a matter of course, to their late companion. "Do you see him anywhere?"

Louis searched the platform with his eyes, "No," he answered. "But was it not singular that the mother should have suggested that we might perhaps travel down to Longenvale together? That Communist craze of his, if it's to be taken seriously, seems rather absurd. But I like the fellow. Isn't that he, with his back to us?"

"Talking to that stout dowager and the sallow little girl? It is; yes."

"That will be his sister, then, the one on his arm. I wonder what she is like?"

He did not need to wonder long; for, even as he spoke, young Stenhouse turned, and began, with his party, to approach the carriage.

"Ciel!" ejaculated Claude, using his mother's favourite interjection, "how beautiful she is!"

Louis made no response; but his gaze rivetted itself unconsciously on the face of the girl who was leaning upon George Stenhouse's arm, not hanging upon it, for she was nearly as tall as he. When the little group had come opposite to the compartment, George bestowed on his new acquaintances a friendly nod, which caused his sister to glance in their direction for an instant. It was only for an instant, however. Evidently the girl had no eyes and no thought, for the time being, for anyone or anything but her brother, whose countenance she was devouring with her affectionate regards. George, for his part, was conversing volubly with the elder of her companions—a lady with whom his sister had been visiting for the last three weeks—and so he continued to do up to the last moment. Then, as the train whistled for departure, hurried adieus were said, and the two young people got in, Miss Stenhouse's maid, who had been hovering at a distance round the group, having found a place in the next carriage.

"Now, Madeline, let me introduce my friends," began George, when the train had steamed out of the station, and she had waved a final farewell to her late entertainer. "Mr. Vandeleur—Mr. Louis Vandeleur. Guess who these gentlemen are, Maddy?"

Miss Stenhouse looked at the gentlemen in question with a gaze as frank and direct as that of her brother. But although in expression they resembled his, Madeline's eyes were of quite a different shade from those of George. They were blue, but a blue so deep that it was difficult at times to tell what was their exact colour. They were shaded, moreover, by long, dark lashes, and surmounted by well-arched eyebrows of the same shade. Yet Madeline's hair was of the brightest golden tint. Such a combination is very

rare, and, partly, perhaps, by reason of its rarity, very attractive. A delicate complexion, a pretty mouth—with a short dainty upper lip—and a peculiarly graceful figure, completed the list of the girl's charms. But, for all this, Madeline Stenhouse was not really "beautiful," as Claude had called her. Some people declared that it was her nose that spoiled her, and certainly it was not a pretty nose, being, in comparison with the rest of her features, disproportionately large, and even a little bulbous at the end. Other friendly detractors, again, found fault with the shape of Madeline's face, which, like her brother's, was square about the chin, though not in the least heavy. These critics, however, belonged solely to her own sex; for although, to her knowledge, Madeline Stenhouse had never yet had a lover, and most decidedly had never yet begun to let her thoughts run on the tender passion, there was something in the gaze of those soft dark eyes of hers that went straight to the masculine heart. Each of the young Vandeleurs was conscious of a little unwonted flutter of that organ within their respective bosoms, as they submitted to the girl's searching and perfectly unembarrassed scrutiny. "I can't guess, George," she observed at length, in answer to his question, "I've never seen them before. Have I?" she appealed to Claude.

Claude flushed slightly as he returned a negative reply.

"But you have heard the name, Maddy?" resumed her brother. "Lady Brentwood was a Mrs. Vandeleur, and these two are her sons. They are going down now to Norbreck Towers for the Long."

"Oh! she must be quite old then, the bride? Mamma wrote of her as though she were a young lady," was the innocently ingenuous, if rather blunt, comment.

"She does look young," put in Louis; "you would think she was our sister, rather than our mother—especially the mother of this big fellow who looks so much older than he is."

"How old *are* you?" demanded George.

"How old should you think?" returned Claude.

"O, about twenty-four or five."

"I am not twenty yet."

"Is that possible? Then I have the advantage of you, actually! But, upon my word, you know, with that moustache ——".

"You would hardly suppose that there is only one year between my brother and me, would you?" Louis interrupted, addressing Miss Stenhouse. "I shall not be nineteen for three months. But I am sure I feel older than that, if I don't look so."

"I don't know about *you*, but your brother certainly does," Madeline rejoined, with an easy incompleteness of speech. "But

some people are like that. Rose Featherston, for instance, you know, George, is not quite sixteen, and yet she looks nearly as old as I do, and I am eighteen."

"Well, we are all very much of a muchness as to age," summed up George, "therefore I think we ought to have some jolly times together. Isn't it exhilarating, Madeline, to think of having such a famous addition to our society in that quiet spot."

"Yes, indeed, I am very glad!" acknowledged Madeline, with artless candour. "Do you know Longenvale at all?" This interrogation was directed to Claude.

"Not at all," rejoined that young gentleman abruptly. He would have liked to add something to the remark, but his conversational powers seemed to have deserted him. Miss Madeline Stenhouse, one would have thought, was about the last person in the world to inspire anyone with shyness. Yet, under the gaze of her calm eyes, which had in them something of a child's earnest and penetrative observation, Mr. Claude Vandeleur did feel unaccountably shy. But at the best of times, he was never quite so ready of diction as Louis.

"No," broke in the latter, "we have never been to Longenvale before, Miss Stenhouse; and, more than that, we have only seen our respected father-in-law twice—once, for a few hours, when mother sent for us to run up to London to be introduced to him, and again at the wedding. So, as you may imagine, this is rather an exciting experience for us going down to his house for the first time. It is not very often, you know, that fellows at our age get a new father."

"Indeed, no! Don't you dislike it? I should feel awfully vexed if my mamma were to marry again. I beg your pardon, that sounds rather invidious and rude. I did not mean to be rude."

"I am sure of that," protested Louis warmly. "It was *not* rude in the least. But, really, I don't dislike it at all. Sir John Brentwood was so kind and friendly to Claude and me. We both thought him a delightful man. But if I *had* regretted the wedding before, I should cease to do so *now*," he subjoined blushing directly the words were out of his mouth, at the significance of the emphasis he had thrown into them.

Madeline regarded him with a little astonishment. She could not make out what he was blushing at, but thought that he perhaps found the subject unpleasant, so hastened to change it.

"Did you have a letter lately from mamma, George?"

"Only a few lines, yesterday just to say something pretty about being glad to have me at home again, and also to urge me to be sure to come by this train because of you—as though I was likely to miss it."

"You *did* nearly miss it, you wretched boy!" she cried, intercepting a grimace at his companions. How enraged I should have been if you had, you careless—darling. I had one of mamma's little scrawls, too, yesterday; but it was only about uncle. Mamma has something wrong with the tendons of her right arm," she explained, parenthetically, to the youths opposite; "it hurts her to hold a pen, so she never writes more than a few lines, and as seldom as possible."

"What did she say about uncle, Maddy?" asked her brother.

"Oh, she thinks he is decidedly weaker. If we had not both arranged to return home to-day, she would have felt, she said, that she ought to send for us."

"Is Lord Westaxon confined to bed?" questioned Louis.

"He has been so for nearly two years," George returned. "There are two professional nurses always in attendance upon him. My sister and I are never allowed to go into his room; but he likes mamma to visit him once every day, for five minutes. That is the reason we keep on living here, instead of in Lancashire. An aunt of mamma's is using our place there at present."

"But I like Longenvale ever so much better than Windthorpe, George," said his sister. "The country around is so lovely."

"Yes, there are some stunning rides over the moors. You must ride with us, you fellows, and we'll show you all the views. I sent my horses down yesterday, Maddy."

"Oh, did you? I have had such a delightful visit, George, at Lady Madgwick's."

"Ah, yes? I want to hear all about," responded her brother, with unaffected interest. "Tell us what you have been doing, Maddy?"

Miss Stenhouse at once complied, and during most of the journey that remained she entertained her three companions (for with her natural unreserve and simple courtesy she kept including the two Vandeleurs in the conversation) by an account of various local gaieties—a dance or two, a dinner, several garden-parties, and a picnic, wherein she had participated. It had been her first introduction to anything like society, for although eighteen, Madeline was not yet "out." Lord Westaxon's state of health had proved the impediment to her presentation this season, but her mother had resolved that nothing must interfere with the accomplishment of that grave social duty on her daughter's behalf next year.

Thus, with that amiable readiness to fraternise, which, in early youth, is one of the best proofs of a pure unspoiled nature, these four young people struck up quite an intimacy, and when they reached

their destination, parted as though they had been friends for years, instead of a few hours.

The district of Longenvale had not yet been desecrated by the vulgarising intrusion of a railroad. The nearest line, or station, lay four miles away, and that distance had to be driven. A carriage awaited Miss Stenhouse and her brother—with a drag for the maid and luggage ; whilst a light dog-cart had been sent for Claude and Louis Vandeleur.

Mounting to the latter the young men were soon whirled out of sight of those heavier equipages with the Earl's coronet and crest upon them. Their minds, however, were full of their new acquaintances, and so, for a time, was their talk. But, by-and-by, shaking themselves free (not without a conscious effort on either side) from this subject of distraction, they reverted to that which had been exercising their interest and curiosity for many days—the approaching meeting with their mother in her new home and relationship.

Naturally, also, as they drove along, the scenery of the neighbourhood attracted their attention. On the border-land between Surrey and Sussex, the road wound about in the very heart of that most beautiful district. To give an idea of the varied charms of the landscape would be difficult. Breezy uplands, on the one hand, were covered with bracken and heather, which luxuriates nowhere else in southern England save here and in some corners of Hampshire. Again, for miles at a stretch, those high-lying commons were ablaze with gold. That right royal flower which St. Louis, entwining with his white lilies, made the insignia of knighthood, and which has given the name of Plantagenet to a race of English monarchs, was at present in full bloom—though perhaps the glory of it was beginning, in this second week of July, to be just a trifle tarnished. For although, in this vicinity the gorse and broom (its constant associate) make shift to blossom all the year round, their full beauty is donned in early June. No doubt it was in that month that their delicate fragrance and rich yellow beauty so affected the senses of the great Linnæus, when a visitor to this spot, that he could not avoid falling on his knees, enraptured by the vision.

As they caught sight now, for the first time, of those vast aureate patches on the rounded, gently sloping range of hills, the young Vandeleurs grew silent with delight. But to gaze long at that sheeny brilliancy—heightened, at this moment, by the level rays of the declining sun—was dazzling to the eyes, and it became a relief to turn to the left, where a line of almost continuous woods bordered the winding road. Then, as they drew nearer to the end of their

drive the young men enjoyed passing glimpses on either hand of delicious green lanes overhung with foliage, and looking refreshingly cool and inviting, with the quivering shadows lying on their sun-chequered pathways. At length, after passing a few tiny hamlets and scattered farmsteads, came the village of Longenvale. A very picturesque village it was—consisting of about a score of cottages, charmingly irregular in their construction, and showing a pleasing variety in the colours of their red-tiled or brown-thatched roofs. Just through the village the road divided. At a short distance down one of the branching highways stood an ancient looking church, with the numerous chimney-stacks, and divided, pointed roof of the vicarage visible beyond it. But it was down the other road that the dog-cart turned, and, three minutes later, Claude and Louis Vandeleur had passed through the lodge-gates, and were in sight of Norbreck Towers.

The building was a fine one, with a massive imposing aspect. Its front façade, which was the most recent portion, was in the domestic gothic of the Tudor epoch, with heavily mullioned projecting windows, and a large porch with six pointed arches. The rest of the pile was of a different architecture; but the medley, which included two round towers with battlemented summits, had an effect the opposite of disagreeable or incongruous.

Inside the wide entrance-hall the young men found Sir John and Lady Brentwood waiting to receive them. The latter, in a trailing black lace dress, with bunches of white roses at her neck and waist, stood with her hand resting on her husband's arm. And in the framework of that huge baronial-looking hall (with a couple of knights in armour and ancient high-backed chairs, carved benches and tables of black oak to furnish it) Madame's distinguished little figure seemed to have found an appropriate setting.

Bestowing a very warm, and outwardly impartial greeting upon her two boys, she led them into a room to the right of the hall, a drawing-room sumptuously appointed, but in the style of a bygone century. Here Sir John Brentwood repeated the hearty welcome, which already he had accorded them, and the ring of his kindly voice was so honest and true, that the young fellows found it impossible to doubt the sincerity of that welcome. And, as a matter of fact, it may here be stated, that, instead of regarding her sons, as Madame had at first feared he might do, as encumbrances upon, if not impediments to, their union, the Baronet—when once he had seen them—had declared, unhesitatingly, that he looked upon their existence as an additional attraction to the marriage. Intuitively he felt that he should like, and could learn to love, them both, and that

he should find in his relations with them a solace for the misery which he had suffered through the unhappy Alec.

And so far, at all events, neither Sir John nor Lady Brentwood had, it was evident, found cause to regret their hasty marriage. Both were in excellent spirits. Madame, for her part, had felt happier (so she often told herself) in these few weeks since her second marriage, than ever she had done in her life before. Sir John had proved the most satisfactory of husbands, entirely amenable to her influence, the model of obedience and submission. He had stayed in Paris, upon their wedding trip, just as long as she had desired; that was until they had met Lord Stone-Stretton, and Marie had had an opportunity of revenging herself, as she had done in her own peculiar way, upon that recreant nobleman. Then they had gone on to Italy, and "my lady" (ah! how Marie loved those two sweetly sounding words) here laid herself out to please the warm-hearted, simple-minded Baronet, who, as a consequence, had grown more fascinated and enchanted with her than ever.

After dinner this evening, however, Sir John was destined to see, for the first time, a frown on his wife's brow. That frown was called up by the proud and delighted announcement which Claude then made respecting the Scholarship, and other honours, which Louis had gained: the result of the University examinations, which had taken place whilst the newly married couple had been travelling abroad, having been withheld until now at Louis' own request.

"Louis! It is always Louis—always Louis!" cried Madame, springing from her chair and beginning to pace the room in wrathful impatience. "And you Claude, what have *you* done?"

"Wasted my time, as usual, I am afraid," returned Claude deprecatingly. "But, mother, if you could only realize what honour Louis had done us, you would feel more than satisfied! How could you expect to have *two* sons like him? That wouldn't be fair, you know, to——"

"Listen to me, mother," broke in Louis. "That dear old duffer always makes such a fuss of my small successes. Now let me tell you about *his*. Why, only to-day I heard him called 'the biggest gun in the University!'" And throwing the most brilliant colouring he could into his description, Louis related, in his turn, how Claude's skill and energy had saved Oxford's honour, at a critical juncture, on the river this year, and had brought the University off triumphant, and how, in recognition of his service, he had been elected (on the retirement of his august predecessor) to the tremendous dignity of Stroke of the Eight.

As she listened, Lady Brentwood's face cleared. But it was not

without an effort that she concealed the chagrin which still possessed her. For, whilst she did not undervalue physical prowess, her ladyship's notions upon this subject by no means coincided with those of Mr. George Stenhouse; she decidedly preferred the triumph of mind to muscle. However, it would not do to betray that she also very decidedly preferred her elder to her younger son, and that the jealousy of Louis' superior abilities and reputation, whereof Claude himself showed no symptom, was rankling on his account in her maternal bosom. Therefore, whilst for a short time she continued her walk to and fro in the long apartment, she turned a smiling countenance upon the three gentlemen, who were standing in a little group together, Claude in his favourite attitude with one hand resting on his brother's shoulder.

"Louis is very like me, is he not, *mon ami*?" she inquired, presently coming to a pause near them.

"He is like you in having dark eyes and hair, my dear Marie," rejoined her husband. "But, as to features," looking from one to the other, "I cannot trace any great resemblance."

"I'll tell where the resemblance comes in more strikingly than in his face, mother," observed Claude laughing. "He has inherited your brains, the whole lot you had to spare. As for me, I don't know how you contrived that I should be so different, both in mind and person. I mightn't be your son at all!"

"Perhaps you are *not* my son? Perhaps I only adopted you? What should you say if I told you that was so?" inquired Madame smiling, but in a curious fashion.

"Well, I think I should say I did not believe you," answered Claude.

"Ah! Then, . . . Shall I play you a little on my harp?" There was a universal acclamation of assent; and Sir John flew to draw forth from its corner the handsome instrument which had been brought down from London. At present, Madame's house in Grosvenor Square was left under the charge of a housekeeper; but some of the servants were still retained on board wages. Though it was her intention to live here, for some considerable time, Marie was already beginning to ache for the life and excitement of London. She knew that existence in this quiet country spot would not very long be tolerable to her, that it would not be tolerable at all, but that she had in view the prospect of an adventure, a sensation, a crisis in the drama of her life which was to find its scene here, and which, even in anticipation, thrilled and moved her as only one other passage in her eventful career had ever yet possessed the power to do.

Lady Brentwood was fond of her harp, and she played it well.

But whilst her glittering fingers strayed softly over its strings, she encouraged her companions to talk, listening with attention whenever Claude and Louis reverted to the subject of the new acquaintances they had made this afternoon. Already at the dinner table they had related how George Stenhouse had introduced himself to them, and both young men had talked a great deal about him, and a very little about his sister.

When the two youths retired to rest at the close of a most pleasant evening, their mother accompanied them upstairs.

"Do you like your room, my Louis?" she asked, stopping to bid him good night at the door. "That is right! Sleep well, sleep well, dear! Your mother is pleased that you have done yourself and her so great credit."

"And I am sorry, mother, that I have disappointed you so much," said Claude, as she followed him afterwards into his chamber. "I don't wonder that you think me a great stupid fellow, in comparison with our bright Louis; but——"

"Chut, chut!" she interrupted impatiently. Then, with unspeakable tenderness. "Claude, you are the apple of my eye, the joy of my heart! You know it well. Oh, my boy, will you love me always—*always*, whatever happens? Could you love me for myself, Claude, even if I were not, as we talked of downstairs, your own mother?"

"What a strange question!" Claude stooped to kiss her. "Of course, dear mother, I *do* love you for yourself—for your personal character, which is so good and strong—as well as because you are my own clever and beautiful mother. But why do you say such curious things? You are not thinking of disowning me, I hope?"

Marie echoed his laugh. "I disown you when I disown my own soul, which you have grown into, mon cheri—not before! But there are good things in store for you, my Claude! Let poor Louis keep his honours. Now, good night!"

"Nay, mother, don't prophesy good things for me, without letting Louis have his share," he remonstrated, hastening to open the door for her. "But I know you don't mean it; I know your kind wishes are for us both alike. You only want to console me for my failures at college. But I am afraid, mother, that it is *you* who feel them, not I. You see I am not an ambitious fellow."

"But you must be ambitious, my Claude, and you *shall* be great. Bon soir! Bon soir!" And with a significant nod of her stately little head, Lady Brentwood walked off, her long train rustling softly after her as she moved.

(To be continued.)

AN AUSTRALIAN CORROBORREE.

IT would take too long to tell how it was that we came to be prospecting for gold among the Worrabat hills, and it does not much matter, as it has nothing to do with what I am going to tell of the *corroborree* we saw. Things had been in a bad way in Thompson for some time. It looked as though the little township, which had sprung up almost in a night, was about to "bust up," as little places often do in a surprisingly sudden manner in Australia, and Berrill and I thought we had better vamose before everybody else had gone. Berrill had been prospecting in the same hills before, and thought that people had made a mistake in not working over them more thoroughly; he was wrong, as it happened, and other people right, for although we found the colour in several places, that was all we ever did find. Neither of us had anything special on hand then, we were only loafing round in Thompson—and a dead-alive hole it was—so we made up our minds to leave it without much difficulty.

We took a native boy with us—Womba was his pleasing name—who could speak a little of the absurd English of the Australian aboriginal, and could hunt like a Nimrod. There was nothing that fellow could not catch. I have not a better opinion of the native blacks than most other Australians have, but I must say that Womba behaved well, and fairly pluckily, too, for a native, whilst he was with us.

Fellows who had been in Worrabat hills before us cautioned us against the *myalls*, as the wild and savage blacks are called, of that part; and Berrill, too, impressed me with the wisdom of keeping out of their way as much as possible. The uncivilised black races of Australia are both cruel and treacherous, and they are the principal danger that threatens a pioneer or prospector in the wilds of that vast land. We both of us had seen something of them before then, and determined to show as little fire, and to stay in one place as short a time, as possible.

We had been out ten days or so

amongst the

hills, and had struck a little gully that we both thought looked promising. We agreed that we would stay there a bit, and consequently we made Womba run up a sort of little hut of branches and leaves—a *gunyah*, as the natives call it—wherein we deposited our rifles, blankets, billies, and the few other things we had with us.

The afternoon of the second day we were there we were fossicking about in the banks of the gully, when Womba comes ripping round the rocks to us from the *gunyah*. It was a beastly hot day and as close as an oven in that stuffy little gully, and neither Berrill nor I were in the best of tempers. We looked up rather savagely as he came yelling round the corner.

“What the devil is the row?” sang out Berrill.

“One, two, two one, two two, plenty many *myall* come along o’ this gully,” said Womba, trembling like a jelly. “Him kill um white fellow dead bong.”

“Back to the *gunyah*!” I yelled, and old Berrill came leaping down the rocks like a goat.

Our rifles were there if we wanted them, though our revolvers were at our belts; we never stirred without *them*. We were all inside the *gunyah* in half a second, and directly afterwards eight or nine ugly brutes of blacks came trooping round the bend in the gully. They were in full fig—that is to say, were daubed with a little extra paint, for of clothing they had not a stitch. They stopped at a short distance from our little wigwam. I must confess that I did not feel exactly happy at that moment, and I think that Berrill felt much the same as I. We were armed, it is true, but had the *myalls* made a rush, they must have carried all before them, and, at the cost of one or two of their men, would have had us at their mercy—an unknown quantity with Australian aborigines.

The *myalls* stopped at some little distance from the *gunyah*, and one of them, who acted as spokesman, began to talk very quickly. As they seemed inclined to be friendly, I said that we had better not fire, though Womba, with all the strange hatred that a partly civilised Australian black has for the wild *myalls*, begged us to do so.

Neither Berrill nor I knew enough of their language to follow their meaning, but Womba, rather to our surprise, for the languages of the various tribes are so very different, understood them. He told us that these men said they were part of a tribe of Nurrurus, the rest of which was just beyond the gully, and that they were then on their way to a *bora* meeting of the Mangorans at which a new *corroborree* was to be danced. Womba said that they assured him that they were

friendly and meant us no harm, and all that they wished was that we should accompany them to the meeting.

Berrill objected on the plea of danger and said, as was quite true, that he knew more of the fickle and treacherous nature of the blacks than I did ; but I thought that we should run just as great a risk by refusing to accompany them. Besides this, it was not often that one had any chance of seeing a good *corroborree*. Feeling sure that our safest plan was to go with them, and so keep them in good humour, I laid down my gun, and assuming an engaging smile, I stepped out of the *gunyah*.

" Alf, you jolly lunatic, where are you going ? " cried Berrill.

" To speak to this indecent black gentleman first of all, and to the *bora* second of all," said I, without turning my head.

The *myalls* received me with many, to a foolishly civilised and sensitive European, very disagreeable signs of pleasure and friendliness, and seeing how well I was getting on, Berrill followed my example and joined me and the blacks.

After we had held a little hurried consultation—which seemed to fill the listening *myalls* with awe—we agreed to go with them, on condition that all the blacks should leave the gully at the same time we did, and that nothing of ours should be touched or injured. To this, when Womba, who acted as an unwilling interpreter, had told them our terms, the *myalls* agreed with an alacrity that surprised us, for we had thought that robbery and murder were the real objects of their visit to us.

As the Nurruru men said that the valley where the meeting was to be held was close by, we thought we would not take any of our property with us, as it would be easy to come back for it, if all went well, after the *bora*. We did not take our rifles with us, as we did not wish to appear to distrust them, but we did take the precaution of keeping our loaded revolvers and filling our pockets with cartridges for them. We did not think that these weapons would be of much use against so many, but we did not like the idea of setting out totally unarmed and altogether in the power of these sudden but eminently changeable friends.

Fearing that the sight of the blankets, in which we wrapped our rifles, and other small property inside the *gunyah* might be too strong a temptation for the honesty of the *myalls* to resist, we would not let them enter our little dwelling, but set off at once down the gully.

The *myalls*, who, although quite naked, were decked in their finery and painted in the most

state of great excitement and delight. One or other of the men would skip up to us—we kept remarkably close together—and looking us in the face with the greatest curiosity, would ask some quite incomprehensible question, or would put out a dirty black finger to touch the strange animals, and spring back with a little half-laugh of alarm when we motioned them away. Berrill never went in for half measures, and having begun the adventure he let himself go with a fling. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and was enormously amused at our absurd position amongst this tribe of naked savages. He could not help occasionally pulling the most hideous faces when one of these black fellows came up to look at him. These performances were received with great laughter and loud cries of approval; the *myalls* evidently thought him a mighty strange creature and rare specimen.

The greater part of the tribe had not waited for the men who had seen our traces and followed us up the gully, but had gone on, so that it was not until we had passed through the entrance to our gully that we and the men with us came up with the main body of the party. Great alarm was exhibited by the *yus* and children when they saw us two white men; they herded together like a flock of frightened sheep. The whole party came to a halt, and there was for a few moments a very great talking, whilst the men explained to the elders of the tribe, who are always held in the greatest respect, what we white men were and why they had brought us with them.

Some of the old men—the conservative party of the tribe—seemed to object strongly to the innovation, which certainly was without precedent, but they were over-ruled by the younger and more go-ahead members, who finally carried the motion. The dogs of the tribe, too,—miserable, mangy looking brutes they were, like dingoes—seemed to object very greatly to Bess, that is my dog, and came snapping and growling at her heels. She bore it with her usual dignity for some time, and then suddenly some cur amongst them becoming really too impudent, she turned, and seizing the dog by the throat in her great strong jaws, she gave him a shake or two and dropped him dead. All the other dogs accepted the hint and interfered no more with Bess, who walked on majestically by my side, looking at me as though apologising for having condescended to kill so unworthy an opponent.

There must have been fifty or sixty persons in the party, and they travelled along in a straggling line, the men in front with Berrill and Womba and me, and the women, who carried all the scanty property of the tribe, bringing up the rear with the children and dogs.

"This is really a comic ending to our fright of an hour or so ago," said Berrill, who, poor fellow, was one of the best and truest chums a man ever had, with spirits that rose to every occasion, and a fund of kindly good humour and fun that deserved a happier fate than was his a year or two afterwards. "It is a funny experience; aren't you glad that we have got in for it?"

"That depends on how it all ends. If the play prove to be a comedy all through, I shall enjoy it, but if this is only the farce before a tragedy, in which we are expected to play the leading *stabbato* parts, it's a very different thing."

"That's true enough," said he, with characteristic philosophy, "but we can't alter the after-piece if it's on the bills, so it is no use making a tragedy out of the farce by looking ahead to no purpose."

"Berrill, I fear you are what Macalister would call 'freevolous.'"

"Yes, I own it, old Sobersides. But for heaven's sake look at that naked beggar over there, painted half red and half white, and looking as proud and proper as though he were dressed for Caroline Street. Isn't that a delicious parody on fashion? Come now," he said, turning to me with one of his bright laughs, in which I couldn't help joining, "what is the use of being gloomy? We can do absolutely nothing, so we may just as well be merry as not."

The valley to which the Nurruru men were bound was not very far from our gully. It ran back between high cliffs towards the mountain, and a stream ran down it. Evening was coming on by the time that we entered the valley, but it was not yet dark. The men of the party, who seemed to do everything according to a strict etiquette, of which we, of course, were quite ignorant, pointed out a place quite near to the entrance to the valley, where they said the fire must be lit. We could hear sounds, from there, of a much larger assemblage farther up the valley, and as night deepened many fires seemed to be lighted or replenished, for a great smoke rolled up into the clear Australian air behind the tall trees that lay between the two camps.

Intense excitement prevailed amongst the Nurruru men; they *almost* forgot their food, but were not quite so oblivious of what was due to them as lords of creation as to altogether let that important matter slip from their memories. Perhaps the *gins* reminded them; for women, Australian as well as European, are well aware how greatly the sweetness of a man's temper depends upon the distension of his stomach. If an Australian aboriginal feels hungry and finds himself without food, he betakes himself to belabouring his wife with his *nullah-nullah*, and derives great comfort from this self-made consolation; just as an Englishman, whom a foolish custom prevents from

using a to him more natural weapon, turns on his wife with irritable, bitter tongue, and is only to be mollified with soups and meats—flesh, man's aim and object, and woman's defence, her chief one in Australia, and only second to tears with us—just as a *myall* is with hunks of half-raw wallaby or smoky kangaroo.

Food, however, was forthcoming and was consumed in enormous quantities, its humanising effects being apparent in the more placid smiling faces of the men ; the women, poor creatures, eating what was left, hastily and without much sign of enjoyment, at their own fires, which we were not allowed to approach. The more solid delights of the banquet were washed down with draughts of wild honey and water, which were mixed by the hand in a large *coolimen*.

By the time all the food was finished it was quite dark, and the new moon had not yet risen from behind the dark mass of the hills. Silence had fallen on the party, and, at a sign from one of the elder men, the whole number of the tribe rose to their feet and put themselves in marching order. This same man, Dilbung was his name, enjoined silence on us—he knew that Womba would be acquainted with the proper etiquette to be observed on these solemn occasions—and he led the way.

All the members of the tribe joined in this strange procession, men, women, and children, and walking with stealthy tread and in single file, they stole along, like shadows, through the night.

The camp of the Mangoran tribe was some short distance up the valley. It was pitched—if so fine-sounding a word can be used for the erection of the few miserable *gunyahs* of sticks and leaves of which the camp consisted—at a place where the narrow valley widened out into a sort of huge amphitheatre, almost entirely surrounded by tall wild cliffs, which were just visible, in one or two places, through the darkness. The entrance to the valley was concealed from them by the great trees that grew near the Nurruru camp, and farther up the valley a strip of wild, dark bush stretched towards the grand black hills, which loomed, like a heavy shadow, against the star-lit sky.

A silence as of death lay upon the Mangorans' camp, not a sound, no faintest breathing, could be heard. Although so many living men were even then lying so close to us, our straining ears could catch nothing but the low whisper of the leaves of the trees we were passing amongst, or the occasional soft rustle of a twig as some naked leg brushed it aside. We had crept quite close to the camp of the Mangorans without any notice of us having been taken, and were now only just hidden at the edge of the wood. The strict silence, combined with the knowledge that everywhere around us

were active, wakeful, breathing men, produced a strange eerie feeling of mystery that was most impressive.

I was just about to whisper to Berrill, whom I could feel close against me, dear old fellow, though I could not see him, that I did not believe the other folk expected us at all, when from in front of us, not ten yards from where we were crouching, a long wild quivering cry rose up to the night. It was the signal that we might advance. At the same moment that our party, still half stooping to the ground, emerged from the cover of the trees, the whole circle of the valley sprang into instant light. Twigs and leaves and dry brushwood were heaped upon the smouldering fires, and the bright ruddy glow of innumerable fires, leaping as though by enchantment from the darkness, illumined the whole camp.

The great tall black, who had given the call of welcome or permission to come in, could now be seen, and he signalled the Nurruru people to the place they were to occupy, which was at some little distance from where the main body of the Mangorans were sitting in a long semicircle. With an admirable regularity the Nurrurus took up their position, also forming themselves into a semicircle, with the women and children on one side. Dilbung signified that we and Womba were to sit by him, and crouching down, in a position as nearly like that of the savages as we could make it, we waited the progress of events.

Now was the time for which Dilbung had waited, now was his opportunity for bragging and exulting over the Mangorans. There was a fire not very far from him, and throwing on to it a handful of the dry fuel that was piled up by the side of it, he called across the space between him and the Mangoran party. What it was that he said we, of course, could not understand at the time, but Womba told us afterwards that Dilbung had said, in the most boastful manner, that although the Mangorans were more numerous than the Nurrurus, they could not get white men for friends and to stay with their tribe; and then he pointed to Berrill and me, on whose faces the fire light fell, and we, not knowing what it was all about, felt remarkably uncomfortable and smiled in a propitiating manner.

There was evidently enormous excitement among the Mangorans when they saw that what Dilbung said was true. We could see all the men leaning forward and peering at us across the space that divided us from them. It was plain that nothing but the solemnity of the occasion would have prevented them from rushing to inspect the strange white creatures, and perhaps to take possession of them with the Nurrurus. For a short time

did interfere with the dignified progression of the proceedings, but a great *bora corroborree* is too solemn an event to be lightly interrupted, and after a few minutes of discomfiture, which I fear Dilbung mightily enjoyed, the business in hand was resumed.

The women, a sex which is always vastly conservative, even when a change would be to its own advantage, may be said to have had something to do with this steady attention to affairs ; for, although the poor things must have been overwhelmed with that curiosity which is their birthright, and which they so consistently display, they had steadily gone on making the music—which it was their business to produce—in the hope of reminding the men (without wounding their delicate feelings) that the matter in hand was a *corroborree*, and not a wild-beast show. Women always manage men, and do not let them know it, and this was a case in point, for I feel as certain as though I had heard it, that the elders of the Mangorans, in speaking of this event afterwards, always took to themselves the credit of having prevented the interruption of the ceremony, and that the women never contradicted them.

The music was of the very roughest description, but it answered its purpose, and wildly excited both listeners and dancers. A monotonous *corroborree* song was sung by all the women in chorus, to which they kept perfect time by beating two sticks together, and by drumming violently on opossum and kangaroo skins tightly stretched across their open knees. The only variation in the music was the speed at which it was produced ; it was gradually increased from a very slow time up to a wild, mad swiftness.

The dance was just as monotonous as the music, and Berrill and I soon became thoroughly sick of it, but the Nurruru men sat watching it for hours with a perfectly motionless intentness which showed their keen interest. Both song and dance were new, and the Mangorans were teaching it to the Nurrurus, who had to use their very best powers in acquiring a knowledge of it, for learning anything new, however short and simple, is a severe mental exercise for the untrained mind of an Australian *myall*.

The music began shortly after the little passage of arms over us had taken place. At first it was slow and feeble. Suddenly out of the great gloom beyond the light of the fires a wild figure leaped into view ; so hideous was it and so startling the almost magical way it came into sight, that I gave a little unconscious movement of surprise, at which Berrill, the nerveless brute, laughed, and told me not to be frightened. The dancer was painted to represent a skeleton, with white lines down his legs and arms, and white stripes that

followed the curves of his ribs. His long black hair was tied up in a tangled mop at the top of his head, in which white feathers were sticking, and in his hands he held his *boomerang* and *nullah-nullah*. His black body hardly showed against the night-dark background, but the flickering firelight threw these death-like lines into brilliant relief. This first dancer took his place, and was swiftly and silently followed by others, painted in exactly the same manner as himself, till about thirty men were taking part in the mystic dance.

The position of all the men was the same, their arms, bent at the elbows, were raised above their heads till the weapons they held crossed one another; the head was slightly inclined to one shoulder, and the fierce gaze of their wild black eyes was firmly fixed in one direction. Their legs were wide apart and bent at the knees, and this position they never changed, as they jumped from the feet and hips only.

Silently the strange figures formed themselves in line at some distance from the spectators, and then, at some unseen signal, they all began to move as one man. They sprang by little jumps to one side and then back again, crossing, uncrossing, and re-crossing their arms with a regularity that was marvellous. Gradually, as the music quickened, the pace grew swifter and swifter till one could hardly see their movements. Then the column broke up, first into two lines and then into three, one behind the other, the men dancing like demons all the time; the first row springing to the right, the second to the left, and the third to the right again. So rapidly they worked at last that the limbs of any one particular man could not be distinguished, and the whole frantic body of madly leaping dancers looked like innumerable skulls and skeletons flying hither and thither in the darkness till the brain of the excited onlookers grew giddy to look upon them. The firelight gleamed upon their wide-open eyes, round which circles of white had been painted, and flashed on their grinning, dazzling teeth.

This went on until the uttermost possible speed was attained, when, as suddenly as they had begun, at some silent signal, the mad figures stopped dead and stood as though carved in stone. A mass of leaves was thrown upon the fires, which for a moment extinguished their flames, and when, a moment after, the fire-light shone bright again, every dancer had vanished into the gloom as silently, swiftly, and mysteriously as he had sprung into view.

This same dance was repeated time after time without change or variation of any sort, the awe and admiration of the Nurruru folk breaking forth between whiles in low impressive whispers, and long indrawn awestruck breathings of the women.

During one of these short imposing pauses, which really seemed necessary for spectators as well as for dancers, a further colloquy respecting us was held between Dilbung and the great spokesman of the Mangorans. The Mangoran black shouted across to ask what we white men thought of the *corroborree*, and Dilbung, without asking us, said something very complimentary that he thought we ought to feel if we did not. The Mangorans then said that we could not be allowed to be present at the mysterious *bora* ceremonies, which were to take place next day, but that we might come back when the *bora* was over, and the young men of the tribe, who were then hidden in the bush not very far off, had been admitted to the rights of manhood.

Nothing could have suited us better, for although we should have been glad to have witnessed what strange rites were performed at a *bora*, which, it is said, no white man has yet seen, we were delighted to get away on any terms.

As soon as Womba told us what all this speech-making meant, we jumped up and said we were ready to go at once. Dilbung, on the part of the Nurrurus, made us a long speech which we did not understand at all, but which Womba epitomised as—

“Yo’ come back along o’ this place-um two sleeps. *Bora* gone done bong.” (You come back here after two nights. *Bora* will be ended.)

It is to be feared that Womba perjured himself and promised that we would return—he had not a due regard for the truth—for the Nurrurus seemed satisfied. The Mangorans, in their pride, pretended not to take any notice of our doings. Dilbung accompanied us as far as the entrance to the valley, and then left us and hurried back to be in time for the next performance. We could hear him singing loudly to himself as he passed amongst the trees with his fire-stick in his hand, for the aboriginal native lives in life-long dread of evil spirits of all sorts, which are, of course, peculiarly powerful at night-time, and he sings to himself to keep up his courage (just as civilised people are sometimes known to do), and never goes out after dark without a fire-stick in his hand.

We made straight back to our own gully, Womba guiding us with the certainty of a homing pigeon, and found everything there as we had left it.

Next morning we left the gully before dawn, and by the time the sun had dried the night-dews from the grass and bushes, we had struck far amongst the hills on our way to that dim mountain chain that lies even farther in the vast, unknown interior.

ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON.

COLOUR-MUSIC.

THE sense of beauty in colour seems to be by no means peculiar to man. Readers of Darwin may remember that he says ("Descent of Man," pt. I. ch. iii.): "When we behold a male bird elaborately displaying his graceful plumes or splendid colours before the female, whilst other birds, not thus decorated, make no such display, it is impossible to doubt that she admires the beauty of her male partner. The nests of humming-birds, and the playing passages of bower-birds are tastefully ornamented with gaily-coloured objects; and this shows that they must receive some kind of pleasure from the sight of such things. With the great majority of animals, however, the taste for the beautiful is confined, as far as we can judge, to the attractions of the opposite sex. If female birds had been incapable of appreciating the beautiful colours, the ornaments, &c., of their male partners, all the labour and anxiety exhibited by the latter in displaying their charms before the females would have been thrown away; and this it is impossible to admit. *Why* certain bright colours should excite pleasure cannot, I presume, be explained, any more than why certain flavours and scents are agreeable."

Mr. Darwin goes on afterwards to build upon these generally acknowledged facts his theory that the colours of the male are actually developed by a long course of sexual selection: that is, females of each generation being most readily won by the males remarkable for their beauty, he maintains there would be a constant tendency to the transmission and development of such charms. And though his theory has been questioned by some—Mr. Wallace for example—and strong arguments adduced for its modification, yet of the original proposition, that the female is susceptible to the charm of colour in her mate, there can be no reasonable doubt. And as to insects, all are agreed that it is the colour of the flowers, quite as much as, or even more than the scent, which proves the first attraction. Mr. Darwin notes ("Descent of Man," pt. II. ch. vi.) how the humming-bird moth has been repeatedly known to visit flowers painted on the walls of a room, and vainly endeavour to in

proboscis into them : also how several kinds of butterflies in South Brazil show an unmistakable preference for certain colours over others, "very often visiting the brilliant red flowers of five or six genera of plants, but never the white or yellow flowering species of the same and other genera, growing in the same garden." And Mr. Wallace not only agrees with this view of the influence of colour upon insects, but emphasises it by declaring that the attraction of butterflies and other insects "is the main function of colour in flowers as shown by the striking fact that those flowers which can be perfectly fertilised by the wind, and do not need the aid of insects, *rarely or never have gaily-coloured flowers.*" ("Natural Selection," p. 263.)

Yet true though it be that the sense of beauty—so far as deriving pleasure from certain colours is concerned—is shared by man in common with many of the lower animals, the sensations of a cultivated man are different altogether in kind from those of the lower creatures, inasmuch as in his case they are associated with complex ideas and trains of thought. No animal except man can appreciate the delicate pencillings of a flower, or the exquisite colour-harmonies of an autumnal landscape, for the obvious reason that such appreciation depends wholly upon the mind of the beholder. Colour itself, which appears to be in the bodies at which we gaze, has really no such existence at all. There is no colour in a geranium flower, nor in the eye which sees it, nor in the brain which receives the impression, but only in the mind or consciousness of the spectator. We will say a little more upon this point later on : suffice it here to simply note the fact. Such, then, being the case, though, of course, a quickened sense by no means indicates higher mental faculties—for such sense depends almost entirely upon the quality of the nerve-fibres which act as telegraph wires to the brain—yet the *idea concerned in the mind* at each communication, and the degree of appreciation of any beautiful object—in other words *the measure of the sense of beauty*—will depend wholly upon the mental organisation.

The lower creatures have senses for the most part much keener than ours. There can be no doubt that some of them are gifted with senses entirely distinct and different—senses of which we know absolutely nothing, and for which we have not even a name. And this being so, the external world must be to them as unlike what it is to us as Venus is to Mars.

All entomologists, for example, know that the males of certain species among the Lepidoptera are possessed of a very remarkable sense, or faculty, or instinct—call it what you will—that enables them to discover a female of their own species even though she be confined

in box within box and placed in the pocket of the collector. And so powerful and unerring is this sense that instances have been known of insects being led by it for two or three miles straight to a house, and through the open window to the box wherein the object of their solicitation was imprisoned.

Such phenomena are suggestive of further thought. If certain creatures have these subjective sensations of which we have no experience, there must of course be certain mysterious—to us impalpable—objective essences, or, to use more scientific language, *ether waves*, to correspond to them, the nature of which we have no means of even guessing. Truly there are more things in heaven and earth than are as yet dreamt of in our philosophy.

Voltaire, in one of his tales, has an amusing fancy of people in Saturn with seventy-two senses, receiving a visitor from the Dog star who was blessed with no less than a thousand. And, indeed, there is no reason at all to suppose, because we have only five, that the possession of other senses by other creatures is impossible or unlikely.

In a most interesting paper, read in Manchester, in 1873, by Professor Croom Robertson, he explains in a somewhat fanciful way, and in a single paragraph, all that science really has to tell us about the senses. He begins his lecture as follows :—

" Suppose, by a wild stretch of imagination, some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, but then faster and faster, till it will revolve any number of times in a second ; which is, of course, perfectly imaginable, though you could not find such a rod or put together such a mechanism. Let the whirling go on in a dark room, and suppose a man there knowing nothing of the rod : how will he be affected by it ? So long as it turns but a few times in a second, he will not be affected at all, unless he is near enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from sixteen to twenty times a second, a deep growling note will break in upon him through his ear ; and as the rate then grows swifter, the tone will go on becoming less and less grave, and soon more and more acute, till it will reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne, when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of forty thousand revolutions a second, more or less, the shrillness will pass into stillness, silence will again reign as at the first, nor any more be broken. The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man ; but let it suddenly come to whirl some million times a second, and then through intervening space

taint rays of heat will begin to steal towards him, setting up a feeling of warmth in his skin; which again will grow more and more intense as now through tens and hundreds and thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will be only so much the greater. But, lo! about the stage of four hundred billions there is more—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom; and now, while the rate still mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away, till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed for the eye into a yellow, a green, a blue, and, last of all, a violet. And to the violet, the revolutions being now about eight hundred billions a second, there will succeed darkness—night, as in the beginning. This darkness too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses."

It will be observed that according to this theory those sensible qualities which we call colour, heat, and sound are all ether waves and vibrations; and that these waves had no effect on the man, except at particular stages, and within a definite range at each. There was a blank before the first deep sound was heard, then a tremendous blank after the last screech had died away, until heat began to be felt, and lastly, an immeasurable blank beyond the limit where light passed into darkness. At one rate the motion appeared only as sound, at another as heat, and at another as colour.

Why should other rates among or outside of these not appear as anything at all? The answer is, because of man's limited capacity of being affected. The nerve-fibres of which we are possessed are adapted for dealing with those vibrations only which convey to us the sensible qualities we call colour, &c.; but it is perfectly conceivable that beings might be furnished with nerves adapted for dealing with other rates of motion, which would thus convey to them new qualities of external objects, qualities of which we know nothing and can learn nothing. So, instead of the senses being limited to five, they might become fifty, or five hundred, or almost any other number.

Of the five senses we possess, that of sight is the one of which we make most interrupted use, and upon this sense we most implicitly rely. It is true that if I do not hear the approaching vehicle I may be run over and killed, yet, if I do hear it, I do not feel satisfied as to its distance, or its character, till my eyes have afforded further information respecting it; whilst, on the other hand, if my eye be the first informant, upon its testimony I rely without seeking any further evidence.

Let us now follow the business man who has just turned out of his house, and is setting out for a walk into the country after a week of close work at his office in town. He walks with head erect, his senses all alive, and he is drinking in with the keenest enjoyment the sounds and colours and scents of the world around ; the skylark overhead, and the linnet in the brake, the hum of insects so soft and dreamy, the bleating of the lambs, and the chimes of the distant church bells—how delightful it all is to him ! What a paradise these things make ! But if, presently, the sounds should all fail, and utter quiet reign over valley, wood, and hill, the man will probably experience little or no regret ; the “gleams of silence” in this hurrying, noisy, boisterous world are very sweet, and in their way as enjoyable as its most delightful rural music.

As regards his sense of smell the man is still more independent. He may walk for miles without once being actually conscious that he possesses such a sense at all—beyond the general sensation of being in a pure and fresh atmosphere. Half a dozen times perhaps in his walk he wakes up to it. A bean-field in bloom, or a bank of violets, or burning weeds, or new-mown hay, or some blossoming woodbine, or the wall flowers or mignonette in a cottage garden—some one or other of these may arrest his attention at rare intervals by their fragrance, and so steal into notice ; but the man does not look for them, and he is quite content to begin and finish his walk—if it so happen—without any of them.

How different with the dog who has set out with him, and has been enjoying his walk side by side with his master, receiving impressions from the same surroundings and under the same circumstances ! What a completely different aspect things have had for him ! His sense of enjoyment has been—like his master's—according to his capacity, but what different influences have appealed to him ! If, when they reach home, the dog were able to make known his impressions, and spread them out side by side with his master's, they would probably be as opposite as the poles—just as unlike as if they had been received, these on this earth, and the others amongst the mountains of the moon. Watch the dog for an instant, and see what his interest is centred in, what sense it is that engrosses his attention most. He has an exceedingly quick eye and ear, and it would be difficult for even a mouse of lightest foot to emerge from its hole, and creep round the old stump close by and in again without being detected. The faintest rustle of a leaf, the slightest movement, would be sufficient to betray its presence. Either through eye or ear, very likely through both at the same instant, the dog “*see*”

conscious of the interesting little circumstance. But quick as all his senses are, it is to that of smell, above all, that the dog *trusts*. This is the final arbiter—the test to which all difficult problems are subjected, and by which all doubts are solved. It is in a world of scents that a dog lives, and moves, and has his being. What a curious scent this bramble-leaf has! and this spot in the road! and that last nettle he passed—how interesting! How unlike all other nettles he ever met with! He must return and investigate! And, doing so, he becomes, for a few moments, so engrossed that even his master's command can scarcely persuade him to leave it. And then, as to judging of character, let a reader who possesses a dog say whether he knows of any test that can be for one moment compared with the test supplied by the bundle of nerves that spread themselves out at the tip of a dog's nose. If a pun may be pardoned, I would express my belief that by no other known means can so correct a diagnosis of a man's character be obtained. At all events, all will agree that a dog depends upon it without any reserve whatever, and no amount of flattery will serve to alter the opinion he has by such means arrived at. And who does not remember how—when Ulysses returned home after his many years' absence, disguised as a beggar—neither length of time, nor change of appearance and clothing, served for a moment to deceive his faithful hound. Whilst every other member of the household was regarding him as a stranger, his dog came up and instantly discovered his identity.

Herein, then, we notice an extraordinary difference between the senses of man and those of his most intimate companion amongst the lower animals—a difference sufficient in itself to affect the whole aspect of the outer world.

It is true that men vary considerably amongst themselves in their sense organisation, and, strange to say, some have even claimed to possess the canine faculty just referred to. Dr. Jager, for example, a professor of Stuttgart, has put forth pretensions which it is impossible to read without a smile, professing, as he does, simply by means of the nose on his face, eyes shut and ears closed, to discriminate the character of any stranger to whom he may be introduced, or who may pass him in the street.

Whether such abnormal faculties ever have an existence other than in the imagination of fanciful persons, at least they are unknown to mankind in general, and it is chiefly, as has been said, by means of sight that we receive impressions from our surroundings.

Nurses tell us that the first impulse of a new-born infant is to turn its face towards the light. "Light is sweet," the wise man says,

"and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Man is irresistibly attracted by light, while gloom inspires him with an unconquerable aversion, and utter darkness an instinctive horror. But it is when to the glories of light is added the boundless wealth of colour that his heart truly rejoices. "The gay tulips, the blushing rose, the golden scarabæus, the gorgeous peacock, the infinitively varied beauties of the butterfly, the brilliant plumage of the humming-bird," the magnificent harmonies of an autumnal sunset—few persons in this year of grace can regard such objects with indifference. Baring Gould says:¹ "I remember one day in the South coming upon a tall flower, bright golden yellow, a tuft of blossoms, and this was covered with dazzling blue stars, blazing, sending out rays of light in the sun, just as if little bits of the blue sky had strewn themselves on the yellow flower, and these were shining with all their light as jewels. It was merely a number of wondrously beautiful little beetles clustered on the flower. But, oh! so exquisite was the sight, I remember—I was a little boy then—lifting up my hands and crying out with delight at the sight, and gratitude to God for having made anything so fair to glad my eyes."

It is, however, unquestionable that the degree of appreciation, and even, to a large extent, the perception of the various hues will depend upon the mind's cultivation.

Mr. Ruskin, in a most interesting passage in "Modern Painters," shows that the sense of colour has been developed in the course of ages. He says,² "The Greek sense of colour seems to have been so comparatively dim and uncertain that it is almost impossible to ascertain what the real idea was which they attached to any word alluding to hue; and above all, colour, though pleasant to their eyes, as to those of all human beings, seems never to have been impressive to their feelings. They liked purple, on the whole, the best; but there was no sense of cheerfulness or pleasantness in one colour, and gloom in another, such as the mediævals had.

"For instance, when Achilles goes, in great anger and sorrow, to complain to Thetis of the scorn done him by Agamemnon, the sea appeared to him 'wine-coloured.' One might think this meant that the sea looked dark and reddish purple to him, in a kind of sympathy with his anger. But we turn to a passage of Sophocles, peculiarly intended to express peace and rest, and we find that the birds sang among 'wine-coloured' ivy. The uncertainty of conception of the hue itself, and entire absence of expressive character in the word, could hardly be more clearly manifested.

¹ *Village Conferences on the Creed*, p. 152. ² *Modern Painters*.
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“Again, the Greeks liked purple, as a general source of enjoyment, better than any other colour, as all healthy persons who have eye for colour, and are unprejudiced about it do, and will to the end of time. . . . But so far was this instinctive preference for purple from giving, in the Greek mind, any consistently cheerful or sacred association to the colour, that Homer constantly calls death ‘purple death.’

“Again, Sophocles tells us the birds sang in the ‘*green* going places’ (places where the trees separate, so as to give some accessible avenue); and we take up the expression gratefully, thinking the old Greek perceived and enjoyed, as we do, the sweet fall of the eminently *green* light through the leaves, and when they are a little thinner than in the heart of the wood. But we turn to the tragedy of ‘Ajax,’ and are much shaken in our conclusion about the meaning of the word, when we are told that the body of Ajax is to lie unburied and be eaten by sea-birds on the ‘*green* sand.’ The formation, geologically distinguished by this title, was certainly not known to Sophocles; and the only conclusion which, it seems to me, we can come to under the circumstances is, that Sophocles really did not know green from yellow or brown.”

And here we may as well, perhaps, pause for a few moments to consider some exceptions in our own day to the general rule of a sensibility to, and appreciation of colour.

These exceptions may be generally divided into two classes: first, those who are simply indifferent to the beauty of colour; and second, those who are affected with the peculiarity of vision called “colour-blindness,” and sometimes “Daltonism.”

To these must be added a third class, which we may believe and hope is not a large one, of persons who object to the use of colour from some religious scruple. That what people are pleased to call “quiet colours” have something about them savouring of piety, whilst brighter colours are allied to profanity and godlessness, is by no means an uncommon notion amongst people of demure habits; and it would be next to impossible to persuade such persons of what has, nevertheless, been abundantly proved, viz., that at first *pure taste* showed a preference for primaries in all manner of ornamentation, and that it was only when taste began to be corrupted that a superabundance of the secondaries was admitted.

But some carry their objections to colour still further, and afflict their soul because the whole world is not draped in drab. Take the case of John Woolman for example—not a common one we admit. ‘This man—born in 1720 in Burlington County, West Jersey, and a

member of the Society of Friends—spent the latter part of his life in one unceasing, self-sacrificing crusade against the use of coloured dyes. It is declared he was not mad, but, at least, it must be admitted that he had extraordinary views. He took it into his head that “the use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them” was inconsistent with the Christian profession. His objection to colour, it is true, was twofold; first, because it was calculated to please the eye; and secondly, because it tended to hide dirt; but it was in its pleasing the eye that its sinfulness seems to have chiefly consisted; and it was to propagate this strange doctrine respecting dyes that Woolman came to this country and underwent untold hardships, travelling through the grimy manufacturing districts in weak health, and on foot, and suffering such persecution and ridicule as we can readily understand such a man, with such a cause, would have to suffer.

It is easy to laugh at a man who is willing to undergo martyrdom for the sake of an undyed hat, but at least it shows how intense were his feelings upon the subject, and how sincere his religious scruples. “The apprehension of being looked upon as one affecting singularity,” he says, “felt uneasy to me. And here I had occasion to consider that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by divine authority, become great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity, while that singularity was only for His sake. On this account I was under close exercise of mind at our general spring meeting in 1762, greatly desiring to be rightly directed; when, being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me; and when I returned home, got a hat of the natural colour of the fur.”¹

Of the first of the two classes mentioned above—viz., those who are simply indifferent to the beauty of colour—nothing need be said. It is a mere matter of averages. Just as there will always be a certain percentage of persons without any taste for music, so there must always be a certain number equally unimpressible as regards colour.

The second class, however—those affected by colour-blindness—demands more notice. It may be conveniently subdivided into two groups—first, of those incapable of receiving impression of any colour except white and black; and second, those able to perceive certain

¹ *John Woolman, a Biographical Sketch*, by Dora Greenwell, London, 1871. *J. Woolman*, by David Duncan, London, 1871. See also *Sunday Magazine*, February, 1877.

simple colours, but incapable of distinguishing properly between them. There are persons, strange as it may appear, in whom the sense of primary colour is entirely deficient, and who, instead of red, yellow, and blue, see only different degrees of black and white. The earliest case of this kind on record is that of a woman, thirty-two years of age, who, in 1684, consulted Dr. Tuberville about her sight, which, though excellent in other respects, had this peculiarity. Spurzheim also mentions a family, all the members of which could only distinguish different shades of light and black. And Mr. Huddart, in a letter to Joseph Priestley, dated January 16, 1777, gives an account of a shoemaker in Cumberland similarly affected. This person's peculiarity was unknown to himself until one day, while a boy, playing in the street, he found a stocking, and for the first time was struck with the fact that it was called by his companions *red*, whereas to his mind it was capable of no further description than that designated by the word stocking. Two of his brothers had the same imperfection, while two other brothers, his sisters, and other relatives, had the usual condition of vision.

Of the other group the cases are much more numerous, but one or two examples only need be given. Mr. Harvey, of Plymouth, mentions a tailor who could see in the rainbow but two tints, yellow and bright blue; all other hues appearing to him alike—crimson and green, brown, purple and scarlet undistinguishable from each other. Fancy a tailor with such an eye for colour! and what lamentable results it might lead to, especially when it came to the question of a patched garment returned late on Saturday evening!

But the most interesting case of all is that of Dr. Dalton, discoverer of the atomic theory in chemistry, and celebrated also as a mathematician. It is from his name that the term Daltonism—generally applied on the Continent to colour-blindness—is derived. In 1794 he published an account of his own case and that of several others in the Transactions of the Manchester Society. The only two colours of the rainbow he could distinctly perceive were yellow and blue, but he had also a slight perception of purple. As usual in such cases, he saw no difference between red and green, being unable to distinguish the colour of a laurel leaf from that of a stick of red sealing-wax. An amusing story is told of his having once appeared at a Quaker meeting—of which body he was a member—in a suit that not a little startled the sober-minded Friends, for, as a supposed match to the drab coat and small clothes he always—as a Quaker—wore, his legs were arrayed in a pair of flaming red-coloured stockings, which he had innocently selected for their quiet and snuffy hue.

As another instance, Professor Whewell states that when the doctor was asked "with what he would compare the scarlet gown with which he had been invested by the university, he pointed to the trees, and declared that he perceived no difference between the colour of his robe and that of their foliage." Other remarkable cases of colour-blindness might be given, and amongst the list of persons thus affected some well-known names; as, for example, that of Dugald Stewart, the celebrated metaphysician. In truth, the number of colour-blind persons is by no means small. Professor Seebeck found five cases among forty boys who composed the upper classes of a gymnasium of Eerlin. Professor Prevost, of Geneva, stated that they amounted to one in twenty of those he examined, and more recent investigations have tended to raise the proportion still higher. Colour-blindness is, however, found much more commonly amongst men than women, as shown by the fact that out of 150 registered cases, there are but six of females, and one of them a doubtful case. This, perhaps, is no more than might have been expected, seeing that the circumstances of a woman's position in life, and the necessity she is constantly under of exercising her colour-sense in her household arrangements would tend—according to Mr. Darwin's theory—so to educate and develop in her this sense, that in the course of time it would become what we might call a peculiarly feminine faculty.

It is not, however, only in modern times that a special love for colour has been attributed to the feminine mind. When the prophetess Deborah represents Sisera's mother as anticipating, in her fond fancy, the victory of her son, the form her soliloquy is made to take is instructive. Very unlike it is to anything a man, under such circumstances, would have been likely to utter, whatever the calibre of his mind or tastes. "Have they not sped?" she is saying to herself; "have they not divided the prey? to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil." "She takes no notice," as Harvey in his "*Meditations and Contemplations*" points out when commenting upon this passage "She takes no notice of the signal service which her hero would do to his country by quelling so dangerous an insurrection. She never reflects on the present acclamations, the future advancement, and the eternal renown, which are the tribute usually paid to a conqueror's merit. She can conceive, it seems, nothing greater than to be clad in an embroidered vesture, and trail along the ground a robe of the richest dyes. 'A prey of divers colours, of divers colours of needle-

work, of divers colours of needlework on both sides'—this is, in her imagination, the most lordly spoil he can win; the most stately trophy he can erect. It is also observable how she dwells upon the trivial circumstance, reiterating it again and again. It so charmed her ignoble heart, so entirely engrossed her little views, that she can think of nothing else, speak of nothing else, and can hardly ever desist from the darling topic."¹

Virgil affords us an instructive instance too in the character he gives us of Camilla.² She was an Amazon and possessed of many great qualities; but, in the one particular of a love for coloured finery, still a woman. Addison, in a paper contributed to the *Spectator*,³ remarks upon this point. He says: "I cannot conclude my paper without observing that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion in the character of Camilla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. A golden bow hung from his shoulder, &c. The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with:—

Totumque incauta per agmen
Femineo præde et spoliis ardebat amore."

Again, it was the prey of divers colours, of divers colours of needlework, that was so irresistibly attractive; and it was her heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles that the poet (by a nice-concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of this female hero.

If there is, in each of these passages, a tone of reproach and irony, it is, of course, directed, not against the natural and feminine susceptibility to the charms of coloured ornamentation, but to the vanity and greed that, in their several cases, accompanied it. Readers of Charles Kingsley will remember that he again and again defends women from the charge of being generally vainer than men. "Who does not know," he says, "that the man is a thousand times vainer than the woman? He does but follow the analogy of all nature. Look at the Red Indian in that blissful state of man from which (so philosophers inform those who choose to believe them) we all spring. Which is the boaster, the strutter, the bedizener of his sinful carcase with feathers and beads, fox-tails and bears' claws—the brave, or his poor

¹ Note, p. 102.

² Virgil's *Æn.*, xi. 760, &c.

³ Vol. i. p. 15.

little squaw?"¹ But even Kingsley, we suspect, would not say that the Indian brave is more susceptible to the charms of ornamentation than "the poor little squaw" before whom, and for whose delectation, these ornaments are so proudly displayed.

But now, returning to the point we arrived at above—viz., that it is chiefly by means of sight that we receive impressions from our surroundings—when we reflect upon this, viewing it in connection with that other universally acknowledged truth, that there is, in nature, great wealth of colour-harmonies, and abundant suggestions of a pure colour-art, whilst positively nothing even approaching what we understand by musical harmony or even melody, it is strange that we should to-day be able to enjoy the marvellous musical creations of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, whilst of a colour-art we have not so much as laid the foundations. As Mr. Haweis says,² "there exists, as yet, no colour-art as a language of pure emotion. The art of painting has hitherto always been dependent upon definite ideas, faces, cliffs, clouds, incidents." And the truth of this statement is obvious; for who would ever have thought of attempting to represent in black and white a subject dependent *wholly* upon its colour-harmonies? Yet we all value some of the etchings and engravings after Gainsborough, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, or even after Turner.

Colour, then, has hitherto only been used as an accessory, however important, to form. "No method has yet been discovered of arranging colour by itself for the eye, as the musician's art arranges sound for the ear. We have no colour-pictures depending solely upon colour as we have symphonies depending solely upon sound;" and a colour-art pure and simple is still a thing of the future. We have no name for it, nor any system of notation by which to deal with it; everything has still to be done. It is called Colour-Music in this paper for want of a better name, and because it is not unnatural to speak of one art in terms usually applied to another, just as we already use the term "colour-harmonies," and speak of great musical composers as "tone-poets."

Now this lack of a colour-art is not by any means due to the rarity of a passionate responsiveness in mankind to colour-harmonies. There is scarcely anything more widely spread, or more commonly strong, than the love of colour; and it is because Turner, more than any artist since Gainsborough, is the great master of colour, that the admiration of his works is so widespread and so enthusiastic. Nor, again, is it that man's attention has never been directed to the initiation

¹ *Two Years Ago*, vol. ii. p. 52.

² *Music and Morals*, p. 31.

of such an art. Again and again some system of notation has been attempted, and efforts made to arrive by such means at satisfactory results : always unsuccessfully. The result of each such effort has only been to clothe the experimentalist with ridicule, and to convince the reading public of the hopelessness and folly of all such attempts. Perhaps under these circumstances it may be thought rash to express the belief Mr. Haweis seems to share with many others—that, notwithstanding all such failures, we are already on the threshold of an age in which colour-music will take its place as an emotional art on equal terms with its elder sister, and vie, in the magnificence of its results, with sculpture, architecture, painting, and music. Mr. Haweis closes his reference to this subject with a passage well worthy of being quoted in this place. “ Had we,” he says, “ but a system of colour-notation which would as intensely and instantaneously connect itself with every possible tint, and possess the power of combining colours before the mind’s eye, as a page of music combines sounds through the eye to the mind’s ear—had we but instruments, or some appropriate art mechanism for rendering such colour-notation into real waves of colour before the bodily eye, we should then have actually realised a new art, the extent and grandeur of whose developments it is simply impossible to estimate What a majestic symphony might not be played with orchestral blazes of incomparable hues ! What delicate melodies composed of single floating lights, changing and melting from one slow intensity to another through the dark, until some tender dawn of opal from below might perchance receive the last fluttering pulse of ruby flame, and prepare the eye for some new passage of exquisite colour ! Why should we not go down to the Palace of the People and assist at a real colour-prelude or symphony, as we now go down to hear a work by Mozart or Mendelssohn ? But the colour-art must first be constituted, its symbols and phraseology discovered, its instruments invented, and its composers born. Up to that time, music will have no rival as an art-medium of emotion ”

One word in passing upon the all importance here laid down of having a system of colour-notation before any considerable advance in the new art can be looked for. It may be objected to this, that the systems now employed in music, architecture, logic, mathematics, &c., were actually preceded by the practice of singing, building, reasoning, &c. It may be said that “ a drayman will taunt a comrade by exclaiming ‘ You’re a pretty fellow ’ ” without having learnt that he is employing the figure called irony ; and that he may afterwards go home whistling a tune, without knowing a note of music ; that he may poke the fire without knowing that he is employing the first kind

of lever ; and set the kettle on to boil, though ignorant of caloric and of the simplest elements of chemistry"—all of which, of course, is obviously true, as it is also true that acquaintance with a system can never make a Mendelssohn, a Christopher Wren, or a Newton ; but it does not therefore follow that systems are useless or trifling. For example, the new system of philosophy, introduced by Bacon, was *not* developed by the discovery of new phenomena, but, on the contrary, the phenomena were brought to light, and the most remarkable advance in knowledge made *as a result of the system*.

This being so, the importance of having a sound basis for our system cannot be exaggerated.

Now it so happens that, in this matter of a colour-art, what experiments have been hitherto made have been persistently conducted upon a hypothesis proved to be mistaken—viz., that between such an art and music there must, of necessity, be a close analogy ; and that, therefore, a system found to be successful with the one will only need modification and adjustment to become adapted for the other.

As soon as it was observed that there were seven primitive colours in nature, just as there are seven intervals in a musical octave, such a coincidence would naturally excite attention ; but when Newton discovered,¹ further, that in the coloured spectrum the spaces occupied by the violet, indigo, blue, &c., correspond to the divisions of the monochord, which gives the sounds re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, re—though Newton himself, like a wise philosopher, went no further than his discoveries led him—many rash people jumped at once to the conclusion that an analogy between colour and music was established, which might be relied upon in the formation of a system.

The chief points of Newton's discovery were as follows :—

1. That the light of the sun contains seven primitive colours.
2. That these colours are formed by the rays experiencing different refractions ; and the red is that which is least broken or refracted ; the next orange, then yellow, green, blue, indigo, and last, violet.
3. That these different coloured rays are afterwards unalterable.
4. That the spaces occupied by these several coloured rays correspond, as has been said, to the length of chords that sound the seven notes in the diatonic scale of music.

It is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence that they should so correspond, but the analogy is purely accidental, and of no more practical importance than the discovery made by Linnæus 150 years ago of a

¹ This was in 1666.

connection in plants between their colour and flavour :—yellow he found to be generally bitter, red sour, green of a rough alkaline taste, white sweet, and black disagreeable and poisonous.

It is surprising what absurd theories have been propounded and conclusions arrived at in the matter of colour.

For example, one theory is that since the primaries, when used in the proportion necessary to form white light, neutralise each other, they should therefore be so employed for decorative purposes. This is exceedingly like nonsense. As if the great object in using colours should be to make as little of them as possible. It is as if it should be suggested that a musical instrument, and the playing of it, should be so contrived that no musical sound may be heard.

There is also an absurd notion respecting accidental or complementary colours.

Readers will understand that a complementary colour is the exact contrast to the colour before us. Bluish green (blue and yellow) is complementary to red, orange-red is complementary to blue, &c. The advertisers of Pears' soap have made familiar to everyone the fact that if the eye rests for any considerable time upon one colour—say scarlet—and is then removed, another colour—the complement of scarlet—will be perceived by the eye as if in reaction from the fatigue it has sustained.

The absurd theory has been maintained that a primitive colour may be *destroyed* by its opposite derivative or accidental : and, *vice versa*, a derivative destroyed by a primitive not contained in it.

Another ridiculous notion which has found favour in its day is that, in decorating a building, the order should be that of nature—green at the lower part of the wall, brown underneath that (as the earth is beneath the grass), and blue (to represent the sky) at the top.

Again, very great ingenuity and care have been expended in drawing up tables to show the relative powers and proportions of colours and hues; the theory in this case being that colour is produced by the joint influence of light and shade.¹ The results are interesting, but they cannot be discussed in this place, and they are, for practical purposes, useless.

In short, attempts innumerable have been made to establish theories and rules upon data altogether insufficient for the purpose. Instead of referring all difficult problems to the eye, and being content to receive and record as final the decisions thus arrived at, attempts are unceasingly made to substitute rule. Memory is trusted

¹ Hay on Colour.

rather than the perception. Because such and such colours stand in certain relationship to others, or are compounded in a particular way, it is affirmed that they *must therefore* accord or disagree with some other colour, as a matter of course. Reference, too, is constantly made to nature. If only a flower can be produced with such and such colours in juxtaposition or combination, that is regarded as settling the question of their harmony, and affording unquestionable authority for employing them at any time in combination : whereas, really, it does nothing of the kind. Persons who so argue forget—as has been truly said—that “besides the petals and the leaves, their eye sees at the same time the yellow anthers, the brown stalk, or other coloured objects, even when the flower is plucked, and many more when it is viewed in the bed where it grows. The light and shade, and sometimes the semi-transparency of the petals, also give to the hues in flowers a somewhat different effect from what they would have as flat colours. But whatever may be the *cause* of the difference, there is no doubt of the fact, and this is all that is necessary for us to notice in considering the agreement or disagreement of the colours. If, too, the combinations in nature *must necessarily* be perfectly harmonious, and always concords, *most opposite* combinations must be accepted with equal favour.” Moreover, if all *colours* in nature are concords, what of the sounds? Few persons, surely, would call a peacock or a parrot a very tuneful fowl, and as for some of the quadrupeds—a pig for example—probably even Bottom the weaver would admit that, when in pain or terror, with the one exception of the lion, “there is not a more fearful wild-fowl living.” That brutal monarch, Louis XI. of France, is said to have constructed, with the assistance of the Abbé de Baigne, an instrument designated a “pig organ,” for the production of natural sounds. The master of the royal music, having made a very large and varied assortment of swine, embracing specimens of all breeds and ages, these were carefully *voiced*, and placed in order, according to their several tones and semitones, and so arranged that a key-board communicated with them, severally and individually, by means of rods ending in sharp spikes. In this way a player, by touching any note, could instantly sound a corresponding note in nature, and was enabled to produce at will either natural melody or harmony! The result is said to have been striking, but not very grateful to human ears.

As a matter of fact, neither are the sounds of nature nor her colours always harmonious. Even the colours of flowers are sometimes discordant ; and the best and truest guide in nature, and the only one to be trusted. is “man.

Of all the attempts that have been from time to time made to found a system for a colour-art upon the supposed analogy between colour and music, the best known are those of Father Castel, a French Jesuit. This man, who was a perfect enthusiast in the matter, not only formed a system, but, so early as the year 1734, actually constructed a model of a colour harpsichord, by means of which he promised to offer the eyes a new pleasure similar in character to that which the ears receive from music.

As a first preliminary, however, and for reasons of analogy, he changed the orders of the colours into the following, viz., blue, green, yellow, orange, red, violet, indigo, and in the last place blue, which forms, as it were the octave of the first. These, according to his system, are the colours which correspond to a diatonic octave of our modern music, *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*. The flats and sharps gave him no trouble; and the chromatic octave, divided into its twelve colours, was blue, sea-green, olive-green, yellow, apricot, orange, red, crimson, violet, agate, indigo, blue, which correspond to *do, do \sharp , re, re \sharp , mi, fa, fa \sharp , sol, sol \sharp , la, la \sharp , si, do*.

Now, if a harpsichord be constructed in such a manner, says Father Castel, that on striking the key *do*, instead of hearing a sound, a blue band shall appear; that on striking *re*, a green one shall be seen, and so on, you will have the required instrument; provided that for the first octave of *do* a different blue be employed. Father Castel does not explain what we are to understand by one blue an octave to another, but he says, that as there are reckoned to be twelve octaves appreciable by the ear, from the lowest sound to the most acute, there are in like manner twelve octaves of colours, from the darkest blue to the lightest; which gives us reason to believe that since the darkest blue is that which ought to represent the lowest key, the blue corresponding to the octave must be formed of eleven parts of pure blue and one of white; that the lightest must be formed of one part of blue and eleven parts of white, and so of the rest.

Father Castel had the greatest belief in his theory, and was most sanguine of the results to be looked for. He even thought that a piece of music might be translated into colours for the use of the deaf and dumb. "You may conceive," he says, "what spectacle will be exhibited by a room covered with rigadoons and minuets, sarabands and pascailles, sonatas and cantatas, and if you choose with the complete representation of an opera? Have your colours well diapasoned, and arrange them on a piece of canvas accord-

ing to the exact series, combination, and mixture of the tones, the parts and concords of the piece of music which you are desirous to paint, observing all the different values of the notes, minims, crotchets, quavers, syncopes, rests, &c., and disposing all the parts according to the order of counterpoint. It may be readily seen that this is not impossible, nor even difficult, to any person who has studied the elements of painting, and at any rate, that a piece of tapestry of this kind could be equal to those where the colours are applied as it were at hazard in the same manner as they are in marble.

"Such a harpsichord," he continues, "would be an excellent school for painters, who might find in it all the secrets and combinations of the colours, and of that which is called *claro-obscuro*. But even our harmonical tapestry would be attended with its advantages; for one might contemplate there at leisure what hitherto could be heard only in passing with rapidity, so as to leave little time for reflection. And what pleasure to behold the colours in a disposition truly harmonical, and in that infinite variety of combinations which harmony furnishes! The design alone of a painting excites pleasure. There is certainly a design in a piece of music; but it is not so sensible when the piece is played with rapidity. Here the eye will contemplate at leisure; it will see the concert, the contrast of all the parts, the effect of the one in opposition to the other, the fugues, imitations, expression, concatenation of the cadences, and progress of the modulation. And can it be believed that those pathetic passages, those grand traits of harmony, those unexpected changes of tone, that always cause suspension, languor, emotions, and a thousand unexpected changes in the soul which abandons itself to them, will lose any of their energy in passing from the ears to the eyes? It will be curious to see the deaf applauding the same passages as the blind. Green, which corresponds to *re*, will no doubt show that the tone *re* is rural, agreeable, and pastoral; red, which corresponds to *sol*, will excite the idea of a warlike and terrific tone; blue, which corresponds to *do*, of a noble, majestic, and celestial tone," &c.

As if this were not sufficiently extravagant, Father Castel proceeds presently: "A spectacle might be exhibited of all forms, human and angelic, birds, reptiles, fishes, quadrupeds, and even geometrical figures. By a simple game the whole series of Euclid's Elements might be demonstrated." "Father Castel's imagination," says Hutton, from whose *Mathematical Recreations*¹ this notice of

¹ Vol. ii. pt. iv. n. 22.

Castel is taken—"Father Castel's imagination seems here to conduct him in a straight road to Bedlam." He spent over twenty years in completing his instrument, but without success. "His harpsichord, constructed at a great expense, neither answered the author's intention, nor the expectation of the public." And, indeed, if there be any analogy between colours and sound, they differ in so many points that it need excite no wonder that this project should miscarry.

It may be thought that, before concluding this paper, the writer should offer his own ideas as to the means by which the much-to-be-desired consummation of the establishment of a pure colour-art may be attained. It is, however, one thing to criticise others and point out the mistakes of their efforts, and a very different thing—as "her Majesty's Opposition" sometimes find out—to propose a counter-scheme to supersede it.

If we are ever to have a Colour-art at all, it can only be perfected like other arts gradually. It must be an art entirely apart from others; governed by its own laws, and developed by a system formulated upon perfectly independent data. It will need, above all, its men of genius—its Jubals and Amatis and Cristofalis to invent instruments, and its Mozarts and Beethovens and Mendelssohns to write its preludes and symphonies, and, until these appear, little can be done.

As regards the *medium* for such an art, it may be suggested that perhaps we have it already to hand—not in pigments and washes—but in electricity.

Great as are the results already attained since Von Kleist discovered the Leyden jar, and Dr. Franklin combined the jars into a battery, we are still only on the threshold of our new knowledge. We have, as it were, just opened the door of an inexhaustible treasure-house, and taken a stupefied glance at its contents. However, what has been seen disposes us to accept very meekly the intimation that, amongst the Coming Race, "Vril" will take a central place as *the unity in natural agencies* that will so affect and shape the destinies of mankind, that "*Atzil*" will be synonymous with "civilization," and "Vril-ya" with "civilized world." Only it is a great blow to some of us to be told at the same time that, in the great future, of all the pleasurable arts, music will be the only one to really flourish, and that colour will be chiefly or only employed by ladies in dress as an indication of the state of their affections: "robes of bright red being a sign of preference for a single state; grey, a neutral tint, to indicate that the wearer is looking about for a spouse; dark purple if she wishes to

intimate that she has made her choice ; purple and orange when she is betrothed or married ; light blue when she is divorced or a widow and would marry again ; and that light blue, therefore, and as a matter of course, is seldom seen."

This, indeed, would be an artless use of colour with a vengeance. The comfort is that it is not yet history.

To anyone who has witnessed some of the effects produced by very simple means from electric light, it seems strange that so few people are acquainted with them, and that results more practical have not already been reached. By the simple expedient of presenting conductors of different substance and of varying power, the flash of light is made to change in colour from crimson to blue, yellow, green, violet, white, &c., at will ; sparks passed through balls of wood or ivory are crimson ; those from one polished surface to another, white ; those through imperfect conductors, purple ; green, when taken from the surface of silvered leather ; yellow, when taken from finely powdered charcoal, &c. ; and if the air through which the flash of light is passed be rarefied, further changes in the colour and character of the flash take place. In the ordinary vacuum of the air-pump, the passage of electricity appears as streams of diffused light, exhibiting movements and palpitations strongly resembling the coruscations of the aurora borealis.

Thus we have the means of expressing variety, velocity, intensity, form, elation, and depression—in short, all the complex properties of emotion ; and it only requires a master mind to direct and adapt and reduce to system and order what is already in our hands as raw material, for the world to possess a new art-medium of emotion in all respects capable of rivalling music itself.

That the time will come when such magnificent possibilities will become realities the writer, at least, has little doubt ; but how soon, and whether or not it will be in our day, remains to be seen.

J. CROFTS.

THE PLANE IN LONDON.

A STROLL through London parks, or around the private squares, may not reveal to us huge oaks, beeches, or elms worthy of record as among the noted trees of England. Giants are absent, we admit. But laying aside the impressive magnificence that undoubtedly attaches to mighty monarchs of the woodlands, we have here, surrounded by the roar of the great city, many beautiful tree pictures of as graceful forms as any to be found among forest glades or park lands in the heart of the country. These London trees may not live as long lives as their country brethren. How could it be expected they should, with the struggle for existence they must maintain against the perpetual stream of smoke and soot above, and the unkindly brick-intersected and all but macadamized earth below? They may be comparatively valueless commercially speaking as timber, but if we estimate their good offices to the community at large by the number of people whose health and enjoyment they minister to, no trees in England are more valuable, or perform a larger amount of work, than those of London.

The sanitary uses—the absorption of carbon and giving off of oxygen, and all the various chemical operations in the atmosphere highly beneficial to human beings which are brought into action by the growth of trees, are becoming more clearly recognised every day. When we admire the graceful beeches, elms, limes, horse-chestnuts, &c., and catch the perfume of the sweet-scented balsam poplar as we pass, it is satisfactory to know that not only beauty and enjoyment, but an incalculable amount of the healthiness of London, is derived from the trees just now in the full flush of their summer greenery.

It is not, however, of any of our indigenous trees we wish to speak at present. The *Platanus*, plantain, or plane tree is a foreigner, and yet we had almost called it *par excellence* the tree of London. The title, moreover, would not be altogether unfitting. This particular tree, as our arboriculturists tell us, is very capricious as to the places where it will grow. In some apparently suitable localities in this country it peremptorily refuses to thrive at all. It is keenly sensitive to the late spring frosts so often experienced in these islands. Large

trees having stood bravely in country parts of England and Scotland for from fifty to upwards of a hundred years, and having attained heights of from 54 to 80 feet, have suddenly been killed outright from this cause. We are not aware of any instance of a London plane tree having succumbed through frost. Its roots, we are told, love to get near the water, and in the native habitats of the two species we are familiar with—*P. orientalis*, introduced about 1541 or 1550, and *P. occidentalis*, introduced 1630, belonging respectively to Greece, Asia Minor, Persia, &c., and to North America, the finest specimens are met in the broad open valleys or plains along the banks of great rivers. Yet this is the tree we find in the very heart of the city of London, its bright leaves gleaming out wherever a bit of "holy ground," be it never so small, gives it a chance of foothold. There, where none of our indigenous trees will flourish, flourishes the plane, and with the annual return of spring casts off its winter coat of soot-begrimed bark, and throws its green shade over the sleeping dust of London's dead worthies—a thing of beauty ever fresh—a cherished city-belonging dear to city men. Take, for instance, that solitary plane, not a large tree but vigorous withal, that grows at the side of the church of St. Mary, Woolnoth, close by the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and the Mansion House, and nods its green leaves all summer time across the very focus from whence city life is perpetually radiating. It is no exaggeration to say that if anything was to destroy that tree the city would feel that it had sustained a loss—thousands of men would miss it. Pass down Fish Street Hill, and at the foot around the church of St. Magnus, wedged in among the tall buildings and inodorous reekings of Lower Thames Street, is a little grove of some five or six plane trees, lending an astonishing sparkle of brightness to this dismal artery of constantly congested heavy traffic.

More notable is the large solitary plane at the corner of Wood Street, spreading its branches over those four incongruously low-built shops in Cheapside. This is one of the finest and best known of the city trees; it claims, as we are told, individual rights, as well as possessing a story of its own. The tree is said to have been planted soon after the great fire of London, which would make its age to be upwards of two hundred years. If so, this patriarch, with two centuries of London soot upon its head, looking as lusty and vigorous as the youngest plane tree among us, is a remarkable example of the capricious preference with which the plane has taken to London life, and shows the power of resistance with which it seems to be endowed against all we should have thought must make tree life unendurable.

No doubt that annual casting off of the bark, to which we have alluded as a characteristic of the species, helps to render the plane so well suited to the highly artificial conditions of our smoky atmosphere. We have read and have been told by word of mouth that it is altogether on behalf of this Cheapside tree those four mean looking shops exist among the huge buildings all around them, the lease they are held under containing a provision that no building must ever be erected that would interfere with the growth or well-being of the tree that now covers the space where once stood the church of St. Peter le Chepe. We have not seen the lease, and as the vaults belonging to the ancient church remain intact under the Cheapside shops, we cannot help the suggestion that the presence of those vaults below may possibly be the original cause that has determined the diminutive character of the houses placed above them. This, we are aware, is a stupid practical view of the case. On the occasion of our last visit to the city, our admiration of that individual tree, as a grand and beautiful vegetable production that had risen superior over what seemed insuperable difficulties, drew upon us a storm of language, more forcible than convincing, from an unknown city gentleman in whose presence we had ventured to question whether, all things taken into account, the welfare of the tree was at all likely to have been considered in any lease. The memory of that recent scene, while it strengthens our conviction of the high value city gentlemen place upon those isolated trees, makes us somewhat diffident about offering the suggestion which nevertheless forces itself upon us. The spot is an interesting one. Some three hundred years before the great fire the noted goldsmith, Sir Nicholas Faringdon, appointed by Edward II. to be Mayor of London "so long as it pleased him" to hold the civic office, was buried here. By his will Sir Nicholas left a sum of money to provide a light which should "burn for ever before our Lady the Virgin in St. Peter le Chepe." Whether the light continued to burn until the fierce conflagration of 1666 we know not, but now in its place the solitary plane tree marks the sepulchre of that fourteenth-century Mayor of London. May the tree, once the annual visiting place of London rooks and now the favourite resort of innumerable London sparrows, long flourish to gladden the hearts of the thousands of daily passers-by, as they wend their way to and fro the dense forests of brick and mortar in whose sooty shades are spent the major part of their waking existences.

Going west, turn round by the General Post Office, down through St. Martin's le Grand, and there to the right you will come upon the quaint old-fashioned church of St. Anne, St. Agnes, and St. John

Zachary. Of three closely adjoining parish churches burnt in the fire only St. Anne's was rebuilt, and here in the graveyard, and in the graveyard close by that belonged to the church of St. John's Zachary, are six fine planes, and just over the way in the graveyard of St. Botolph's, opened in 1880 as an ornamental garden for the use of the parishioners, are plane trees young and old. Upon one tree standing by the entrance gate a rusty horseshoe has been nailed and is becoming imbedded and covered over by the vigorous woody growth of the thriving tree; curiously reminding us of the plane trees of Persia, some of which became nail-studded to an extraordinary extent, because of the offerings of old clothes hung upon these trees, under which the Persians constantly worship. All the larger trees around St. Paul's Cathedral are planes, flourishing, though not as yet of any great size. Go up the court off Ludgate Hill that leads to Stationers' Hall, and you will come upon another magnificent plane tree, without a scrap of other vegetation near it. They have been building here lately, and have had, in consequence, to prune back the wide-spreading branches of this tree, which, along with the Cheapside plane, is well worth a visit, if for no other reason than to see what really fine specimens of forest timber can be reared in the heart of London. We cannot, of course, catalogue all the solitary and other planes that mark ancient holy sites and greatly beautify central London. They are much-prized objects, their healthy growth brightening up the most crowded thoroughfares, and adding a graceful charm, while wholesomely affecting the atmosphere of narrow courts and alleys of some of the densest parts of the City, where our indigenous trees have utterly refused to grow.

The singular beauty of the plane becomes still more conspicuous in the squares and open spaces. In the West the plane trees of Berkeley Square have long been celebrated, and very fine they are. We have heard their enthusiastic admirers assert that no trees approaching those of Berkeley Square were to be seen elsewhere in London. This is a mistake; the planes of Bedford Square, Torrington Square, Fitzroy Square, and several others we might name, if not quite as well known, are certainly quite as fine, not to speak of the magnificent Hampstead planes. We must not omit a passing word on the Hyde Park plane trees along Park Lane, not that they are noticeable on account of arboreal perfections as regards either size or form. Quite the contrary; their gnarled and bulbous-looking rough trunks, so unlike the smooth, chequered, brownish-green-and-white peeling trunks of their neighbours, are records of that episode in the history of London of some twenty years ago, when the mob took the law into its own hands with respect to

the right of public meetings in the parks, and, on being refused an entrance, pulled down the Hyde Park railings. This proceeding gave the opportunity, wisely taken, of widening the carriage way of Park Lane. When the new railings were erected they were moved back upon the park, necessitating a like moving back of the row of plane trees. All care was taken : the trunks of the trees, as some of us remember, were for years kept swathed in straw, and frequent waterings in dry weather were applied. The planes, however, were not proof against the transplantation ; their roots struck bravely into the ground, but the functions of the bark were disarranged, and the trees, although now strong and healthy, show the suffering they have undergone by their stunted appearance, their abnormally roughened trunks, and the unusually short length of each fresh year's addition to their shoots and branches.

Another group of plane trees possessing a special interest are those on the Marylebone Road, for they preserve a lingering remnant of the, alas ! fast disappearing London rookeries. We usually associate rooks with "tall elm trees," but here the birds have betaken themselves to the plane trees growing in private gardens at the top of Harley Street. Scorning the public but more quiet woody glades of Regent's Park, the rooks, accredited, and perhaps deservedly so, as among the most astute fowls, have selected trees close to the noisy thoroughfare but enclosed in well-walled gardens. Furthermore, the favourite among the trees is a particularly fine specimen of a solitary plane growing in the enclosure of Harley House, now tenanted by the Sisters of the Convent of Marie Réparatrice. Since they came to Harley House, the sisters have cherished and fed the rooks, and the birds evidently appreciate the attention. Out of the entire rookery, consisting this year of from twenty to twenty-five tenanted nests, thirteen of them are built upon the branches of this one tall tree. Now, the troubles of this particular rook colony suggest a very curious question relative to plane trees in general. We learn from one of the sisters that during every season numbers of the young birds are thrown out or fall out of the nests in a dead or dying state, all of them apparently afflicted with a similar disease. In every case when either dead or living birds have been submitted for examination to a medical man, they have been pronounced to have died or to be dying from a disease much the same as that which in human beings would be called croup. It is not incurable as one of the croupy rooks that fell from the nest last season was nursed back to health by the gentle sisters, and is now a prime pet in the establishment. The fact worth pausing to note is that this

croupy affection should be so prevalent in a rookery among plane trees. Old John Gerarde, the famous herbalist of Queen Elizabeth's time, published his celebrated book in 1597, when the western plane was unknown and the oriental plane still a rarity in England; he quotes Galen for his authority that "the dust or down that lyeth on the leaves of the tree is to be taken heed of, for if it be drawn in with the breath it is offensive to the windpipe, and by its extreme dryness making the same rough, and hurting the voice, as it doth the sight and hearing if it fall into the eyes or ears." This charge against the plane tree is not confined to old writers. Loudon tells us "the young leaves and stipules are thickly covered with down, which, as soon as they become fully expanded, is cast off, and floating in the atmosphere, is inhaled by gardeners and others who have occasion to be much among the trees, and produces a cough which is very disagreeable and is not got rid of for several weeks." It is well known that in France the nurserymen cover the nose and mouth with a handkerchief of fine gauze when employed near plane trees at the time when this downy stuff is floating about. In America the plane usually goes by the name of "button-wood," because of the round seed vessels suspended from the branches which are just now very observable on our London trees; numberless little green "buttons" hanging down under the newly-opened leaves, while the less numerous, but larger, rough brown "buttons" of last year, which were so conspicuous throughout the winter, are still to be seen. The Americans also call the plane the "cotton-tree," because of the thick down covering the under surface of the leaves, which, in parts of the United States where the plane is abundant, is much dreaded by the inhabitants, who suffer considerably, and who believe the annual floating of the down, and the consequent irritation to the lungs, often ends in consumption. Our medico-naturalists should be able to tell us whether the mortality among the young rooks in the Marylebone Road can be supposed in any way to substantiate the charge against the tree. Heretofore we have never heard of any ill effects from the London planes. It may be that our climate does not foster the secretion which results in a large development of the downy substance. Or perhaps we have not a sufficient abundance of the trees as yet. Within the last few years, all along the Thames Embankment, and along the footways of numberless new roads and streets of houses recently built, as well as in the filling up of vacant places in the parks and squares, in the Temple Gardens and elsewhere, many thousands of young plane trees have been planted. Latterly, in fact, no other tree has been so

directions over London and the suburbs, and it would be a poor look-out if the result of this is to be an increase of London coughs and throat and lung ailments, a mid-spring instalment near akin to that troublesome summer infirmity only too well known to some constitutions as hay fever.

As a set-off against the charge, we may take comfort from the fact that the plane holds a very high character in Persia as a sanitary tree. It is credited with a powerful effect against pestilential vapours and the checking of epidemic diseases. The Persians esteem it much on this account, and for this express purpose the chinar, their name for the oriental plane, is extensively planted about their cities. Few Persian gardens are without an avenue of chinar trees; the people delight in lingering under them, hammocks are suspended from the branches, and in hot weather a great part of every day is passed in them. The Greeks, as we know, loved the tree, sacred to the lovely Helen. Pausanias, writing in the second century, speaks of a magnificent plane tree then flourishing in Arcadia, said to have been planted 1300 years before by Menelaus. Theocritus tells us of the island of planes lying close off the Morea, from whence the flowers were gathered that composed the garland worn by Helen on the day of her marriage with Menelaus. All the public schools of Athens were shadowed by planes. It was under the gentle rustle of the plane leaves Plato's discourses were spoken. Up and down the plane-tree groves of the Lyceum gardens Aristotle walked with his disciples as he taught them out of his great stores of knowledge. One of the charges brought against Socrates by the evil tongue of Meletus was that Socrates constantly swore by the plane tree, and in so doing committed a crime against the beautiful tree. Pliny and other writers have described various historical plane trees of great age, just as we note famous oak trees in this country; only that the planes of the East, both in age and size, far exceed any of our oaks. Perhaps nowhere in the world are a greater number of grand plane trees to be seen than along the banks of the Bosphorus. What is supposed to be the largest tree in Europe or Asia is a plane now growing in the meadow of Buyukdere, the circumference of the base of the trunk measuring 141 feet. When De Candolle visited this monster, more than half a century ago, he pronounced it to be upwards of 2000 years old. The shade it casts is sufficient to shelter an entire regiment. The largest occidental plane we have heard of is one on the Ohio river, the circumference of the trunk, four feet from the ground, measuring 47 feet. General Washington measured another tree on the Ohio, which gave a circumference of 41 feet, five

feet from the ground. With us the plane is considered a quick grower, sometimes attaining a height of 40 feet in ten years, and 100 feet in forty years, but none of our trees are old enough to boast of any great circumference of trunk. We know of no plane in England of greater girth of trunk than 18 or 19 feet. The great plane of the Apothecaries' Garden at Chelsea measures 18 feet at the base of the trunk, but although still alive, it is now only a bare stump with a sprouting twig or two. The majesty of those trees in their native lands it would be impossible to describe. We have cited one or two examples merely to show that whether taken from the beautiful, the gigantic, or the historical point of view, our London plane trees may be looked upon as distinguished foreigners, who, having taken kindly to our city, well merit our best attention.

MARK HERON.

THE CRESTED SCREAMER.

AMONGST the feathered notables from all parts of the world found gathered at the Zoological Gardens in London is the Crested Screamer from South America. It is in many respects a very singular species, and its large size, great strength, and majestic demeanour, with the surprising docility and intelligence it displays when domesticated, give it a character amongst birds somewhat like that of the elephant amongst mammals. Briefly and roughly to describe it: in size it is like a swan, in shape like a lapwing, only with a powerful curved gallinaceous beak. It is adorned with a long pointed crest and a black neck-ring, the plumage being otherwise of a pale slaty blue, while the legs and the naked skin about the eyes are bright red. On each wing, in both sexes, there are two formidable spurs; the first one, on the second joint, is an inch and a half long, nearly straight, triangular, and exceedingly sharp; the second spur, on the last joint, being smaller, broad, and curved, and roughly resembling in shape and size a lion's claw. There is another striking peculiarity. The skin is *emphysematous*—that is, bloated and yielding to pressure. It crackles when touched, and the surface, when the feathers are removed, presents a swollen bubbly appearance; for under the skin there is a layer of air-bubbles extending over the whole body and even down the legs under the horny tessellated skin to the toes, the legs thus having a somewhat massive appearance.

And now just a few words about the position of the screamer in systematic zoology. It is placed in the Family Palamedeidae, which contains only three species, but about the Order it belongs to there is much disagreement. It was formerly classed with the rails, and in popular books of Natural History still keeps its place with them. "Now the rail-tribe," says Professor Parker, speaking on this very matter, "has for a long time been burdened (on paper) with a very false army list. Everything alive that has had the misfortune to be possessed of large unwieldy feet has been added to this feeble-minded cowardly group, until it has become a mixed multitude with discordant voices and with manners and customs having no con-

sonance or relation." He takes the screamer from the rail-tribe and classes it with the geese (as also does Professor Huxley), and concludes his study with these words:—"Amongst living birds there is not one possessing characters of higher interest, none that I am acquainted with come nearer, in some important points, to the lizard; and there are parts of the organization which make it very probable that it is one of the nearest living relations of the marvellous *Archæopteryx*," an intermediate form between birds and reptiles belonging to the Upper Jurassic period.

The screamer's right to dwell with the geese has not been left unchallenged. The late Professor Garrod finds that "from considerations of pterylosis, visceral anatomy, myology, and osteology the screamer cannot be placed along with the Anserine birds." He finds that in some points it resembles the ostrich and rhea, and concludes: "It seems therefore to me that, summing these results, the screamer must have sprung from the primary avian stock as an independent offshoot at much the same time as did most of the other important families." This time, he further tells us, was when there occurred a general break-up of the ancient terrestrial bird-type, when the acquisition of wings brought many intruders into domains already occupied, calling forth a new struggle for existence, and bringing out many special qualities by means of natural selection.

With this question, belonging to a branch of science which might be called zoological archæology, I have little to do, and only quote the above great authorities to show that the screamer appears to be nearly the last descendant of an exceedingly ancient family, with little or no relationship to other existing families, and that its pedigree has been hopelessly lost in the night of incalculable antiquity. I have only to speak of the bird as a part of the visible world and as it appears to the non-scientific lover of nature; for, curiously enough, while anatomists have been laboriously seeking for the screamer's affinities in that "biological field which is as wide as the earth and deep as the sea," travellers and ornithologists have told us almost nothing about its strange character and habits.

Though dressed with Quaker-like sobriety, and without the elegance of form distinguishing the swan or peacock, this bird yet appeals to the æsthetic feelings in man more than any species I am acquainted with. Voice is one of its strong points, as one might readily infer from the name: nevertheless the name is not an appropriate one, for though the bird certainly does scream, and that louder than the peacock, its scream is only a powerful note of alarm uttered occasionally, while the notes uttered at intervals in the

or in the day-time, when it soars upwards like the lark of some far-off imaginary epoch in the world's history when all things, larks included, were on a gigantic scale, are, properly speaking, singing notes and in quality utterly unlike screams. Sometimes when walking across Regent's Park I hear the resounding cries of the bird confined there attempting to sing; above the concert of cranes, the screams of eagles and macaws, the howling of dogs and wolves and the muffled roar of lions, one can hear it all over the park. But those loud notes only sadden me. Exile and captivity have taken all joyousness from the noble singer, and a moist climate has made him hoarse; the long clear strains are no more, and he hurries through his series of confused shrieks as quickly as possible as if ashamed of the performance. A lark singing high up in a sunny sky and a lark singing in a small cage hanging against a shady wall in a London street produce very different effects; and the spluttering medley of shrill and harsh sounds from the street singer scarcely seems to proceed from the same kind of bird as that matchless melody filling the blue heavens. There is even a greater difference in the notes of the crested screamer when heard in Regent's Park and when heard on the pampas, where the bird soars upwards until its bulky body disappears from sight and from that vast elevation pours down a perpetual rain of jubilant sound.

Screamer being a misnomer, I prefer to call the bird by its vernacular name of *chajá*, or *chakar*, a more convenient spelling.

With the *chakar* the sexes are faithful, even in very large flocks the birds all being ranged in couples. When one bird begins to sing its partner immediately joins, but with notes entirely different in quality. Both birds have some short deep notes, the other notes of the female being long powerful notes with a trill in them; but over them sound the clear piercing notes of the male, ringing forth at the close with great strength and purity. The song produces the effect of harmony, but, comparing it with human singing, it is less like a *duo* than a *terzetto* composed of bass, contralto, and soprano.

At certain times, in districts favourable to them, the *chakars* often assemble in immense flocks, thousands of individuals being sometimes seen congregated together, and in these gatherings the birds frequently all sing in concert. They invariably—though without rising—sing at intervals during the night, "counting the hours," as the *Gauchos* say; the first song being at about nine o'clock, the second at midnight, and the third just before dawn, but the hours vary in different districts.

I was once travelling with a party of *Gauchos* when, about mid-

night, it being intensely dark, a couple of chakars broke out singing right ahead of us, thus letting us know that we were approaching a watercourse, where we intended refreshing our horses. We found it nearly dry, and when we rode down to the rill of water meandering over the broad dry bed of the river, a flock of about a thousand chakars set up a perfect roar of alarm notes, all screaming together, with intervals of silence after ; then they rose up with a mighty rush of wings. They settled down again a few hundred yards off, and all together burst forth in one of their grand midnight songs, making the plains echo for miles around.

There is something strangely impressive in these spontaneous outbursts of melody so powerful from one of these large flocks, and though accustomed to hear these birds from childhood, I have often been astonished at some new effect produced by a large multitude singing under certain conditions. Travelling alone one summer day, I came at noon to a lake on the pampas called Kakel—a sheet of water narrow enough for one to see across. Chakars in countless numbers were gathered along its shores, but they were all ranged in well-defined flocks, averaging about five hundred birds in each flock. These flocks seemed to extend all round the lake, and had probably been driven by the drought from all the plains around to this spot. Presently one flock near me began singing, and continued their powerful chant for three or four minutes ; when they ceased the next flock took up the strains, and after it the next, and so on until the notes of the flocks on the opposite shore came floating strong and clear across the water—then passed away, growing fainter and fainter, until once more the sound approached me travelling round to my side again. The effect was very curious, and I was astonished at the orderly way with which each flock waited its turn to sing, instead of a general outburst taking place after the first flock had given the signal. On another occasion I was still more impressed, for here the largest number of birds I have ever found congregated at one place all sung together. This was on the southern pampas, at a place called Gualicho, where I had ridden for an hour before sunset over a marshy plain where there was still much standing water in the rushy pools, though it was at the height of the dry season. This whole plain was covered with an endless flock of chakars, not in close order, but scattered about in pairs and small groups. In this desolate spot I found a small rancho inhabited by a Gaucho and his family, and I spent the night with them. The birds were all about the house, apparently as tame as the domestic fowls, and when I went out to look for a spot for my horse to feed on, they would not

fly away from me, but merely moved a few steps out of my path. About nine o'clock we were eating supper in the rancho when suddenly the entire multitude of birds covering the marsh for miles around burst forth into a tremendous evening song. It is impossible to describe the effect of this mighty rush of sound, but let the reader try to imagine half-a-million voices, each far more powerful than that one which makes itself heard all over Regent's Park, bursting forth on the silent atmosphere of that dark lonely plain. One peculiarity was that in this mighty noise, which sounded louder than the sea thundering on a rocky coast, I seemed to be able to distinguish hundreds, even thousands, of individual voices. Forgetting my supper, I sat motionless and overcome with astonishment, while the air, and even the frail rancho, seemed to be trembling in that tempest of sound. When it ceased my host remarked with a smile, "We are accustomed to this, señor—every evening we have this concert." It was a concert well worth riding a hundred miles to hear. But the chakar country is just now in a transitional state, and the precise conditions which made it possible for birds so large in size to form such immense congregations are rapidly passing away. In desert places, the bird subsists chiefly on leaves and seeds of aquatic plants; but when the vast level area of the pampas was settled by man, the ancient stiff grass-vegetation gave place to the soft clovers and grasses of Europe, and to this new food the bird took very kindly. Other circumstances also favoured their increase. They were never persecuted, for the natives do not eat them, though they are really very good—the flesh being something like capercailzie in flavour. A *higher* civilisation is changing all this: the country is becoming rapidly overrun with emigrants, especially by Italians, the pitiless enemies of all bird-life.

The chakars, like the skylark, love to soar upwards when singing, and at such times when they have risen till their dark bulky bodies appear like floating specks on the blue sky, or until they disappear from sight altogether, the notes become wonderfully etherealized by distance to a soft silvery sound, and it is then very delightful to listen to them.

It seems strange that so ponderous a fowl with only six feet and a half spread of wings should possess a power of soaring equal to that of vultures and eagles. Even the vulture with its marvellous wing power soars only from necessity, and when its crop is full finds no pleasure in "scaling the heavens by invisible stairs." The chakar leaves its grass-plot after feeding and soars purely for recreation, taking so much pleasure in its aerial exercises that in bright

warm weather, in winter and spring, it spends a great part of the day in the upper regions of the air. On the earth its air is grave and its motions measured and majestic, and it rises with immense labour, the wings producing a sound like a high wind. But as the bird mounts higher, sweeping round as it ascends, just as vultures and eagles do, it gradually appears to become more buoyant, describing each succeeding circle with increasing grace. I can only account for this magnificent flight, beginning so laboriously, by supposing that the bubble space under the skin becomes inflated with an air lighter than atmospheric air, enabling a body so heavy with wings disproportionately short to float with such ease and evident enjoyment at the vast heights to which the bird ascends. The heavenward flight of a large bird is always a magnificent spectacle; that of the chakar is peculiarly fascinating on account of the resounding notes it sings while soaring, and in which the bird seems to exult in its sublime power and freedom.

I was once very much surprised at the behaviour of a couple of chakars during a thunderstorm. On a still sultry day in summer I was standing watching masses of black cloud coming rapidly over the sky, while a hundred yards from me stood the two birds also apparently watching the approaching storm with interest. Presently the edge of the cloud touched the sun, and a twilight gloom fell on the earth. The very moment the sun disappeared the birds rose up and soon began singing their long-resounding notes, though it was loudly thundering at the time, while vivid flashes of lightning lit the black cloud overhead at short intervals. I watched their flight and listened to their notes, till suddenly as they made a wide sweep upwards they disappeared in the cloud, and at the same moment their voices became muffled, and seemed to come from an immense distance. The cloud continued emitting sharp flashes of lightning, but the birds never reappeared, and after six or seven minutes once more their notes sounded loud and clear above the muttering thunder. I suppose they had passed through the cloud into the clear atmosphere above it, but I was extremely surprised at their fearlessness; for as a rule when soaring birds see a storm coming they get out of its way, flying before it or stooping to the earth to seek shelter of some kind, for most living things appear to have a wholesome dread of thunder and lightning.

When taken young the chakar becomes very tame and attached to man, showing no inclination to go back to a wild life. There was one kept at an estancia called Mangrulllos, on the western frontier of Buenos Ayres, and the people of the house gave me a very curious

account of it. The bird was a male, and had been reared by a soldier's wife at a frontier outpost called La Esperanza, about twenty-five miles from Mangrulllos. Four years before I saw the bird the Indians had invaded the frontier, destroying the Esperanza settlement and all the estancias for some leagues around. For some weeks after the invasion the chakar wandered about the country, visiting all the ruined estancias, apparently in quest of human beings, and on arriving at Mangrulllos, which had not been burnt and was still inhabited, it settled down at once and never afterwards showed any disposition to go away. It was extremely tame, associating by day with the poultry, and going to roost with them at night on a high perch, probably for the sake of companionship, for in a wild state the bird roosts on the ground. It was friendly towards all the members of the household except one person, a peon, and against this man from the first the bird always displayed the greatest antipathy, threatening him with its wings, puffing itself out, and hissing like an angry goose. The man had a swarthy beardless face, and it was conjectured that the chakar associated him in its mind with the savages who had destroyed its early home.

Close to the house there was a lagoon, never dry, which was frequently visited by flocks of wild chakars. Whenever a flock appeared the tame bird would go out to join them ; and though the chakars are mild-tempered birds and very rarely quarrel, although so well provided with formidable weapons, they invariably attacked the visitor with great fury, chasing him back to the house, and not ceasing their persecutions till the poultry-yard was reached. They appeared to regard this tame bird that dwelt with man as a kind of renegade, and hated him accordingly.

Before he had been long at the estancia it began to be noticed that he followed the broods of young chickens about very assiduously, apparently taking great interest in their welfare, and even trying to entice them to follow him. A few newly-hatched chickens were at length given to him as an experiment, and he immediately took charge of them with every token of satisfaction, conducting them about in search of food and imitating all the actions of a hen. Finding him so good a nurse, large broods were given to him, and the more the foster-chickens were the better he seemed pleased. It was very curious to see this big bird with thirty or forty little animated balls of yellow cotton following him about, while he moved majestically along, setting down his feet with the greatest care not to tread on them, and swelling himself up with jealous anger at the approach of a cat or dog.

The intelligence, docility, and attachment to man displayed by the chakar in a domestic state, with perhaps other latent aptitudes only waiting to be developed by artificial selection, seem to make this species one peculiarly suited for man's protection, without which it must inevitably perish. It is rather sad to reflect that all our domestic animals have descended to us from those ancient times which we are accustomed to regard as dark or barbarous, while the effect of our modern so-called humane civilisation has been purely destructive to animal life. Not one type do we rescue from the carnage going on at an ever-increasing rate over all the globe. To Australia and America, North and South, we look in vain for new domestic species, while even from Africa, with its numerous fine mammalian forms, and where England has been the conquering colonising power for nearly a century, we take nothing. The sterling qualities of the elephant, the unique beauty of the zebra, appeal to us in vain. We are only teaching the tribes of that vast continent to exterminate a hundred noble species they would not tame. With grief and shame, even with dismay, we have to remember that our country is now a stupendous manufactory of destructive engines, which we are rapidly placing in the hands of all the savage and semi-savage people of the earth, and by so doing making unfit to survive innumerable types perfected and made fit by nature by means of that slow cumulative process a knowledge of which ought surely to teach us a better way.

W. H. HUDSON.

LIFE IN THE BASTILLE.

WE have all heard that the Bastille was intended originally as a fortress, to be used also as a prison for State criminals. Built in the latter half of the fourteenth century, it served chiefly as a fortress until the reign of Louis XIII., when, under the arrogant despotism of Richelieu (1624-1642), its cells were found convenient for hiding such prisoners as the Cardinal Minister judged to be objectionable. A few years after his death it was said of him, "Richelieu did not govern, he thundered." Under his rule the Bastille was always full; he relied upon the scaffold and upon the dungeon in affording him assistance in the work he had in hand. And during the long reign of Louis XIV. the prison authorities were always fully employed. For a century and a half the French people used to look upon the Bastille as the emblem of despotism and of tyranny; and, as all the world knows, the hateful prison was pulled down by the mob of Paris in 1789, at the commencement of the great French Revolution.

Until its downfall the archives of the Bastille were hidden inside the old fortress, unknown to anyone save to the governor. When the building was stormed all these papers were thrown out into the courtyard. Most of them were taken temporarily to the Abbaye St. Germain des Prés, afterwards to the Arsenal. There they remained until they were put into its library, when M. François Ravaisson, one of the secretary-treasurers, and later one of the conservators, himself ransacked the archives to see what he could find in them.

Under the ancient monarchy in France secrecy was the one all-important matter whenever prisoners of State were concerned. To them the Bastille was as silent as the grave so long as they were inside its walls. The orders for imprisonment were given by *lettres de cachet*, and these were scrutinised with the greatest care. The *lettre de cachet* was, in fact, a letter signed with the King's seal, and containing an order from him; but the orders that have come most frequently to our notice were orders for imprisonment. Those that

related to the Bastille had to be signed first by the King, afterwards by a minister ; at the bottom of the order the governor signed a receipt. And in nearly every case, before the arrival of the prisoner, the governor had already received instructions to enter in the register his name, the cause for his arrest, and by whose order the arrest had been made. Unless these preliminary rules had been observed, entrance into the castle was forbidden. To effect the arrest either force or cunning was the means usually employed, for it was above all things necessary to avoid publicity. An officer touched the shoulder of the man whom he was about to make prisoner with a white wand, and ordered him in the King's name to follow. Resistance was not often shown, for all knew that it would be ineffectual. A carriage was kept in readiness, or when that was not possible the first vehicle that could be found was seized—again in the King's name—and into that the prisoner was made to enter, two or three officers sitting beside him. Before opening the gates of the Bastille the first sentinel cried, "Qui vive?" The chief escort answered, "Ordre du Roi." A subaltern of the guard inside the castle demanded to see the *lettre de cachet*. Then he allowed the gates to be opened, and a bell was tolled to warn the officers inside. The King's lieutenant and the captain in command of the gates received the prisoner in due form as he alighted from his carriage. De Renneville—who was a political prisoner in the Bastille during the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., and who has left us a long though not always a trustworthy account of his imprisonment and of his sufferings—says, "At last we reached the dreaded spot. On entering, as soon as the sentinels saw us they put their caps before their faces. I have since learned that they observe this strange custom because it is forbidden them to look at the faces of the prisoners." In de Renneville's as well as in other accounts that we have of the treatment shown to prisoners in the Bastille we cannot take every assertion made as an established fact. The food, for instance, as to which we shall speak later on, would vary according to the character of the governor ; and M. Ravaisson says that de Renneville's complaints against Bernaville—the governor in his time—are quite valueless. M. Ravaisson has no doubt compiled his lengthy tomes from the original documents ; nevertheless in his introduction he writes, it would seem, as wishing to put matters in the most favourable light for the prison authorities.

The prisoners were divided into two classes—those who had been arrested for reprimand and those who were thought to be guilty of graver faults. Prisoners of the first class were kept under

key merely as a precautionary measure, but the others might, if it so pleased the King, remain in prison indefinitely without any legal judgment being passed upon them; or they might be brought before the bar of the Parliament, or before the Extraordinary Commission held at the Arsenal, where they were examined. When their guilt was proved they were no longer imprisoned in the King's name, but in the name of the Commission, and then the system of procedure followed its usual course. Torture would be employed to extract from the suffering wretch a confession of his crimes. It is not now our intention to detail horrors, so we will omit these acts of cruelty. So long as the prisoner was confined in the King's name his condition was not especially to be pitied, but the rigours of the law commenced when his case was tried by the Commission which sat in the Arsenal. The treatment inside the prison was milder than is generally supposed, but that cannot excuse the system which allowed to the King the right to commit any one of his subjects to banishment—often for a long period of years—without his being tried and found worthy of imprisonment.

In the early years of his reign Louis XIV. used the *lettres de cachet* with some moderation. He did not sign them until he knew what he was doing, and very many of the arrests made were justified on public grounds. But as years went on abuses grew louder, and Louis punished men often unjustly. At first he was rightly severe upon duelling, theft, extortion, and poisoners. A long chapter might be written upon this latter head alone. As he grew older he became more selfish, less just-minded, and more bigoted in religious matters. Towards the end of his reign the Bastille was filled with Protestants, with Jansenists, and with authors. As regards the authors many of them left the Bastille in a better bodily condition than when they went into it.

It would be a mistake to suppose that only the nobility were sent to the Bastille. High and low found themselves within its walls, the difference being that prisoners of distinction were put in one of the rooms in the castle and commoner prisoners into the towers. In the towers there were thirty-seven cells, in the castle itself forty-two. There were eight towers, and under each there was a dungeon, or *cachot*, where recalcitrant prisoners were sent, but they were never kept there for a long time. Here the most turbulent prisoners were confined, generally half-crazed malefactors, and, by way of threat, a chain was riveted into the centre of the floor. There can be no doubt that the dungeons were damp and unwholesome. Almost as bad as the dungeons were the *calottes*, or the prisons at the top of the

towers, for in winter they were terribly cold and in summer the prisoners were made sick by the heat. They were so low that a man could not stand upright except in the centre. In these places were put hardened prisoners, but who were not bad enough to deserve the dungeons. Neither in the *calotte* nor in the *cachot* was any sort of fireplace at all possible. All the other rooms, M. Ravaisson says, were like one another. They were octagon in shape, from ten to thirteen feet across and as many feet high. In most of them was a large chimney, which was very carefully barred, to prevent the escape of a prisoner; in others there was a stove. To every room there were double doors with enormous locks, that required enormous keys. De Renneville often speaks of the hideous noise made by the scraping of the keys in the locks of his doors.

The prisoner was bound to provide himself with all the furniture that was allowed to him. A special upholsterer enjoyed this monopoly, and we are told that he used to make much money. He probably sold poor articles at treble their value. The system could not have been a good one, for it led to communication with persons outside. Early in the eighteenth century a few rooms were furnished—that is, a bed, two chairs, and a table were provided. Absolute solitude was never very rigorously enforced unless special instructions to this effect had been given by the minister. The prisoners were often visited by one of the officers, and the turnkeys used partially to clear out the rooms. The only article of expense that the King paid for was the food; and, lest we be suspected of speaking untruly, we will translate literally M. Ravaisson's words, and also those of the prisoner de Renneville.

M. Ravaisson first. "There were always several dishes—soup, an *entrée*, another course (either of meat or of vegetables), dessert, &c. To each dinner two bottles of wine, Burgundy or Champagne; a third bottle was given to be drunk at leisure during the day. The most robust appetite was not strong enough to consume so much; and de Renneville often ridicules the turnkeys, who were slow in taking away the plates, so that they might have time to finish the savoury dishes. But they were not allowed to touch the wine. The prisoners, therefore, had always a bin in the corner of their cells. On holidays the governor would send them an extra bottle. De Renneville says that once six bottles of champagne were brought to him." This last sentence we confess that we cannot accept quite literally without some explanation. M. Ravaisson, who has spent many years in examining the archives of the Bastille, says that in the 17th century it was considered a sign of good manners to get drunk

Now let us see what the prisoner de Renneville says. "At the stroke of one o'clock I was awakened by the noise of the scraping of the keys in the locks, which seemed to penetrate into my bones. The second door opened, and Corbé—the governor's nephew—entered, with a smile on his face as he spoke to me. He was followed by my stinking turnkey with an armful of dishes. The man laid one of my napkins on the table, and placed my dinner upon it. This consisted of a plate of green pea soup garnished with lettuces, which had been well boiled and looked very nice, and with a quarter of a fowl on the top. In another plate there was a slice of succulent beef, with gravy and a sprinkling of parsley; on another plate a quarter of a forcemeat pie, well garnished with sweetbread, cocks' combs, asparagus, mushrooms, truffles, &c. ; and on another plate some hashed mutton : all very well served ; and for dessert a biscuit and two apples."

Later on in his imprisonment de Renneville says, "Ru—the turnkey—came alone, bringing me my dinner, about two o'clock. My ordinary fare had been reduced considerably. I had nevertheless a good plate of soup with crusts of bread in it, a bit of tolerable boiled beef, a sheep's tongue hashed, and two bits of pastry for my dessert. I was served much in the same way all the time I was in this unhappy place. Sometimes a wing or a leg of a fowl was put into my soup ; or sometimes little bits of pastry were put on the edge of my soup plate, but from the crumbs that remained I knew that Ru used now and then to eat them himself. In the evening I had either some veal or some roast mutton, with a little hash, or sometimes a young pigeon, and now and again—not often—half of a fowl, and occasionally a salad. I used to give three-quarters of all this to the turnkeys. It was their perquisite. They had also whole pieces of bread. These were taken back into the kitchen and used again for our soup."

Whatever hardships men in the Bastille had to undergo, it would seem that at any rate they had plenty to eat. There, as in other prisons, a deprivation of a portion of their meals was a mode of punishment employed often enough. Even then the prisoner had given to him soup, meat, bread, and a pint of wine. It was only in extreme cases that he was put upon bread and water, and never without express order from the Court.

Plenty to eat was the rule, but during the years 1709, 1710 the allowance was less liberal. De Renneville and other prisoners complained to the minister against the governor. Provisions had then become very dear, for that winter was exceptionally severe. Distress was common all through France. The law was that the food supplied

to the prisoners should be regulated according to the tariff allowed by the King. This allowance was made to depend upon the rank of the prisoner : princes were allowed at the rate of 50 francs a day ; nobles, 30 and 20 ; the bourgeoisie, 10 and 5 ; those of a low condition, 3 francs or 2 francs 50 centimes. De Renneville's allowance was at the rate of 10 francs a day. It is needless to say that the food supplied cost less than these sums. The surplus moneys were divided among the governor and his staff of officers. The salary of the governor was not high—the office was held for life—but the perquisites were considerable. Besmaus, appointed by Mazarin in 1658, paid for the place 40,000 francs. Even when the Bastille was empty a certain number of pensions were allowed, and when the prison was full the profits were naturally very large.

The prisoners might buy certain authorised books ; but each volume was taken to pieces, rebound, and carefully examined to intercept any hidden letter or other correspondence. The officers would sometimes lend their books. By degrees a prison library was formed, and it was large enough to have a special catalogue made. Chess too was allowed, and games at draughts. Cards were tolerated. With an order from the minister paper might be given, but it was doled out sheet by sheet, and the same number of sheets as were given to the prisoner had to be returned to the officer ; so also when a pen was supplied. There were other pleasures, called "*les libertés de la Bastille*," but they were given sparingly and only as a mark of great condescension. A certain number of prisoners might walk about in the courtyard until nightfall, and they might see their friends during the day. There were also games allowed to those whom the authorities thought deserving.

On the whole, then, life in the Bastille for ordinary State prisoners was not intolerable. Hunger is the most imperious of all man's wants, and that was abundantly satisfied.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

GEORGE ELIOT'S POLITICS.

TO consider George Eliot as a political philosopher is, perhaps, to present her in a new habiliment to many readers. It is a remarkable characteristic of the multitudinous reviews that have appeared of Mr. Cross's "Life" that in hardly one is there more than a passing allusion to the political sympathies of its subject. And probably the indifference of the reviewer to this part of George Eliot's personality has been reciprocated by the reader. The other parts of her character are so much more prominent and distinctive, that few turn to contemplate her relation to contemporary and general politics. Her books, with the single exception, hardly allude either to general political problems or particular measures and controversies. And in "Felix Holt," such is the impress of the author's mind on the writing, that at a first reading we think more of the psychological problems personified in Esther Lyon and Harold Transome than of the political idealism which imparts such an unconventional strength to its hero. Yet a closer examination of the work and its teachings—a better understanding of the development of the author's conception—implants the conviction that "Felix Holt" bears a relation to political and social philosophy as distinct and important as Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke" or Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." It is true George Eliot does not rest the interest of this story entirely on the political philosophy it inculcates—indeed, this is rendered almost subsidiary to the psychological element.

But, nevertheless, this philosophy is of such a type, and is enunciated with such an original force, that to have written this work alone entitles George Eliot, as an exponent of philosophic truths in politics by means of fiction, to a place in the same category as George Sand, the great French poet, or "Parson Lot."

In the "Life" itself, although reviewers generally have ignored the fact, there are passages from George Eliot's journals which give us clear indications of her political faith. These remarks on the contemporary politics of her time are necessarily of a somewhat disjointed character, and, while giving hints, do not reveal to us the whole texture of her political philosophy.

That George Eliot should have sought political truth, and have endeavoured to influence political thought, is but conformable to the expansiveness of her mind and the wide human sympathy which distinguished her nature. While occupied in abstruse philosophical study, her intellectual curriculum could not exclude the political problems whose solution presaged a better future for the "common people," mainly by the romance of whose lives she has deigned to enrich her pages. It is true she was removed from the sphere of partisan controversy, that she viewed politics in the same scientific spirit that she studied psychology and natural science, but nevertheless her influence in the province of political thought, while perhaps not so large, will be no less noble and beneficent than in the conduct of life. She wrote not as a partisan, but as a philosopher who stood aloof from party quarrels, and who, perhaps, neither aided nor impeded the success of the various measures of the time, but who strove to inculcate in the minds of the people, without regard to partisan professions or interested zeal, what she conceived to be calculated to most advance the true interests of a free commonwealth; while she was unfitted and unwilling to quit the sphere of literary culture and philosophic study to espouse, in a more marked and active manner, movements which, while advancing principles with which she sympathised, had also, owing to the current conditions of political life, some aspects wholly repulsive to her refined nature.

"Felix Holt, the Radical" is regarded by many critics as the most defective of George Eliot's literary performances. Of its literary qualities we will not presume to speak; but to us it has always seemed as the most valuable, and therefore the best, of her works. Serious and elevated in purpose as the whole of her works are, none is more so, and none has more successfully achieved that purpose, than "Felix Holt, the Radical." As illustrative of the care George Eliot bestowed upon the preparation of the work, it is mentioned in the "Life" that she "went through" the *Times* of 1832—from the political circumstances of which time the plot is derived—previous to beginning this work.

In the creation of the character of Felix Holt the originality and depth of George Eliot's genius are seen. George Eliot has never departed more from the "Cremorne walks and shows of fiction," and revealed the height of her elevation above the conventionality of her lady compeers, than in her finely drawn parallel of Felix Holt, the true Democrat, and Harold Transome, the volatile and wealthy Radical; or the exquisitely executed portrait of the Independent minister, Mr. Lyon; or the subtle analysis of the delicate nature of

his daughter Esther. And then, again, the result of George Eliot's assiduous industry is such, that perhaps no more vivid, faithful, and better outlined picture of rural England at the time of the Reform Bill, with its all-powerful aristocracy, sectarian antagonisms, and awakening interest in politics, could be obtained than through the medium of this, perhaps, the least admired of George Eliot's works.

But, of course, in examining George Eliot's political ethics, the greatest interest attaches to the individuality of Felix Holt. In Felix, George Eliot has embodied her ideal of the working-man, labouring to advance the welfare of his brethren. Felix in his life preaches that gospel of labour which makes the burden of many of Carlyle's most rugged passages. Felix Holt accepts Radicalism not as a formula, but as the expression of a duty. He not only calls himself a Democrat, but lives a Democrat. He returns from Glasgow University, where he has obtained learning by working as a watchmaker, to his native town, with a quiet but earnest enthusiasm to advance the cause of reform, and with it the cause of labour. He resolves, however, to labour for the workmen as one of themselves, not as one who has raised himself above their social scale. He has education, and the comparative munificence of a clerkly vocation is open to him; but he scorns the thought of prostituting his talent to advancing himself to the position in which he can "study the latest fashions in collars and neckties," and enjoy the prospect of attaining to the dignity "of a house with a high doorstep and a brass knocker." He is eager to emancipate labour from the thralldom of property and privilege, but he is no less eager to save it from the insidious wiles and self-seeking fawning of shrewd demagogues and astute plutocrats. He therefore continues in his vocation of repairing clocks, and endeavours to bring intellectual light and political morality to the miners of Sproxtton, by meeting them with their pipes and pewters on the Sunday evening at the village alehouse.

His mind is expansive, if not richly cultivated. He has a strong grasp of the actualities of his time, is possessed of a firm purpose and stubborn resolution. He inveighs in his conduct against the cant of conventionality with all the fierceness of a Carlyle or the pungency of a Thackeray; abhors well-dressed gentility and the meretricious mirage of Byronic sentimentality. He is earnest in principle and resolute in purpose, but he has little of the egotism which is the main element of ambition. He is ardent to assist in bringing about political reforms, but he does not vent his ardour in loud-spoken bids for popular notoriety. He regards political progress as the necessary concomitant of the intellectual elevation and

moral amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and as the first thing at hand, he makes himself one of the fraternity at the "Sugar Loaf" on the Sunday evening.

The character of Felix Holt is not merely the product of the circumstances of the time. George Eliot selects a time of extraordinary and epochal political interest, when the popular passion is just being felt in English political life, for her story. But the attributes and characteristics of Felix Holt would have made him a reformer of society and an apostle of labour at any other period. He has the quiet earnestness of the Oxford Reformers of the time of the Renaissance, combined with the practical wisdom of the Puritans of the Commonwealth period. He lives in a time with the main tendencies of which he is in sincere sympathy. Some of the aspects of its central movement, however, he regards with suspicious antagonism. He desires political power for the labourers not as a means of class aggrandisement, but of class elevation. "Extension of the suffrage," he bitterly remarks on returning from an unsatisfactory expedition to the alehouse, "will do much good if it means extension of drinking." And the attempts of Johnson, the glib sycophantic agent of the Radical candidate, Mr. Transome, to delude and demoralise the miners of Sproxtton by "treating" and fine phrases rouses the indignation of his soul.

The character has little of the romance which is usually attached to the hero of such novels. Felix Holt is talented, enthusiastic, and has a strong individuality, yet he is wanting in what would have been the necessary accompaniment of every hero similarly circumstanced in every novel not written by George Eliot. As we have remarked, Felix Holt lacks the fire of ambition, and the sphere of his personality and influence is throughout narrow and restricted. This circumstance, if found in a novel with a purpose by any other than George Eliot, would have almost destroyed the interest of the book, and have marred its popularity. "Popular novelists" would have known this, and any one more solicitous of public applause than the author of "Felix Holt" would have invested the personality of the young Radical with quite a different hue—would have surrounded him with the halo of ambitious youth—would have endowed him with a "future"—would have ingeniously entranced the reader by a pathetic relation of his struggles with property, social privilege, and political tyranny, and have finally declared his destiny in overcoming, by his eloquence, the plutocratic and privileged powers, as the tribune of the toilers.

And yet, eminently successful as this method may be, we do not

know but that "Felix Holt" has gained in its value and interest by the more prosaic and natural colours George Eliot has imparted to the story. Certainly she was more true to her art in not making the young clock-mender develop into a popular leader, and we even venture to think that its value as a contribution to political fiction—if we may use such a term—has been enhanced by the fact that George Eliot did not attempt to obtain a cheap popularity for her book in the manner to which we have alluded. The lives of popular leaders, and the lessons they teach, have their place in biography; but the lives of obscure teachers of men, who derive not their inspiration from ambition and emerge not from their obscurity, but which teach lessons of perhaps greater import, can find no incarnation but in the art of fiction. The great speeches, famous events, and important epochs in the lives of popular tribunes are the common property of the people, but—even if they have not sought greatness, but have had it thrust upon them—their period of obscurity, the time of their intellectual inception, pristine efforts, and small endeavours is darkened from the public view by the blaze of light which is thrown upon the splendour and success of their after careers.

We must proceed, however, to consider the abstract political morality of the book. For, although Felix Holt is the leading character, other phases of political thought and action are represented in the persons of Harold Transome, Rufus Lyon, and the church vicar; for it was evidently George Eliot's purpose not only to show the pernicious character of political action in the time of small pocket boroughs and aristocratic supremacy, but the dangers which, unless recognised and counteracted, would produce evils hardly less pernicious under a *régime* of popular power.

The political teaching of the book was summarised and emphasised in an article which appeared some time after its publication in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of "An Address to Working Men," by "Felix Holt." As in the novel, little reference is made to the particular questions occupying public attention, but the tone of the essay is inspired by the measure of Reform passed in the previous year, 1867. George Eliot here presents for acceptance by the democracy the same lofty conception of public duty which she had embodied in the character of Felix Holt, while earnestly invoking, at the same time, that intelligent interest in political questions, independence of character, and tenacity in resolution which are as necessary to the social advancement of a class by its political power as they are conducive to the stability of the community as a whole. While not wanting in words of warning, a

hopeful view is taken of the future of the democracy, which has been well justified by the history of the past fifteen years.

George Eliot's political views do not give much support to the theory, which to many appears a truism, that woman's nature is essentially Conservative in its tendencies. It is true that her mind had a sceptical bend in political matters, that she was somewhat of a censor of the formulæ of both parties, and that she had little faith in the efficacy of organic changes in the body-politic unaccompanied by moral changes in the community. But what her politics lacked in form they gained in spirit. She was a true Liberal, even when she criticised the objects and environments of the Liberal party. If she looked askance on the ballot, it was only because she regarded it, with John Stuart Mill, as a somewhat clumsy attempt to anticipate, by mechanical means, that morality in politics, which, she believed, must be of purely spontaneous, and therefore of slow growth. If she discerned an almost equal capability of personal selfishness and cupidity under the cloak of Liberalism or Toryism, it was only because her philosophic spirit constantly reminded her of the immutability of human nature, and at the same time removed her from within the pale of party prejudice. But her strong philosophic grasp of questions, her thorough recognition of existing actualities, and an intellect over which neither prejudice nor sentiment could dominate, caused her to regard with scorn the intellectual inertia, false sentiment, and positive superstition which constitute the main elements of Conservatism as a political force. And the more distinctive qualities of the womanly nature—sympathy with wrong, suffering, and injustice—always made her a friend to the creed of Radicalism—the creed with which she had imbued Felix Holt.

With respect to the generally expressed opinion that her enfranchisement will prove woman to be a source of strength to the Conservative party, we cannot help reflecting how thoroughly this presage would be falsified were the intellectual part of her nature cultivated as George Eliot's was. The best instincts of woman are in unison with the Radical creed—her antipathy to war and her sympathy with suffering caused by social wrong; and if the religious fervour that verges on fanaticism, the false ideology of romance, and the unthinking indifference that obtain among different classes of women could be counteracted by a larger and more catholic culture, the assistance the "stupid party" would obtain from their enfranchisement would be little indeed.

When we consider her fitness and ability for the task, we cannot help regretting that George Eliot the art of

fiction in conveying to the people the truths she held sacred in the problems affecting politics and society. We are far from desiring to undervalue the work she has done, but we cannot help thinking that "Felix Holt, the Radical," great and noble as its teaching is, is but a slight and insufficient record of the thoughts and feelings of its authoress on the profoundly important themes with which it deals. The mission of Fiction, unfortunately, has not yet been fully and truly recognised, and as a consequence we have but few of the works of the great novelists, whose purpose it is to teach the truths of philosophy in the questions affecting the collective happiness of the people. Fiction is the literature of the 'multitude, yet how little guidance does it give to popular conduct ! "Alton Locke," "Les Misérables," and "Felix Holt," these are contributions to social and political philosophy whose value is equal to whole collections of voluminous dissertations and ponderous tomes. .

George Eliot had the rare—the almost unique—quality among the great novelists, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has recently pointed out, of a philosophically trained mind and cultured imagination. Hence she was peculiarly adapted to teaching the severe, although great, truths of politics, by means of the art of fiction ; and much as we value "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch," we cannot but regret that the same distinctive purpose which gives to "Felix Holt, the Radical," its remarkable originality and individuality did not inspire others of her works.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

FEATHERED VERMIN.

MANY years have now passed since I was complimented by the anger of certain ignorant critics because I described sparrows as noxious vermin that should be treated as we generally agree to treat rats and rattlesnakes, and prophesied the results of the then proposed, and now accomplished, folly of American and Australian sentimentalists who actually, at much trouble and expense, have imported these destructive little brutes under the idea (which a momentary glance at the structure of their bills should have refuted) that they are insectivorous.

In America they have become not only a direct nuisance as accomplished thieves, but have driven away some of the really useful insectivorous birds, and the smaller song birds, just as they persecute our own pretty and melodious linnets.

I am glad to learn from "Nature" that Miss E. A. Ormerod, in her "Report of Observations of Injurious Insects and Common Farm Pests during 1884, with Methods of Prevention and Remedy," has entered into the matter of sparrows at considerable length. She says that "the subject of the great loss caused by sparrows still needs to be brought forward. The injury continues to be widespread and serious, not only with regard to corn, but likewise in fruit-farming districts, and to garden crops."

Her correspondents all confirm my own observation, viz., "that sparrows will not feed on insects when grain, fruit, or other vegetable food is within reach." Their proceedings at Kingsford where insects were doing serious mischief are instructive. There the "starlings by hundreds frequented the pea fields, as also did numerous kinds of smaller insectivorous birds, *but not the sparrow until the pea was large enough for him to peck it out of the pod.*"

The Americans are now paying head-money for the extirpation of their importations. I am told that we have an Act of Parliament for protecting sparrows against poison. If so I am a law-breaker whose will is even worse than his deeds, for I find them more difficult to kill than rats.

They are curiously sagacious. When I feed my fowls a congregation assembles on a tree beyond the limits of stone-throw ; I walk a few paces away as if to leave, then down they come, I merely turn my head, without any other movement, and off they go. A wire trap is set ; it kills a dozen or two, and then becomes clearly understood and scrupulously avoided, however tempting the bait.

THE SPECTRO BOLOMETER.

SANTORIO, a physician of Padua, in his "Commentaries on Avicenna," claims the invention of the thermometer. Other inventors are named at about this period (1626). The first were air thermometers ; then came spirit thermometers, and Sir Isaac Newton proposed the use of linseed oil in order to obtain a longer and steadier range. It was not until 1724 that mercurial thermometers were used in this country, Fahrenheit, of Amsterdam, having read, at the Royal Society in 1720, an account of one that he had invented.

How deplorable must have been the general scientific destitution of the period preceding the invention of thermometers ! How vague and uncertain must have been all human ideas concerning climates and temperature !

An important further step was made by the invention of the thermopile, which is a small thermo-electric battery that produces and maintains an electric current when one face is warmer than the other. The current is indicated by the deflection of a magnetised needle, and thus very minute variations of temperature are displayed. It is rather a thermoscope than a thermometer, a heat-shower rather than a heat-measurer ; it shows the difference of the temperature of its two faces, and may be made sufficiently delicate to indicate the approach of a warm-blooded animal as a man -by the radiations from his body. With the aid of this instrument Melloni, Tyndall, and others have made great discoveries.

Yet another instrument, still more refined and delicate, has lately been invented and perfected by S. P. Langley, director of the Allegheny Observatory, and with its aid he has done most valuable and interesting work.

He names it the "Spectro Bolometer," *i.e.*, the spectrum ray-measurer (*bolé* a ray). Its object is to effect what I may term a thermo-dissection of the spectrum. This spectrum, as my readers know, is a riband of dispersed light striped with the rainbow colours, and, in the case of sunlight, also with very delicate black lines, due to interception of some of the light. It is evident that in order to

effect the desired thermo-dissection of this band into portions of a thousandth of an inch in breadth, the thermometer must not be more than a thousandth of an inch wide at the part which does the measurement. It must be a filament of some sort that shall extend across the riband of decomposed light.

Professor Langley uses a delicate strip of platinum much less than a thousandth of an inch in thickness. His most delicate instrument has a strip one-fifth of a millimetre wide, and less than one-thousandth of a millimetre thick. This bestrides the spectrum edgewise, and thus dissects it to portions one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch in thickness.

The conducting power of such a metallic filament for electricity is diminished as its temperature is raised, and upon this depends the action of the bolometer. The delicate filament is part of a system carrying an electric current acting upon the needle of a delicate galvanometer. Another system acts on the same galvanometer, and is so adjusted as to exactly neutralize the current passing through the bolometer filament. This being the case, a rise of temperature of the filament gives the opposing current the advantage, and this is indicated by a corresponding deflection of the needle. A fall of temperature of the measuring filament is indicated by the opposite disturbance producing a deflection in the opposite direction.

Thus a variation of a very minute fraction of a degree of temperature over a linear space of extreme tenuity is clearly indicated. By moving the bolometer strip or filament along the spectrum, the variations of its temperature in different parts are shown.

SOME OF LANGLEY'S RESULTS.

IN the hands of so skilful and devoted an experimentalist as Langley, the bolometer above described has achieved great results. It has discovered solar radiations that have hitherto been hidden from human sense. The platinum strip is more sensitive than our organs of vision, or of touch. Beyond the limits of the visible spectrum it finds another spectrum of much greater extent than that which human sight reveals—an invisible spectrum, which consists of rays that are less refrangible than those that are visible. The common thermometer had already shown roughly that such invisible heat rays exist, but these indications have been extended much further and more definitely by the bolometer.

By comparing observations made at moderate elevations with those on Mount Whitney (12,000 feet above sea-level) Professor Langley has been led to the conclusion that our atmosphere

cepts or absorbs a much larger amount of solar radiation than has hitherto been supposed, and consequently that the actual amount of heat radiated from the sun is greater than is usually estimated, by adding to the amount of radiant heat actually received on the surface of the earth the amount estimated to have been intercepted by the atmosphere. Langley estimates the "solar constant" at 3 calories in round numbers. (His upper limit is 3.5 calories; lower limit 2.6.) The meaning of this is that outside of our atmosphere, the solar rays would raise our gramme of water three degrees centigrade per minute for each perpendicularly exposed square centimètre of its surface, or otherwise stated, this radiant heat would be sufficient to annually melt an ice shell of 54.45 mètres (178½ feet) thick surrounding the earth. Previous estimates say 110 feet.

A NOVEL CONCLUSION.

IN his general "Summary of Results," page 213, Langley (referring to the conclusions briefly stated in the above note) says: "Although the actual solar radiation is thus largely increased, yet the temperature of the earth's surface is not due *principally* to this direct radiation, but to the quality of selective absorption in our atmosphere, *without which the temperature of the soil in the tropics under a vertical sun would probably not rise above $-200^{\circ}\text{C}.$* " The italics are in the original. (-200°C is equal to 360° below the zero of our ordinary thermometers.)

When I first met this in a report of a lecture I supposed it was due to an ambiguity in reporting, but now, with the original work before me, there is no doubt about the meaning of the author. He states distinctly that if a planet free from an atmosphere were exposed to direct solar radiation at our distance from the sun, the temperature of its surface would remain *during such exposure* at the temperature above stated. This is affirmed in spite of the fact that in proportion as we approach the condition named, *i.e.*, as we ascend, leaving more and more of the atmosphere below us, the temperature of our model planets, the thermometer bulbs, increase instead of diminishing when exposed to direct solar radiation. (See last month's *Gentleman's Magazine*, page 202.) The "law of exchanges" (which is not an hypothesis but a general statement of fact) tells us that when unequally heated bodies are freely exposed to each other, "heat will be lost by the hotter and gained by the colder until thermal equilibrium is attained." Professor Langley is well aware of these contradictions, and refers in several places to the weight of authority against him.

Are we then to conclude that Langley is right and that he has overthrown all the conclusions of previous experimentalists? Or is there a mistake either in his experiments or in his reasoning upon them?

My reply to this question will be better understood with the aid of a few general and elementary explanations.

Physical influence at a distance is a profound mystery. The human mind has not yet achieved any rational conception of *how* gravitation acts. It is by some called "attraction" —a "pulley-hauling hypothesis," which is unthinkable in the absence of any chain or rope, or anything else, wherewith to pull. The radial transmission of luminous and thermic energies is similarly mysterious, but has not been contemplated with the same philosophic modesty as that of gravitation. Imaginary hypotheses have been invented, amended, accepted, and rejected one after another, and maintained with singular partisan obstinacy during their short lifetimes. At the beginning of the present century, heat and light were described by eminent men as subtle fluids, now they are waves or vibrations of a jelly-like ether that has been invented for their accommodation, gratuitously assumed to occupy the whole universe and pervade the substance of everything.

This undulatory hypothesis was originally suggested by the analogies between light and sound. We *know* by sensible demonstration that sound is communicated by undulatory movements of tangible gases, liquids, and solids, *i.e.*, vibrations of the substances themselves, but as light and heat travel through spaces *supposed* to be vacuous of ordinary matter, it has become necessary to invent the universal jelly to carry them. This jelly has been modified, its vibrations limited to special planes, and otherwise doctored as occasion required, and as newly-discovered facts controverted its original hypothetical structure and movements.

The seven colours of the spectrum are compared to the seven notes of the diatonic scale in music, and attributed to analogous differences of "*wave-lengths*,"—violet being the top note of the luminous register, and red the bottom note. But light is only the tenor register; there are invisible soprano notes above the violet and dark basso-profundos far below the red.

Sound is reflected when the waves of air strike stubborn surfaces which fling them back again. Besides this, we have *resonance* of sound, when the substance struck by air-waves absorbs their momentum into itself and takes it up in the way of *self-vibration*. In this case the main resonant note *has the same wave-length as the original note*.

Langley's beautiful instrument when applied to the spectrum, as shown in the lower depths of our atmosphere, reveals there a *larger*

proportion of the so-called long wave or lower-note rays than it finds in the spectrum displayed in higher atmospheric regions. Langley, therefore, infers that these obscure heat rays penetrate our atmosphere more readily than the luminous rays, and that among the luminous rays those at and near the red end of the spectrum penetrate more readily than those at and near the violet end.

This conclusion is a flat contradiction of the results of the experiments of Melloni, Tyndall, and all others who have determined by direct experiments the diathermomy of atmospheric matter to these different rays. If Langley is right, all these are wrong.

But Langley is immovably right if the wave-length hypothesis is sound, and these wave-lengths have the same constancy as acoustic wave-lengths. If absorption of solar rays is analogous to acoustic resonance, the long wave of the red and *infra* red rays found at the bottom of the atmospheric ocean must have been long waves when they left the sun, and our atmosphere must be more permeable by these than by the shorter waves.

The reader should specially note that it is not the *absolute* but the *relative* amount of heat rays that is greater below. This is clearly shown in Langley's diagram where the *infra* red ordinates are nearly equal for Allegheny, Lone Pine, and Mount Whitney stations, while as the violet end of the spectrum is reached they run up to greater magnitudes with the height of the station. This means that the heat rays remain about the same at all elevations, while the luminous, and especially the violet, rays greatly increase as we ascend. Hence Langley's inference that the atmosphere exerts selective absorption of the shorter wave-lengths and is transparent to the longer.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF SOLAR RADIANCE.

AS above intimated, acoustic absorption and acoustic resonance leave the pitch or wave length of the note unaltered ; the reinforcement contrivances of all our musical instruments are based on this fundamental principle. The music of naked fiddlestrings would be very feeble without the absorption and resonance of the back and belly of the violin, and if in thus absorbing the notes their wave-lengths were altered the music would be perverted, no longer that which the performer produced on the strings.

But is this the case with the absorption and resonance of solar energy ? Are the rays which are returned by an absorbing substance always or generally identical with the rays received, as they should

be, according to wave-lengths? Is it possible that light may be absorbed and converted into heat, luminous rays converted into obscure rays, and *vice versa*?

Having already answered these questions in "A Simple Treatise on Heat" some years ago, I will here perpetrate the egotism of quoting myself.

"Benjamin Franklin made a very simple and beautiful experiment on absorption. On a sunny winter's day, such as are common in America, he laid upon the snow a number of pieces of cloth alike in texture and thickness, but differing in colour, from black through varying degrees of darkness, to white. He found that these, when thus placed and exposed to the sun's rays, sank below the level of the snow in different degrees proportionate to their darkness. The black was warmed the most, thawed more snow than the others, and therefore sank the deepest in the snow; the white cloth remained on the surface as when placed there.

"At the time, and for long afterwards, it was assumed that the mere colour of bodies was an important factor in determining their absorbent power for heat in general.

"This conclusion, although confirmed by a multitude of other experiments on the absorption of solar rays, was an over-hasty generalization. It has since been shown that if the radiant body be not luminous—a canister filled with hot water, for example, or a mass of metal below a red heat, then the mere colour has little or no influence on absorption, unless the colouring matter alters the superficial structure of the substance. This is because the dark surface absorbs light and converts it into heat, while the white surface simply reflects or casts off the light.

"Thus, if two rooms, equally exposed to sunlight, were papered and painted, one black and the other white, the black room would be warmer than the white, and the white room lighter than the black. Both receiving the same amount of radiant force from the sun, each would return an equivalent, one in the form of heat, the other of light. If both rooms were heated by hot-water pipes the colour of their walls would not thus affect their temperature."

My explanation of the disappearance of some of the luminous or more refrangible rays as they proceed downwards in our atmosphere, and the relative increase of the less refrangible or obscure heat rays in the lower spectrum, is that the luminous rays do penetrate more freely than the heat rays as shown by Melloni and Tyndall, but having penetrated thus they meet with solid particles suspended in the air which behave to them as Franklin's pieces of cloth did;

change them into less refrangible rays, and, having done so, give out these altered rays by re-radiation.

The aqueous vapour and carbonic acid of the atmosphere will have completed their sifting absorption long before the solar rays have descended to Mount Whitney.

If I am right, it is not *selective absorption* but a *specific conversion* of rays that occurs in our atmosphere, and effects that loss of the violet and blue rays revealed by the bolometer.

This difference is not a mere verbal refinement, but is of fundamental philosophical and physical import. The "selective absorption" described by Langley is an extinction or annihilation of energy which all philosophers now understand to be impossible; my explanation accounts for the preponderating abundance of heat rays in the lower regions of the atmosphere, without demanding the huge paradox of asserting that all the testimony of all the direct experiments that have been so carefully and skilfully made on the relative diathermomy of atmospheric matter to rays of different refrangibilities is false, and must be completely reversed.

The conversion or transformation of original sunlight into all the intermediate ray, the blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, is proved by the colours of the sky. Let anybody watch an ordinary descent of the sun in a cloudless sky. He will find that nominally these colours make their appearance strictly in the order of their arrangement on the spectrum as the density of the atmospheric veil between the spectator and the sun increases, *ie*, as the sun goes down and the amount of converting material chiefly contained in the lower strata increases. At sea level the starting point of the series of colours is the blue overhead, proceeding to green, yellow, orange, and red, as we approach the horizon. The overhead sky, seen from the summit of Mont Blanc or thereabouts, is indigo, higher still probably violet, and the sun itself may be blue as Langley supposes.

The conversion of obscure heat rays into luminous rays is not so common as that of light into heat, but it does occur, notably in fluorescence, and in those examples of phosphorescence where a body becomes luminous after being heated.

I may perhaps venture to regard the light of the glow-worm and other phosphorescent animals as cases of conversion of animal heat into animal light.

At a future time I hope to present to my readers some account and discussion of the results obtained with the actinometer.

TABLE TALK.

DEATH OF LORD HOUGHTON.

LORD HOUGHTON has been so long a prominent figure in literary society, if not in literature, that a few words concerning his career, now that he has passed away, are justified. A pleasant versifier and a good writer of prose, he has left poems which will be preserved in future anthologies, a biography of Keats which deserves to live, and a name which will figure in successive editions of "Royal and Noble Authors," supposing such to be forthcoming. As a conversationalist he had to the last a pleasant flavour of cynicism. He aimed at being a Mæcenas of letters, but it is doubtful whether his patronage proved in many cases of use to those in whom he fancied he took an interest. In one case, at least, in which I had the opportunity of closely surveying his action, he withdrew his support the moment it was urgently needed. Want of moral courage detracted from the value of good intentions and hospitable instincts. So eloquent and general eulogy has followed his death that it seems worth while to put on record the fact that he was not a Bayard of literature. An agreeable companion, and a fair-weather friend, he will be missed from most literature- and book-loving circles.

THE BULL-FIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE fears to which I gave utterance in Table Talk are realised, and the bull-fight with all its sanguinary and debasing influences has been allowed to establish itself in France. The lovely amphitheatre at Nîmes, one of the finest Roman remains in France, was the scene during August of a butchery such as would be held creditable to Seville. Ten horses were disembowelled and six bulls were slain. A picador was tossed over the bounds of the arena, and Frascuelo, a celebrated *toreador*, was severely injured. Twenty-five thousand spectators from Nîmes and neighbouring towns witnessed the carnage, and were, it is said, sickened by it. Unfortunately, as experience

shows, from horror at a spectacle to delight in it is a short step. It will be to the undying disgrace of the Republic if a spectacle, too barbarous and shocking to be tolerated under succeeding forms of tyranny, is allowed under its sway to become a permanent institution. Sad indeed will it be if the rulers of France are too wrapped up in party feuds to find time to deal with a form of entertainment the result of which must be to barbarise the people, and bring to the front the ferocity which with the excitable Southern population is never very deeply buried.

ENLARGEMENT OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

AT length the scheme first suggested by Sylvanus Urban, and since constantly advocated in these pages, is in a fair way of being carried out. This is the purchase of the Caen Wood estates and other property, including Parliament Hill, for the purpose of throwing them into Hampstead Heath. For many reasons, on some of which I have more than once dwelt, this is in its line the most desirable acquisition that can be made on behalf of London. An influential deputation has now waited on the Board of Works to urge the purchase of two hundred and twenty acres belonging to Lord Mansfield, and fifty acres belonging to another proprietor. Whether this means the whole of the Mansfield estates near Hampstead I know not. No solitary inch of these must, however, be allowed to be used for building purposes. The limitations of what should be public property are distinctly shown by Millfield Lane and Hampstead Lane. The buildings already in existence on the southern portion of the Heath, the ugliest surely that ever disfigured a lovely scene, should be pulled down. As one who has for many years advocated the purchase contemplated, and who now sees the probable realisation of his scheme, I protest against half-measures.

MADAME BERNHARDT AND THEODORA.

HOW far the poet, by the manner in which he makes or establishes reputation, deserves his name of "the maker," I will not pretend to decide. It is certain, however, that the historian has but a poor chance of reversing the decision of a dramatist concerning any great character of history. To the list of those whom a writer has condemned to infamy may now be added Justinian the Great, the eminent emperor and legist, and his spouse,

Theodora. The talent of M. Sardou, and the genius of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, have finally disposed of these characters—the latter especially. Those who have seen the magnificent rendering of Theodora by Madame Bernhardt—the ripest, most sustained, and greatest piece of acting ever set before the present generation—will be content that, for the sake of such an impersonation, the character of a woman who has been twelve hundred years dead shall suffer. As a fact, the worst accusations against Justinian and Theodora rest upon the secret history which, in direct contradiction of his avowed works, Procopius, who was secretary to Belisarius, and so thrown into closest association with the emperor and his consort, is supposed to have written. It is a natural result of tyranny that men who are compulsorily servile will betray the vices associated with the slave. The “Anecdota” may accordingly be by Procopius. The estimate therein formed of Theodora places the empress in infamy below Messalina. Without the play of M. Sardou, and the exceptional vivacity assigned the heroine in the interpretation of Madame Bernhardt, the character of Theodora might have remained in doubt. Henceforward, however, her place in popular estimation is fixed on the lowest rung of the moral ladder. There is this to be said, however; the “creator” of the Theodora of the future is at least a member of the same profession as was originally the woman she presents.

THE INFLUENCE OF WORDSWORTH.

IS the influence of Wordsworth on the wane? A quarter of a century ago, when, after the death of Wordsworth, subscriptions were sought for the purpose of founding a memorial to him, Macaulay said, in the hearing of Mr. Matthew Arnold, that ten years earlier more money would have been contributed to such an object by Cambridge alone than was then to be raised throughout England. Since that time, I fear there has been a further diminution of popular interest, and I doubt whether at the present moment enough money could be raised to purchase a bust of the poet, to say nothing of a statue. I doubt, however, whether this proves that the influence of Wordsworth is diminishing. Poets, from the highest downward, find in this country their monuments in their works. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, are practically statueless, while almost every town of importance has a monument to a Wellington or a Peel. A few pounds to erect a memorial opposite the house occupied by Rossetti can with difficulty be scraped together. Yet the influence of Rossetti has not diminished. On a recent public occasion the late Lord

Houghton said : "If I were asked, in the perfunctory way in which one is sometimes asked, to write in a lady's album what is the greatest poem in the English language, I should not have a moment's hesitation in saying—the 'Ode to Immortality' of Wordsworth." Lord Houghton scarcely belonged to the present age, but hundreds of younger men would be found to echo the sentiment he expressed. I am disposed to hold that the fervour to be expected among youth on behalf of an exceptionally endowed teacher—whose fresh utterances they await—is spent, but that the influence of Wordsworth is now, like that of Milton, a fixed quantity. If we judged of the influence of men by the statues erected to them, we should arrive at the preposterous conclusion that rulers and warriors had a monopoly of public interest.

DISCOVERY OF NAUKRATIS.

THE views of those who look to Egypt as the source of European art are supported by recent discoveries at Nebireh. On behalf of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, Mr. Flinders Petrie has opened out the greater portion of the Nebireh mound, with the result of proving that the spot is Naukratis, the famous commercial city near the Nile, in which alone, until the sixth century before Christ, Greeks were allowed to settle in Egypt. The lines of the ancient streets and the sites of Temples and of the Agora have been traced, and statuettes, coins, terra-cotta figures and votive offerings, and abundance of fragmentary Greek inscriptions have been obtained. An eminently interesting exhibition of these has been given at the rooms of the Archæological Institute. What, however, is of most interest is that "the mound of Nebireh is one vast Monte Testaccio—a hill of potsherds, deposited in strata, as well-defined and as strictly capable of chronological classification as the strata in a geological diagram." In these successive layers the history of Greek art and its indebtedness to Egyptian art is told, no link in the chain being wanting. The actual process of teaching pottery by the elder nation, and learning it by the younger, is to be seen. This does no more than establish conclusions that have long been accepted. So satisfactory a demonstration has not, however, previously been obtainable. It is too early as yet to say more. The information I supply is obtained at second hand. It is sufficient, however, to prove that a find of extreme historic interest has been made.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. DOUGLAS AWDRY HEARS SAD INTELLIGENCE.

A LARGE, straggling, two-storied white house, overgrown with creepers and standing well back from the road ; the garden grounds surrounding it laid out in an unpretentious, somewhat old-fashioned style, with plenty of green, velvety sward, and an abundance of roses, roses of every possible variety and in every possible shade. Such was Mallow Lodge, near the village of Dunham-Wold, South Devon.

In its homely, benign, well-to-do aspect, the whole place seemed to have about it something almost human—to look out at one, as it were, with an expression of calm serenity.

Its mistress, moreover, as she might have been seen one bright afternoon in early June, sauntering slowly around her grounds, looked very much in keeping with the place. “Fair, fat,” though not yet “forty” by a year or two, she was a placid-faced woman, with a brow so smooth and unwrinkled that one might have felt ready to swear that no shadow of care could ever have rested upon it. There were people, however, in the neighbourhood who could have contradicted that assumption—people who recollected this exceedingly comfortable-looking lady, with her pronouncedly *embonpoint* figure, as presenting a very different sort of appearance.

Sixteen years ago, when Mrs. Douglas Awdry had first arrived at Dunham-Wold, she had been a slim, remarkably graceful-looking girl, with an expression of countenance almost pathetically sad. Then too, tears, or their traces, had often enough been on her cheeks ; and that she had cares, or, at least

had been a self-evident fact. To begin with, there had been her father, who, poor gentleman, had been labouring under some kind of mental affliction, and who had grown so rapidly worse that it had presently become necessary to provide him with a keeper, in whose charge he might have been met daily, strolling up and down the narrow lanes with a vacant, fatuous smile upon his lips. Further, there had been her baby. Only a few months old when his mother had come to take up her abode at Mallow Lodge, the child had passed, in the first year of her residence here, through a succession of childish ailments, which had kept her, whilst they lasted, in a fever of excitement. But these troubles were mild by comparison with the last and most serious one—to wit, that Mrs. Douglas Awdry had just been separated from her husband. True, there had been no *esclandre* about the affair, nor any judicial proceedings. The estrangement, however, had been understood to be final, and local society, as was very natural, had felt in the beginning quite clear in its own mind that some share, at least, of the blame must rest with the wife, and the new-comer had accordingly been placed under a ban.

But all this was now a thing of the far past. Mrs. Douglas Awdry had long ago lived down all her troubles and disabilities.

Her father had died within eighteen months ; her child, in this sweet country air, had grown strong and robust, and Claudia had very soon contrived to establish herself in the perfect good opinion of her neighbours.

Gifted in those early days with beauty, grace of manner, and amiability of temper (when not crossed), as also with the potent attraction of wealth, she had, indeed, hardly been the sort of person against whom a limited society could long afford to close its doors. Gradually, therefore, the neighbourhood had lent her its ear, and into that ear Claudia had insinuated her own version of the story concerning her quarrel with her husband. This version, which was certainly conveyed rather by hints than direct assertion, represented poor Douglas Awdry in a very ugly and mercenary light. It attributed the rupture and separation from his wife entirely to his disappointment at her father's failure in business, and the consequent loss of the large fortune he had expected her to inherit. Thus, following the promptings of nature and habit, Claudia had tried to shift all disapproval from herself, and to save her own reputation at the cost of her husband's in the sight of the little world wherein she now lived. But, notwithstanding that her account had gained, by degrees, universal credit, and had evoked for her very deep sympathy, Claudia had hardly felt, at the outset, much satisfaction in appropriating that sympathy.

During the first months of her banishment she had, in fact, been wretchedly unhappy. So far as in her lay she had loved Douglas Awdry, and the loss of his tender, adoring affection had occasioned her sincere distress. In the hope of a reconciliation, she had several times humbled herself to him by letter, acknowledging her error in contrite terms, and begging for his pardon.

But all to no avail. She might as well, as far as she could judge, have beaten herself against a rock. Her letters had been returned to her, not unread, but with a simple repetition upon Douglas's part of his determination never to see her again. Then, at length, pride and resentment had taken full possession of Claudia's undisciplined heart. Her lingering affection had been transmuted into a bitter animosity, which, however, had gradually died out, giving place, in its turn, to simple indifference. For a great many years now, Mrs. Douglas Awdry had not *wished* to meet her husband again had almost ceased, even, to give a thought to his existence. And each year, as it sped, had seen her grow more and more contented with her present lot. In this peaceful, *dolce far niente* life of hers, Claudia found indeed quite sufficient to satisfy her. She possessed in it one great interest—her son—and a host of smaller ones, such as her garden, her visiting among her neighbours, her own little social entertainments, and, if the truth must be told, her eating and drinking. For, with the advance of years, Mrs. Douglas Awdry had developed a *penchant* for good living, and dinner had become to her an affair of daily moment.

The chief interest of her existence, however, and the one thing that redeemed it from utter selfishness, was, as we have said, her son. Sixteen years old now, Eustace Awdry was still living with his mother.

Yet it may be remembered that, at that deplorable crisis of their lives when, to all intents and purposes, the tie which bound the once devoted husband and wife had been for ever severed, Douglas had expressed a resolve to take the boy under his own charge after he should have arrived at the age of three.

Several circumstances had conspired to frustrate this resolve.

For one, Claudia had fought for the possession of her boy, figuratively speaking, with tooth and nail. She had refused absolutely to give him up; and when, at the appointed time, Douglas had sent for his son, his messengers had been obliged to descend to stratagem in order to accomplish their purpose. Then, during the short time that he had been forced to spend with his father at Clavermere Chase, the child had pined for his mother so pitiably and per

that Douglas had feared for his health, and of his own accord had sent him back to her. After that, during the next five or six years, Douglas had been content to enjoy his child's society for two months out of the twelve, and to leave him for the remaining ten under Claudia's charge. At the end of that time he had pledged himself (and a great and unselfish concession it was) that this unfair arrangement should be continued so long as he found the boy the candid, truthful little fellow which hitherto, by various tests, he had proved him to be, entirely free from those despicable faults whereby his mother had wrecked the happiness of his (Douglas's) life, and, as he mistakenly supposed, her own. A very decided mistake that was. As we have seen, Claudia was by no means dying of a broken heart. The division of suffering, caused by the breach of their marriage ties, had been just as unfairly proportioned as had been the companionship of their son.

Yes, it was into the heart of the innocent, as is so frequently the case, that the iron of grief had entered. It was Douglas, not Claudia, who had suffered long and keenly. The shallow nature had soon found peace; the deeper had sought it in vain through years of secret anguish.

In the beginning, hoping to find a salve for his wounds in those duties, Douglas had devoted himself to the management of his estate and the improvement of his tenantry.

But these things had not proved sufficiently distracting, and of late years he had thrown himself into newer and more exciting interests. He had joined a celebrated traveller, whose researches and explorations were ethnological rather than geographical in their aims, and in company with this gentleman had penetrated far into the interior of Australia, and subsequently into that of the Dark Continent. Upon this latter expedition he had been absent now for several years, and only at rare intervals had news of his movements reached Claudia through her son, with whom Douglas had kept up, so far as was possible, a regular correspondence.

But over this protracted absence of the husband whom she had altogether ceased to love, Claudia had rejoiced instead of mourning, seeing that by reason of it she had been spared even the stipulated two months' separation from the one being who filled almost exclusively her narrow heart. We say *almost* exclusively because—even to her own surprise—Claudia still retained a vivid remembrance of that pretty dark-eyed child, whose soft caresses and infantile babble had so touched her maternal feelings on the occasion of that first and last interview she had held with him on the Beauport Slopes.

And although, as yet, she had taken no steps to satisfy that very natural curiosity (why, may be presently explained), she often yearned to know what had become of him.

Strolling leisurely round her grounds (on the pleasant June afternoon above referred to), Mrs. Douglas Awdry betook herself, from time to time, to the handsome entrance gates, and gazed right and left along an umbrageous country road which ran past them. She was looking for her son, who had gone to ride with his tutor. Eustace had never been from home to school, and Claudia did not intend that he ever should, though she feared she might be obliged to send him to one of the universities when he should be old enough.

Listening for the sound of horses' hoofs, Claudia presently caught, instead, the roll of carriage wheels. Reflecting, however, that it must be nearly six, and therefore too late for callers in this country district, where most people dined about that hour, she fully expected to hear the wheels go by. They did not, however, but turned in at her gate, and facing round in her walk, Claudia perceived that the vehicle was not a private equipage, but a lumbering sort of fly, belonging to an inn which stood close by the nearest railway station, at Dunham, two miles from Dunham-Wold.

A lady was looking from the window of the fly, who, on seeing Claudia, at once stopped it and dismounted. Until she had come quite close Claudia did not recognise her, for she was a little short-sighted, and, moreover, it was several years since she had last seen her visitor.

"Olivia!" she cried, when at length she did discover whom it was. "Good heavens! how surprised I feel!" Then becoming conscious that, although very genuine, her astonishment, thus expressed, was not very polite, she added hastily (but not with equal truth), "I am very glad to see you. But why did you not send me word that you were coming? Not that it matters, though, in the least. There is always a room ready for visitors."

"I am not come to stay, Claudia," replied Olivia, returning her hand-shake. The two women had not kissed each other, and it was evident that their old friendship had suffered considerable diminution.

"Nonsense! How do you mean? I suppose you have come for Eustace; but, at least, you must intend to remain one night? Let me send away the fly, and then come into the house. It is close upon dinner-time."

"No, no! Don't send the fly away better go back in it to the station."

"Go back in it to the station!" echoed Claudia, flushing with sudden anger. "Do you think I shall submit to such arbitrary treatment? Eustace cannot be ready to return with you this evening. And, since his father has done without seeing him for nearly five years, I imagine he can endure the delay a few hours longer. When did he get home?"

"Come and sit down on the seat over there, Claudia," said Olivia gently, "and then I will tell you everything."

It had not surprised Miss Ashmead—as it may possibly have surprised the reader—that Mrs. Douglas Awdry should at once have jumped to the conclusion that her unexpected visit had for its object the conveyance of Master Eustace Awdry back with her to Clavermere Chase. The conclusion was a perfectly natural one, since (excepting in that first instance, when the boy had, as it were, been abducted from his mother) it was Olivia Ashmead who had always come to claim him for his annual visit to his father—so long as Douglas had remained in England—and who had also, at the termination of the two months, brought him again to Dunham-Wold. In undertaking this duty—which had been of her own proposing—Olivia had been actuated by very characteristic motives. Deeply distressed to reflect that, in a sense, she had been instrumental in bringing about the separation between the husband and wife, it had become the most earnest desire of her life to see them reunited. Establishing herself as a go-between, therefore, she had tried to influence each towards kindlier feelings in the other's regard. She had assured Claudia that, in spite of his apparent austerity, her husband's heart was still tender towards her, and she had carried back to Douglas glowing reports of Claudia's unexceptionably good conduct in her new home—of her devotion to her father (so long as poor Mr. Estcourt lived), her warm affection for her child, her kindness to the poor, &c.; and she had fervently advocated with each the duty and advantage of a reconciliation. In accomplishing her object, however, the self-elected peacemaker had to her own sorrow, failed. Nevertheless, her influence had been by no means so ineffectual as she supposed. In Claudia's case it had served to change active dislike into the milder feeling of indifference; in Douglas's it had proved even more potent in its secret workings. But, as we have said, it was now some years since Olivia and Claudia had met. The former, since Douglas's departure for Africa, had had no excuse for presenting herself at Dunham-Wold without invitation. And an invitation—although Olivia, in her desire to befriend her cousin's wife, had gone so far as to "fish for it"—had not been forthcoming.

The reason for this was, in part, that Claudia had never been able entirely to forgive Olivia for discovering the secret of her former marriage, and in part because she had found another bosom friend in her present neighbourhood, who satisfied all her requirements as adviser and confidante, and that she therefore felt quite as willing now to throw Olivia overboard as she had formerly done Ella Thorne. But since Olivia had come to her house, Claudia had no desire to treat her discourteously.

"You are looking very well," she said, as they reached the garden bench, towards which Olivia had led the way. "I am afraid, in my surprise at seeing you, I have not even asked how you are?"

"Thank you, my health is very good. I don't think I need inquire after yours"—with a significant glance at her companion's rotund form. "But there are more important things to speak of. Claudia, Douglas has returned home."

"So I concluded from your advent just now. But you really should have sent me word, Olivia, that I might have had a carriage to meet you."

"I could not send you word. Douglas only arrived late last evening. He is ill, Claudia—very ill."

"Is he? Ah! I remember in his last letter to Eustace, which was from Aden, he complained of having had a low fever, or something. Is he not better? I expected the voyage home would have set him up."

"He is not better, dear Claudia," rejoined Olivia, kindly; "and I have come to ask you to go to him immediately."

"*Me!*" echoed Claudia. "Does he want me to go back to him now, after all these years? No, it is too late for that! I shouldn't like it at all," she continued, in evident alarm. "I would much rather be independent. Men, at the best, are so selfish—so exacting of attention and consideration. No, really, we never could live together again, now! It is absurd to think of it, Olivia! If this is your doing—I know you mean kindly, of course; but it is a mistake."

"Claudia, you altogether misapprehend." Olivia spoke coldly and sternly. She felt disgusted beyond measure at the unnatural heartlessness which, it seemed to her, was betrayed in these hasty utterances. "There is no question of your living together again. Douglas is dying."

"Oh!" ejaculated Claudia, unequivocally shocked announcement, "Olivia!"

"I did not mean to tell you

softening again; "forgive me, dear. But there is no time to lose if you wish to see him alive. That is the reason I asked the man to remain with the fly. There is a train at 7.15, Claudia. We must catch that."

"Impossible!" cried Claudia, recovering from one shock, only to sustain another. "Why, we have not dined! We could not possibly go without dinner. Besides, we should be travelling all night. Surely, he . . . it is not so imperative as all that?"

"The case could not be more imperative, Claudia. Your husband may not live through the night, and he earnestly longs to see you. . . Oh! how can you—how can you care about dinner?"

Claudia blushed a little. "I was thinking about *you*," she retorted. "How could you make the double journey—such a long journey—without refreshment? But come in, and I will order them to put it upon the table at once; and, since you think it necessary, we will try to get that train. Of course, if poor Douglas is in the dangerous condition you seem to think, I—I am most anxious. What time do you think we shall reach Clavermere?"

"A little before twelve. The train is express a good part of the way. It will not take you long to get ready, will it?"

"No, I can go just as I am"—Claudia glanced down at the rich but dark dress she wore—"and my maid can bring on what things I may require early to-morrow. But, dear me, how sad it is about poor Douglas! I hardly realise it yet. What is the matter with him, Olivia?" The two ladies were walking towards the house as this question was put.

A spasm of anguish crossed Miss Ashmead's face, and her lips quivered. Controlling her emotion, however, by a strenuous effort, she replied quietly, "Yes, it is indeed, as you say, sad. But if Eustace heard from Aden, you will know——"

"Oh, that was only a few words scribbled in pencil," Claudia interrupted, "just saying that he was not well, and that he was coming home. There was nothing more."

"Ah! he did not wish to alarm you, I suppose; but he knew then that his life was doomed," faltered Olivia, struggling in vain to keep back her rising tears. "Captain Ashburton, the companion, as you know, of Douglas's travels, has brought him home, and he is now at the Chase. He will give you all the particulars. I could not wait to hear very much, but he told me——"

"Yes, go on, please." Olivia had paused to dry her eyes, and to take her voice under better control; and Claudia had drawn forth *her* handkerchief also, to be ready in case she should be able to

weep, as she felt she might perhaps be presently. "Tell me what you know, Olivia."

"It is not much," Olivia repeated. "Douglas was so anxious for me to come for you, that I wanted to leave by the earliest train after I had seen him. I could only spare a few moments with Captain Ashburton. Still, he gave me the chief facts of the melancholy history. They had had a most successful expedition (the account of it, and of their discoveries, will of course be published), and they were on their return journey to the coast, when at a very unhealthy marshy place somewhere, where they were obliged to stop for a while, Douglas was seized with the malaria fever. He had been in wretchedly poor health for some time before, Captain Ashburton says, for they had gone through a terrible amount of labour and hardship; and this fever had the effect of completely breaking up his constitution. They carried him by slow stages to Aden. But there he had a relapse—a recurrence of the fever; and an English physician, whom they found in that town, gave him to understand that—that he was too shattered to live long. Then, Claudia, his whole anxiety was to get home. His one hope was to live long enough to see *you* again."

"Poor Douglas! poor fellow!" Claudia put up her handkerchief to her eyes. If there were no tears, she felt sure her friend would think there ought to be some.

"He was very ill—wasting rapidly during the passage," resumed Olivia, "but when they landed in England he refused to rest anywhere. Captain Ashburton believes that unless they had given way to him in this, he would have sunk at once—that it was simply the determination to reach home that has kept him alive so long. Oh! Claudia! don't you see how he must have loved you all the while? I know he has; I am sure he has! It is this he wants to tell you—and——"

There was a little hysterical catch in Claudia's breath, which was not altogether affectation, for she was certainly beginning to feel a good deal shaken out of her ordinary phlegm. At the sound of the sob, Olivia Ashmead paused in her sentence, and once more mastering the signs of her own sharp pain, stooped to kiss a part of the plump round cheek which Claudia's handkerchief left exposed.

"Dear Olivia, I . . . I will go in now, . . . and look after my preparations," murmured the latter, with another effective break or two in her voice. "Ah! there are the horses! Olivia, will you tell him, my poor boy, about his father? I . . . I hardly feel equal to the task. I shall leave you to give him the sad news." And with her

face still hidden until she was well out of view from the porch where Olivia stood, Mrs. Douglas Awdry hurried to her kitchen to bid the cook make all possible despatch in serving the dinner.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DEATH-BED RECONCILIATION.

"MAMMA dear, here we are at Clavermere!" These words, and a touch of her son's hand upon her shoulder, startled Mrs. Douglas Awdry out of a profound slumber which had endured for nearly two hours.

"Dear me, are we? What a shockingly tedious journey it has been! I almost believe I had fallen asleep for a moment. Will there be a carriage, Olivia?"

Miss Ashmead returned a curt affirmative. She had arranged that this train should be met; and on stepping forth Claudia recognised the brougham that was in waiting just outside the station gate. Also, by the light of a lamp which fell full upon his face, she recognised the coachman as the same who had driven her about the country in those happy days of her early married life. The sight of this man's countenance, grown older of course, but still familiar to her memory, affected Mrs. Douglas Awdry very disagreeably. It recalled all the wild pain and passion, the sense of humiliation and despair, from which she had suffered when first forced into exile from her husband's roof. Something of that anger and humiliation now returned upon her. Why had Douglas kept on this old servant, and perhaps others, too, who knew about their separation, and who very likely considered *her* to blame for it; who possibly imagined that she had in some way disgraced herself? Claudia hated disapproval, even the disapproval of a servant. She had not thought of it before, but she felt now that the situation was painful and undignified. To be returning thus after so many years of banishment, the discarded wife at her husband's beck and call, and to find these old servants ready to gossip and wonder over the affair! Yes, certainly her position was very disagreeable. She stepped into the carriage without glancing at the coachman, who, with his hand to his hat, was waiting for some sign of recognition; and all the way up to the house her thoughts were occupied with this trifling grievance, almost to the exclusion of any recollection of poor Douglas's dying condition. As for Miss Ashmead, excepting to reply to an observa-

tion from Eustace, she did not open her lips throughout the drive. Whilst Claudia had been asleep in the train Olivia had been studying her face ; and the serene, self-satisfied look of it had almost maddened her. This woman, with her air of physical enjoyment and of snug contentment ; this *bonne vivante*, whose face had become somewhat coarse through indulgence—who had thought of her dinner, and eaten it too, when she knew her husband to be dying !—this was the woman who had had the power to wreck Douglas Awdry's life, or at any rate his happiness in life ! This was the woman whose love (*love*, indeed ! could she ever have known the meaning of that holy word ?) he had preferred to hers—Olivia's ! Ha ! how could he have been so blind—so pitifully blind ? Until this evening Olivia had never believed any one to be capable of the utter selfishness, the narrow, mean egotism which, rightly or wrongly, she now attributed to Claudia. She had never before felt as unhappily as she felt now, that she almost hated her quondam friend.

On reaching the house Miss Ashmead was the first to enter. "How is your master now, Mrs. Vane?" she demanded of the housekeeper, who met her in the hall.

Mrs. Vane shook her head. "Oh, miss, the nurse says he is sinking very, very fast ! Is that . . . surely it can't be the mistress ? I should never have known her !" The words were spoken in a low key, but Claudia overheard them.

"I should not have known *you*, Vane," she observed tartly, as the housekeeper advanced with a respectful obeisance. "How many more of the old servants are there in the house?"

"None but myself and the coachman, madam. Of course the staff has been kept very low whilst the Squire has been abroad ; but he has been a good master, and . . . oh ! madam, this is a sad home-coming for you !"

Claudia acknowledged the sympathetic remark with a frigid bow. "I will go upstairs at once," she said. "Where is Eustace?"

The boy, who had been looking very grave and sad ever since the distressful tidings concerning his father had been repeated to him by his godmother (Olivia bore that relationship to him), had tarried behind in the porch to shed a few not unmanly tears. But at his mother's call he came forward into the light. A healthy, well-grown stripling, with a bright, open countenance, and modest, gentlemanly demeanour, Eustace Awdry had nothing in the least remarkable about him. His intellect was of a very average quality ; and his person, though prepossessing, was by no means handsome. Like his father's, his disposition was honest and upright, and his

affections warm ; but he possessed neither Douglas's sensitive pride nor obstinacy of purpose. Taking his arm, Claudia now ascended the wide staircase, confronted everywhere by familiar objects which stirred up discomposing reminiscences of the past. There were real tears in her eyes at length—tears of mingled self-pity, wounded vanity, and resentful annoyance—when she paused in the corridor to address Miss Ashmead.

"Do you think I should see Douglas to-night?" she questioned. "It is so very late. It would be better, perhaps, to put it off until morning."

"That would be to risk not seeing him at all," answered Olivia. "I told you, Claudia, that the doctor considers it probable that he may not live through the night. Let Mrs. Vane take your bonnet," she added authoritatively, "and I will go and prepare him to meet you."

A few minutes later Claudia found herself alone by her husband's bedside, Olivia having directed the nurse (a Sister of Charity who had accompanied the sick man from Africa) to withdraw into an adjoining dressing-room, where she also betook herself with Eustace to await a quickly expected summons, for, at a glance, Olivia had seen that the man whom she had loved all her life with the unshaken constancy of her deep and noble nature, was in the very act of death. Claudia, too, recognised this truth directly her eye lighted upon that shrunken, pallid countenance. She fell back with a stifled cry of horror. Could it really be Douglas, that grey-haired, prematurely aged man, who lay there gasping for breath? But for his eyes, which had startled and thrilled her with their eager, welcoming glance, she would have felt sure that he was a stranger.

"Claudia, Claudia!" A feeble voice recalled her. "Come to me. Come to me, love! You are only just in time. But I am so glad. I want you to forgive me, Claudia. I am afraid I am afraid I have been a hard man—hard, and proud, and unmerciful."

"Yes, Douglas, you have, rather. But never mind—never mind, dear, now. I quite forgive you—quite."

"Poor Claudia! my poor wife! Have you been so very unhappy, then? Oh the pity of it all! I ought to have tried to overlook—to forget what you had done. But I couldn't—I couldn't. I have been punished, though. Claudia, I have loved you all along, in spite of everything. I have never given a thought of my heart to any other woman. I have suffered—oh, I have suffered!"

"Dear Douglas!" She stooped to press her lips to his brow, but withdrew them instantly with another little shriek of terror as

felt how cold and clammy it was. "Oh, I fear—I fear——Let me call Olivia and Eustace."

"One moment," he gasped. "Yes, it is true—I am dying. You were only just in time. Tell me once more that you forgive me, and I can die in peace. You will find that I have tried to atone—that I have trusted you. Forgive—let us both forgive!"

They were his last words. As he spoke them the film of death overspread his eyes, and consciousness fled. When Olivia Ashmead entered the room, at Claudia's hasty summons, she saw that there was to be no farewell for *her*. His dying words, his last look upon earth, had been given to the callous, self-centred woman, who had hardly cared to come for them; whilst for her—for her whose heart was breaking over his loss—for her to whom the world without him would be cold and desolate and empty—there had been nothing, not even a sign! Olivia sank on her knees, and burying her face in the bedclothes, passed through moments of such mortal anguish as only a nature so strong and deep as her own could know.

It did not, as may be imagined, take Mrs. Douglas Awdry very long to recover from the shock of her husband's sudden death. She managed, however, a most creditable show of regret. Her mourning habiliments were heavy with crape, and she even assumed a widow's cap, which she was happy to believe became her to perfection. And whether she regretted his loss or not, it is certain that Claudia felt more kindly towards the memory of poor Douglas now than she had at any time done since the day of their wretched disavowal. She had good reason to feel kindly towards him. In that last interview he had seemed to take all the blame of their parting upon himself; at all events, he had offered her no reproach; and Claudia felt that the death-bed reconciliation had been a satisfaction. A still greater satisfaction awaited her when the will was read. By that document she found herself endowed, in addition to the house at Dunham-Wold, with a most liberal maintenance, and further constituted sole guardian of her son's person, and joint trustee, with Captain Ashburton and another gentleman, of his property.

As a matter of course, Clavermere Chase would devolve to Eustace on the attainment of his majority, and here, in the meantime, Claudia resolved to take up her residence. To her gratification, she had discovered that during the sixteen years of her absence great changes had taken place in local society. Most of her old acquaintances had disappeared from the neighbourhood; among them, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Julius Awdry, who had married a second time, and gone out to India with her husband. Some few of her former

friends, too, were dead. Of these latter may be mentioned Mrs. Ashmead. It was now four years since Olivia had lost her mother; but she still occupied the old house, together with a friend whom she had taken to live with her as companion. Since her associates, therefore, would be for the most part new, Mrs. Douglas Awdry entertained no doubt but that she would very soon be able to free herself in their judgment from any shadow of reprehension apropos of that long estrangement from her husband. She took, however, the precaution of at once dismissing from her service those two trustworthy retainers whose presence in the house had so greatly annoyed her on the evening of her arrival.

Naturally, for the first few weeks of her widowhood, Claudia's attention was almost entirely engrossed with considerations and arrangements relative to her change of position and home. When, however, those arrangements had been completed, she began to turn her mind very anxiously towards the settlement of a question which had suggested itself to her in the very first moment when she had learned that she was likely to become a widow. This question was, Should she now take steps to see again her firstborn son—or, at all events, to discover what had become of him? As has been shown, this estimable lady's maternal affections had proved to be of a warmer and more enduring nature than her marital ones. She had never forgotten the little Claude; had never ceased to indulge the hope that sometime she might meet him again. In Douglas's lifetime, however, she had been afraid to make the slightest inquiry respecting the child, lest such inquiry might lead to the discovery on her husband's part of this further secret in her history, which she had kept back from his knowledge whilst vowing at the same time that she had nothing more to conceal. For, in case of his finding out that she had been guilty of this additional duplicity, Claudia had trembled to believe that Douglas would not leave to her guardianship this second and, of course, more beloved child.

Now, however, she was free. There existed no earthly authority which could, under any circumstances, interfere between Eustace and herself. The only dread whereby she was now exercised was that Claude's bringing up might have been such as to render him an unfit associate for his brother, such as to cause her to blush for him as her son, should she decide upon claiming him, as she longed to do, even at this eleventh hour. In the end Claudia resolved to run the risk, at any rate, of writing to the Canadian lawyer to whom she had committed the trusteeship of Claude's three thousand pounds, and to inquire from him where Madame Vandeleur and her family were at present residing. Even should that little woman descend upon her

now with the idea of further extortion (such as she had always suspected to have been the motive of that supposed visit of Madame to London), Claudia felt that she would be in a position to cope with her. Anyhow, the experiment could have no very serious or terrible consequences, so far as she could foresee, and she determined to make it. Accordingly, about a month after her husband's death, Mrs. Douglas Awdry posted with her own hands a letter to Canada, the substance of which she had composed in her imagination hundreds of times during his life.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I WILL MAKE YOU A PREDICTION."

LADY BRENTWOOD had yawned several times into her handkerchief. Not that she was sleepy, although it was after dinner of a warm August evening. Madame was not a sleepy subject, and she had never accustomed herself to post-prandial siestas. She took her slumber legitimately in the night season, and even then let a modicum suffice. But she felt a little weary this evening—a little dull. Her husband and her sons had been absent all day shooting, and she had had no callers. It had been lonely for her, decidedly. Madame did not dislike the country—at least, she supposed herself sufficiently sensitive to the beauties of nature; but she certainly did dislike loneliness and monotony. She had not become Lady Brentwood in order to bury herself alive.

Although her own aims in life had, at all times, been her paramount consideration—to be pursued steadfastly, *per fas et nefas*—yet Marie had always taken a healthy interest in her kind. Her instincts were eminently social, and her favourite employment was the study of humanity. Here at Longenvale there was little scope for this study, though such few objects as presented themselves for it were by no means unworthy of attention, and Madame felt inclined to hurry on the moment when she would be free to return to city life and a fuller existence.

Immediately after dinner Claude and Louis, in accordance with an arrangement made on the previous evening, had walked over to the vicarage to play croquet (that discarded game being then in full vogue) with Miss Rose Featherstone and the two young Stenhouses.

Sir John was still lingering over his wine, or, rather, over the "forty winks" which he sometimes allowed himself after a hard day's

hunting or shooting. Presently, however, he came into the drawing-room, and, apologising for having been a little longer than usual in rejoining her, proposed that his wife should take a turn with him round the grounds. Marie assented very pleasantly. She did not blame Sir John for being fond of sport, and she had not even hinted to him that she had felt dull to-day during his absence. The little woman was too wise ever to find fault unnecessarily or unjustly, and so to weaken the force of her displeasure when it should be righteously evoked. She reserved her strength to battle with substance, and did not waste it in fighting shadows. So far, she had never for one moment been out of humour with him, and Sir John not only entertained the highest admiration of her mind and person, but considered his new wife the best tempered woman in the world. Refreshed by his brief nap, and delighted with the success of the day (he and his step-sons had returned with a splendid bag, which Madame had examined with an affectation of much surprise and admiration), the baronet was in excellent spirits.

"By the way, my love," he observed, as they promenaded the shady avenue, her glittering fingers resting upon his arm, "that young Stenhouse is a comical sort of youth."

"Comical? How so, *mon ami*?" demanded her ladyship, who knew that George had made one of the party of sportsmen to-day.

"Well, he holds some most absurdly democratic and socialistic notions," laughed her husband. "Absurd, that is, for a fellow in his position."

"Yes? Explain them to me, those notions."

Sir John hesitated a moment. "I fancy he would not like them to be generally talked about at present. But he took pains to elucidate his theories to me, so I don't know why I should not repeat them to my wife—in confidence, though, you understand?"

"Certainly, my friend, I shall not speak of them again. I wish, however, to hear."

"Well, I am afraid I shall make a very lame tale of it," returned Sir John, "for although the boy really appears to be serious, I could hardly listen to him for laughing. But the gist of the matter is that this future Earl considers that he has no right to inherit, or, at all events, to *keep* the vast amount of land and property that is coming to him. He does not mean, so far as I can understand, to give up everything; but he is bent upon making trial of a scheme that seems to me the wildest sort of Utopianism. *He*, however, considers the thing perfectly feasible, and so sure to be productive of happiness and success, that the example needs only to be set to have the whole country rising up in imitation. Poor George, he is very young!"

"And a little of a fool, *n'est pas?*" put in Marie.

"No, my dear, I should not call him that," protested Sir John. "The lad argued his own case very intelligently. It is I who am too stupid to put it before you. But what he proposes, I believe, is to establish a kind of industrial community or association. The members are all to live together under the guidance of chiefs selected by themselves. They are to carry on all sorts of industries, and to reap the profits, not in equal proportion, but in accordance with the skill or value of their labour. There is not to be either a community of living, exactly, nor a community of capital, according to the most rampant form of socialism. It is to be something like a great joint-stock company, of which members may have unequal shares, but proportional dividends. The whole scheme is designed, so Mr. George declares, to encourage industry, save labour, and destroy pauperism. For the life of me, though, I can't make head or tail of it," confessed Sir John, laughing again. "I have never gone in for the study of political economy, in any shape or form; but Louis, who seems to be well up in the subject, tackled the young enthusiast very cleverly with arguments on the other side. You should ask *him* to explain the scheme to you, for I haven't grasped it, that is certain."

"Nay, I don't require any more explanation of such imbecility, my beloved. I only wish to know what he proposes to himself to do with Westaxon Park. Does he not value it? Does he design to give it up to a rabble? to divide the land—to let off the house, perhaps, in flats?"

"Really, I don't exactly know," Sir John replied: "but there is something of that sort, I almost believe, in his mind. The house plays some part, I know, in the scheme."

"Bah! the boy is truly a goose."

"Oh, it will never come to anything but talk, you may be sure, my love. Of course it would be very annoying if there were the slightest chance of its proving otherwise. One can afford to laugh, because it is so certain that inheritance will cure him. Lord Westaxon, you will see, will be quite a different person from George Stenhouse."

"Yes, that I am *very* sure of," rejoined Madame, in a curious tone, and with a series of significant little nods. "John, my husband"—she stood suddenly still—"I am going now to make you a confidence in my turn; but you must promise first, on the honour of a gentleman, that you will not breathe a syllable of it, even into the ground where the reeds may come"—"I won't the secret, until I give you

permission." (Madame's self-education, it will be seen, had not stopped short of the classics—or, at any rate, of the classical dictionary.)

Sir John looked a little surprised, but gave at once the promise required of him. "Of course, dear Marie, I should not think of repeating anything you desired me not to speak of."

"Then I will make you a prediction," she said, her eyes kindling, as they invariably did under excitement. "George Stenhouse will never inherit Westaxon Park. He will never be Lord Westaxon."

"My dear, what *do* you mean?" exclaimed Sir John.

"I cannot tell you all just now," resumed Marie, "I can only tell you a part. . . But was there not once another Stenhouse—a second son, older than young George's father?"

"To be sure there was! Hubert—the Honourable Hubert Stenhouse. But, Marie"—Sir John paused to scrutinise her face—"is it possible? . . . Surely you do not know anything of him?—of what became of him?"

"I think I do, my friend. Yes, I think I do! I have seen him; I have spoken with him; I have eaten with him."

"Good heavens! Where, Marie, where?"

"In Canada; at my old home in the backwoods." Lady Brentwood nodded again her well-shaped head. In spite of a certain anxiety, she rather enjoyed her husband's astonishment. It was always a pleasure to Marie to produce an effect.

"He is alive, then—actually alive?" Sir John retreated a few steps to lean against a tree.

"No, no," Marie replied, "he is not alive. He died a great many years ago—nearly seventeen."

"Ha!" The interjection expressed relief. "Then it must be all right about that youngster's succession. But you said . . ."

"It would be right for Mr. George, supposing always that his uncle Hubert had left no children—*no son*."

"And . . . God bless me! You don't mean, my dear Marie . . ."

"I *do* mean it, my husband. The Honourable Hubert Stenhouse was married, and he left behind him a son. *That son is living*, and when this sick man dies, *he* will be the lawful Lord Westaxon."

Overwhelmed with amazement, Sir John Brentwood remained for several minutes perfectly silent. At the end of that time a troubled expression crossed his face.

"But, my dear wife," he asked, "why have you not told me this before? And are you quite, quite sure of what you say?"

"*Mon ami*, look at me! Do you suppose I am the sort of

woman to make an assertion so strange, so important, unless I was quite sure of the truth of it?"

Sir John shook his head. No, he could not entertain so absurd a suspicion. From this moment he felt no shadow of doubt but that the facts were as his wife had stated them. Still, her knowledge of those facts, and the reticence she had hitherto preserved about them, puzzled and disquieted him.

Madame read his feelings in his ingenuous countenance. She laid her hand on his arm, and looked up to him with her brightest, most bewitching smile. "My dear John," she quoted, with her piquant foreign accent, "you must 'trust me all in all, or not at all.' You must believe that, since I have not told you this before, I had a good reason to withhold it."

"Of course you had!" The infatuated husband was subdued on the instant. He raised his wife's white but by no means small hand to his lips, and imprinted on it a respectful kiss. "But do you know, my dear," he went on, "where that unfortunate Hubert's son is to be found? And can you not tell me something more about him—Hubert, I mean? How did you come to make his acquaintance, Marie? You have excited my curiosity, you see, my love," he added apologetically; "I cannot avoid asking questions."

"No, it is natural that you should ask," she said gently; "and I only regret not to be able to answer everything you wish to know. Perhaps it was not wise to speak at all until I could do so fully. But I wished to prepare you a little, *mon cheri*, for a surprise that awaits you."

"Whatever you consider right to do in the matter, my dearest Marie, will be right, I am convinced," acknowledged Sir John, obsequiously. "I conclude that the secret is one you have learned accidentally, or that you have been urged to keep?"

Madame returned a little gesture which her husband took for assent.

"But can you not at least inform me, Marie, where this heir is to be found?" he resumed; "and why his claims have not been brought forward before?"

"Yes, yes, I will tell you so much," she answered, after a moment's consideration. "The boy could not advance his own claims, for the simple reason that he is entirely ignorant concerning them. When his father died he was only an infant of three years. But he has been brought up, my husband, by one who loves him dearly. He has been educated and cared for, he has been happier a thousand times than he would have been

wicked, cross-tempered earl who so hated his poor father. That is one chief reason why all has been silent so far. Whilst his uncle lives, the boy cannot enjoy title or estate—and those who love him wish to keep him till the last moment. Besides, of what use to disturb the last hours of a dying man? And one has supposed the earl to be dying for years.”

“But, Marie, this is a very foolish proceeding on the part of your friends.” (Sir John had arrived now at a settled conclusion in his own mind that the heir’s protectors resided in America, and that it was there his wife had known them.) “I think you should write and tell them so. To have delayed so long producing this youth will give the whole thing, when it does come to light, a *primâ facie* look of imposture. Of course I am perfectly satisfied, my love, that you are far too clever a woman to have been deceived, and that there must, therefore, be some very clear proofs——”

“Yes, you are right,” interposed his wife. “The proofs are so clear, so strong and unmistakable, my dear John, that no one can dispute them. Thus the delay has been in effect quite safe.”

“But not very honourable or fair, dearest,” rejoined the Baronet. “Don’t you see how cruel it has been to let that poor George be allowed all his life to look upon himself as the rightful successor, and then at the last moment to find himself ousted by this unknown cousin, of whose existence he has never even heard?”

“*Chut, chut!* but have you not just been showing me that he does not value what he will be ousted from? That he proposes to make—how do you say it—ducks and drakes of the property? Is it not, on the contrary, then, a happy arrangement that such imbecile nonsense will be put a stop to? Also, is it not charming to reflect that the young man will not at all suffer?”

Sir John shook his head. “I am by no means sure,” he observed, “that he will not suffer. And, without question, his mother and sister will suffer for him.”

“Nevertheless, my husband, you will place yourself on the side of right and justice—is it not so? You will help, if any help should be needed, in establishing the claims of—of the true inheritor?”

“Of course,” said Sir John, a little doubtfully. “One must always wish justice to be done; but, dear me, what a commotion it will create in the neighbourhood!”

Marie smiled. “True, one may expect a little excitement,” she assented. “Do you, by chance, remember that Hubert Henry Stephens—Stenhouse, I mean to say, my husband?”

“I remember him perfectly, and all the circumstances of his dis-

appearance," returned Sir John "I was about fifteen when it happened. The poor fellow pushed his brother one night out of a second story window ; but I am convinced that it was done accidentally, or, at all events, in the blindness of passion and with no intention of killing him. However, poor Hubert evidently fancied he had been guilty of murder, for he fled that same night, and was never heard of afterwards. Of course, he was searched for—although not at first, perhaps, so diligently as might have been the case but for the viscount's dangerous condition. Lord Westaxon's father was alive at that time," he explained, "and he was then called Viscount Longenvale."

"I know," said Marie. "And since then he has been always a cripple."

"Yes. He was not, in the beginning, expected to recover at all. But when it was found that he would live, Lady Westaxon insisted upon having her missing son advertised for and searched for in every possible direction. But it all proved in vain ; and, poor lady ! she was the first to feel sure—as, by degrees, everybody else came to do—that the unfortunate young man must have committed suicide. And the terrible idea killed her—that and the trouble about Viscount Longenvale."

"What a pity !" commented Marie. "But, you see, he did not commit suicide. He only ran away to America ; and now comes home his son to take his place. To you, no doubt, it all seems very singular, *mon ami*. But for me, I have known it so long."

"Ah ! that is the most singular part of it, Marie," exclaimed her husband "how *you* come to be mixed up in the affair. In all my life I never felt more amazed. One thing, however, this revelation makes clear to me. You know you never would explain to me exactly what you were doing in this neighbourhood on that first occasion when I met you, my love. Now I understand. You had come to look at Westaxon Park in order to send a description of it to the boy's friends in America. By the way, is he a boy ? How old is he ?"

"Nearly twenty. No, he is no longer a boy ; but I always speak of him so. I have not said, however, John, that he and his friends were still in America, remember ; but I must entreat of you to ask me, for the present, no more questions. Very soon, I promise, you shall know all that I know."

"Very well, if you wish it, of course I will say nothing more," was the obedient reply, "excepting to repeat my opinion the delay in letting these startling facts be made known

family will be most unkind, and to beg you, dear Marie, to use your influence to prevent it. And, oh ! if you would permit it, I *should* like to put just one more little question. You can answer it in one word—yes or no. Is the mother of this young man dead, as well as the father ? ”

“ Yes; she also is dead. Now let us speak of something else.”

CHAPTER XL.

A SUCCESSFUL EMISSARY.

It was not very easy to find “ something else ” to talk about ; or, at least, it was not easy to find any topic to engross their interest after the exciting conversation which it was now forbidden to pursue. One after another, each subject that was introduced—as the husband and wife continued their stroll in the gathering twilight of that sweet summer evening—fell flat at the end of a few moments’ discussion. For, although tongues may be bridled, even the curb rein will not hold in unmanageable thoughts, and the thoughts of both kept flying back to that discarded theme.

Notwithstanding that, as we have said, Sir John entertained as yet no suspicions that he could have any close or personal concern in the matter, the astounding news which had just been imparted to him had impressed him very disagreeably—indeed, almost painfully. He felt for the Stenhouse family, and especially for poor George, on account of the shock which he anticipated for them. But there was something more in his disturbance than this—something which he could not quite comprehend ; a sort of feeling as though mystery was abroad in the air—as though life was no longer so simple and straightforward a business as it had seemed an hour ago. The good baronet did not enjoy being electrified in this fashion ; but he hoped that he should feel more comfortable when he had had time to assimilate the intelligence a little.

As for Lady Brentwood, while she managed to conceal the signs of it much better than her companion, she also was suffering considerably from inward perturbation. In that last question of his Sir John had placed his finger upon the one weak point in Marie’s armour—the vulnerable spot where alone, as she believed, the darts and arrows of a possible ill-fortune might reach her.

In Claudia (whom Madame still pictured to herself as a delicate, ethereal-looking girl) lay her danger. *Her* existence it was, and not

the motive she had expressed to Sir John (although that had by no means been without its influence), which had kept her back, through all these years, from trying the momentous issue upon which she was now resolved to venture at once.

But for certain chances that depended upon her, all would, indeed, have been plain sailing. Those chances, with their *pros* and *cons*, Marie had gone over in her mind thousands of times before; but once more, even whilst making an effort to converse about other things, she was now passing them hurriedly in review.

To her husband, Madame had stated that Claudia was dead; but that was a thing that she only hoped devoutly *might* be true, not one that she knew to be so. A good many years ago now she had taken steps to learn something about "Mademoiselle Estcourt." She had written to her cousin (the young man who lived with her father on his little farm), and had begged him to make inquiries for her in Quebec. To aid these inquiries she had given him Mr. Estcourt's address and what other particulars she could think of; and to encourage him to skill and diligence in prosecuting them she had enclosed a five-pound note in her letter of instruction. Since, however, it would by no means have suited her purpose to have had her own whereabouts or circumstances known to her relatives, Madame had directed that the reply should be sent to "Poste Restante, Paris," and she had actually crossed the Channel to fetch it. But by this proceeding the little woman had been rather caught in her own meshes. Her cousin's answer to her letter, whilst it had occasioned her decided satisfaction, had proved highly misleading. The fact was, that although, as a rule, perfectly abstemious, her emissary had seized the opportunity afforded by an unwonted holiday and a flush of coin to get intoxicated, and in a state of intoxication he had gone about the delicate business entrusted to him. The consequence was that he had sent Marie, as the result of his investigations, the positively expressed information that Mr. Estcourt was dead, and the house he had lived in standing empty; that the name of the gentleman Mademoiselle Estcourt had married was Witherby; that this gentleman, who lived in New York, had recently failed in business for an enormous sum; that he had run away from his creditors and from his wife; and that the latter was then living in an attic, in a state of extreme destitution—the husband having lost, by his speculations and collapse, the fortune she had inherited from her father, as well as his own capital. This tale, which Marie, usually so clear-sighted and cautious, had at once accepted for gospel, had not been evolved altogether from the writer's own consciousness. It had been pieced out, on the day aft

excursion to Quebec, partly from actual details which he had ascertained concerning the Estcourts, and partly from a melancholy story he had heard in a public-house, and which he had hopelessly mixed up with those details.

Among her chances on the favourable side, then, Madame had always reckoned the possibility that this destitute Mrs. Witherby—so unhappy in her circumstances, and so fragile in her constitution—might no longer be alive. But she had decided that it would be the safest plan for her to assume this to be the case, and to declare it as a fact. The data upon which the Westaxon title and estate were to be claimed would be quite independent of any attestation from the heir's mother. Madame held in her own hand proofs of Hubert Stenhouse's marriage, and of the birth of his son—also, clear evidence (in his Canadian property, &c.) that the boy, Claude, had been left in her charge. There would, accordingly, be no necessity either to hunt up his mother, or the record of her death.

In the event, however, of such a thing being attempted, there were the double chances—first, that the unfortunate Mrs. Witherby might fail to be found at all—or, again, that she might be found to be in her grave. On the other hand, there was a *possibility*—a possibility which had always existed, but which had grown “small by degrees and beautifully less,” until, after the lapse of all these years, Madame regarded it as scarcely appreciable—that Claudia herself might take it into her head to seek for her deserted son. That she had not done so hitherto, Marie considered a strong presumptive evidence of the death she hoped in; for although, as she was aware, Claudia had been ignorant of the rank of her first husband, and, as a consequence, of the rights of her child, yet there had been inducement sufficient (after her reduction to poverty) in that 3,000*l.* to have led to the search in question. Reduced to a minimum, then, all the danger that Madame could see ahead was the chance—a bare one—of a quest being instituted successfully by the Stenhouse family for the claimant's mother, and of the latter being brought over to face her. But in that event, in case the worst came to the worst, Madame had resolved to brazen matters out.

How was Mrs. Witherby, who had only seen her child for a few minutes when he was little more than a baby, to know what he had grown like as a man? How was she to get over the fact that the two boys had always known each other respectively as Claude and Louis? That the age of the one named Claude corresponded correctly with that of Claude Stephens Vandeleur (under which name she had made that deed of gift to him)? And again, among other

things, how was she to cope with the incidental difficulty of Louis's closer resemblance to herself, Lady Brentwood?

No, as she thus reviewed the chances for and against the success of her approaching *coup de maître*, Marie felt that the *pros* decidedly had it; and along with this conviction her wonted good spirits returned.

"How delicious the air is this evening!" she exclaimed. "But how the days shorten! Already it begins to grow dark. Figure to yourself, John, to-morrow will be the first of September."

"Actually, yes! Time has been walking off in seven-league boots since we were married, Marie. . . Hello! there is Mrs. Featherstone."

The lady in question, who had just entered the lodge gates, which Sir John and Lady Brentwood were approaching from the inside, held out, as she drew near, a fat little hand, bare of glove.

"I can only stop a minute or two," she declared, in a voice as cheery and pleasant as her person. "I have just run over to present a petition on behalf of the young people, Lady Brentwood."

"Yes?" interrogated the latter, smiling encouragingly, and waiting for more.

"They are bent upon having a picnic to-morrow, if you will give your consent," proceeded the Vicar's wife. "Rose was told to-day by some friends from Marleythorpe, who rode over to call, that the proprietor of a little inn on the bank of Lake Rushmere—you have heard of the lake?"

"I do not remember—no, I think not," answered her ladyship.

"Oh! but you must go there, my dear," put in Sir John. "It is really a very lovely spot, right across Rushton Moor, on the other side of the mountain."

"About fifteen miles to drive," supplemented Mrs. Featherstone. "But, as I was going to say, the owner of the small inn there has set up two new boats on the lake, and the young folks are all agog, as George Stenhouse elegantly puts it, for a row."

"It would be very pleasant, I'm sure," said Sir John.

"Well, their proposition, to get it all out at once," pursued Mrs. Featherstone, "is this: They want us all—you and Sir John, Mr. Featherstone and I, and of course the five inseparables—to drive over and spend the day there. Mrs. Stenhouse, poor lady, would hardly feel at liberty to join us; but George and Madleine say we could have the waggonette from the Park, and that with a carriage—either one of yours or ours—would be ample accommodation. But there are the questions first of your approval, Lady Bren"

which I have promised to beg for, and secondly of provisions. Could a supply, I wonder, be got ready overnight? The idea is to start pretty early in the morning."

"Oh, about provisions there would be no difficulty at all," rejoined Marie. "I shall undertake to provide them. And as for my sanction, yes, yes," she added amiably, "I shall give it very readily. It will be a pleasure to see the young people enjoy themselves, will it not, John?—and for my husband and me, we shall be ravished naturally to have for a whole day the society of yourself and Mr. Featherstone." A gracious smile and bow emphasised this polite assertion.

"You are very good, I am sure, to agree so cordially," protested Mrs. Featherstone. "Your sons were a little afraid that you might not perhaps care for it. But you see it will be such a quiet little affair, hardly worth calling a picnic, when there are so few of us."

Madame smiled. "Do my sons suppose," she asked, "that to be quiet is the aim of my life?"

"No, no. I fancy they thought you might object to the suddenness of the arrangement. I objected to it myself at first. I wanted them to put it off until next week—rather selfishly, I must confess—because I am expecting some visitors then, and I thought it would be one way of amusing them. But I could not get them to listen to me. They are like a set of impatient children, who must have what they wish for on the instant. To be sure," she admitted, "their arguments against delay were not unreasonable, viz. that the weather just now is so very lovely, and seems so settled, and, again, Lord Westaxon's critical state. Of course, although they can scarcely be expected to mourn very deeply for a man who never allows them to enter his presence, the young Stenhouses could not go to a picnic after their uncle's death. I wish, however, it *could* have been next week, because of my visitors!"

"Oh, we must find some other way amongst us of entertaining your friends, Mrs. Featherstone," said Sir John. "Do they happen to be people that I know at all, if I may ask?"

"Well, I should think not. They have never been here before, Sir John; and, to tell the truth, I don't know them very well myself. The lady, a Mrs. Douglas Awdry, was at my wedding; and her husband, who died, poor fellow, at the beginning of last June, nearly three months ago, was a sort of connection of mine. It is not very nice of me to say it perhaps, but really I am rather put out about Mrs. Douglas's advent. It is she who has invited herself. I only got the letter this morning. She writes to ask if she may come and

bring her son, a youth who is just a little older than my Rose, for a few days ; and she declares that she has a very particular reason for begging the favour. So of course I have been obliged to answer in the affirmative ; though what her 'particular reason' can be I own I am at a loss to guess ! ”

“ Perhaps,” suggested Lady Brentwood, smiling, “ it is that she desires to propose a match between her son and your charming daughter.”

Mrs. Featherstone repudiated the suggestion eagerly. She had other views for her daughter, though she would on no account have admitted the fact.

“ My dear Lady Brentwood,” she remonstrated, “ Rose is a mere child—a mere child ! But I must really run away now. It is too dark for any more croquet. . . . Then I may carry back your assent ? They will all be delighted ! But what shall we arrange about catering ? We should not care to eat at the little inn ; and, besides, I feel sure they could not provide for us.”

“ Let the picnic, if you please, be mine—of my giving, I mean,” said Madame, assuming thus, as a matter of course, the position of leader. “ I charge myself with the affair. Trouble yourself no more about it, except to say at what hour you would like to start. And now send me home my boys, dear madam. You are too kind to entertain them so often at your house.”

(To be continued.)

CROCODILES, TURTLES, AND LIZARDS.

“THE crocodile, the dragon of the waters, In iron panoply fell as the plague, And merciless as famine,” is obviously a creature that no poet can be expected to be civil to. And it would perhaps be stretching sentiment too far to expect them to be. It is not a lovable beast. I have seen them, huge ones, lying on a mud-bank, “like a forest tree, basking in the sun,” as Mary Howitt says, or moving through reeds, and there was something in the demeanour of the thing that always made me long to kill it. Indeed, when I could I did. It lay flat, with a sluggish affectation of humility that exasperated me, and bestirred itself with an air of helplessness that was positively monstrous.

A remarkable passage in Montgomery’s “Greenland” shows us a broad river “swarming with alligator shoals” and rolling “clouds of blood.” Thomson has a “Behemoth” that, “in plaited mail, rears his head”—“glanced from his side, the darted steel in idle shivers flies”—and “crops upon the hills his varied fare.” That the former knew what he was writing about is as certain as that the latter did not, yet each is a conundrum. When very young, crocodiles do certainly go “in shoals.” I have myself, in the Ganges’ overflow, within eyesight of my house in Allahabad, seen them so thick that their opened jaws—they lie with their chins upon the bank and mouths open, perhaps for the same reason that you see vultures sitting facing the breeze with wings widespread—looked like a fringe of hurdle stakes, or *chevaux de frise*. At Dholpur, near Gwalior, I have also seen them, full grown, in a large company. But these were retainers of the temples. But why was Montgomery’s “broad river” red with blood? The alligator takes his victim down, and there is no sign of the tragedy. A pink bubble perhaps—but that is all. Yet, *red with blood!* It puzzles me. For Thomson’s Behemoth I have no respect. He had very vague or very confused ideas about the crocodile—which is “Leviathan” and not Behemoth

—the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus. But, whatever it was, his picture is absurd. For crocodiles do not eat grass. The rhinoceros does not live in the water. The hippopotamus is not mailed.

Keats, as usual, is true to Nature. His “encaséd crocodile” is sufficient, and when he adds a reverence—

Son of the old Moon-mountains African,
Stream of the Pyramid and crocodile,

the conjunction is worthy of the brute “in adamantine scales, That fears no discipline of human hands.”

But why does Thomson describe it as “cased in green scales,” or Shelley imagine the species to have been exterminated by the Deluge?—

The jagged alligator, and the might
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once
Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy shores
And weed-overgrown continents of earth
Increased and multiplied like summer worms
On an abandoned corpse, till the blue globe
Wrapt deluge round it like a cloke, and they
Yelled, gasped, and were abolished.

That this reptile, “who can falsely weep” as Heber says, is a hypocrite who needs telling? Has not every one heard of the orator in Parliament who described a rival as “standing there like a crocodile *with his hands in his breeches pockets*.” The poets are much attracted by this fancy. “With a feigned grief the tomb relents, And like a crocodile its prey laments,” says Congreve. In *Savage* we find it “weeping cruel tears” over its “bleeding prey.” Coleridge gives Hypocrisy a “crocodile’s eye”; and Shelley, in the “*Masque of Anarchy*,” sees her ride by on its back. Somerville and half a dozen others call it “wily.” Spenser draws from it the admirable moral that it is as well to mind your own affairs while charitably bent on minding those of others:—

As when a weary traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perilous, wand’ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel, crafty crocodile,
Which, in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears ;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallowed up unawares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another’s cares.

There is one more point about the “natural h
reptile that is worth noting, namely, the inco

gruesome beast with the pretty little "zic-zac" plover. Moore has the following :—

The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretched jaws to come.

Young has—

Like the bird upon the banks of Nile
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile.

and Spenser thus :—

Besides the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay
In monstrous length a mightie crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltless blood, greedy pray
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disdainful pride,
Saw a little bird called ridula,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forced this hideous beast to open wide
The grisly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feede as nature doth provide
Upon his jaws that with blacke vermine swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
That so small so mightie can constrain ?

The "low-roofed" tortoise meets with but scanty compliments from poets. There is an unexpected sympathy, however, with it in the poetical conceit of the young turtle born on the dry land longing for the water : "The sad tortoise for the sea doth moan," says Marvell. Another has, "Sighing for the deeps like the turtle." Byron thus notices the contrast :—

Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell.
Chipped by the beam, a nursling of the day,
But hatched for ocean by the fostering ray.

Montgomery also, after telling how the parent reptile "steals out at eve," explores the shore "with trembling heart," and lays her eggs in the loose warm sand, goes on to describe the escape of the happy youngsters that "by instinct seek the sea" :—

Nature herself with her own gentle hand
Drops them one by one into the flood,
And laughs to behold their antic joy
When launched in th' element.

This is all pleasant reading, for it shows a tender appreciation of the creature's natural life.

More than one poet makes the curious error of thinking that

turtles shed their shells, as, for instance, Garth, who has, "There the tortoise hung her coat of mail."

As the creature that gives to civic feasts what Southey calls "the fat of verdant hue," so dear to the aldermanic palate—

Gorgonius sits, abdominous and wan,
Like a fat squab upon a Chinese fan.
He snuffs far off the anticipated joy ;
Turtle and venison all his thoughts employ (COWPER)

—it cannot escape favourable recognition. Says Byron, "The turtle-shell which bore, A banquet in the flesh it cover'd o'er"; and Churchill—

The turtle of a great and glorious size,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a man of taste all risks would run ;
Itself a feast, and ev'ry dish in one.

Nor do the historic traditions of the creature fail of notice. How Æschylus was killed every one knows, but in Spenser we find Thomalin (moralising on good and bad shepherds) localising the event in England, and making the victim of the eagle's mistake "a proud and ambitious pastour," by name Algrind, who lived in his own neighbourhood :—

One day he sate upon a hill
As now thou wouldst me ;
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the lowe degree :
For sitting so with baréd scalp,
An eagle soaréd high,
That, weening his white head was chalk,
A shell-fish down let fly.
She weened the shell-fish to have broke,
But therewith bruised his brain ;
So now, astonied with the stroke,
He lies in grievous pain.

Henceforth Thomalin refuses ever to go up to the top of a hill, lest an eagle with a tortoise should happen to be overhead !

Of the connection of the tortoise-shell with the first lyre, Shelley, among others, takes notable cognisance in his "Hymn to Mercury." The poet sees the child pottering about outside the cave and chancing upon a tortoise :—

The beast before the portal at his leisure
The flowery herbage was depasturing ;
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
Over the turf,

He cries, "A treasure !" and, laughing, addresses !

A useful godsend are you to me now—
 King of the dance, companion of the feast,
 Lovely in all your nature ! Welcome, you
 Excellent plaything ! Where, sweet mountain beast,
 Got you that speckled shell ? Thus much I know,
 You must come home with me and be my guest ;
 You will give joy to me, and I will do
 All that is in my power to honour you.
 Better to be at home than out of door ;
 So come with me, and though it has been said
 That you alive defend from magic power,
 I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead.
 Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore—
 Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
 And grasping it in his delighted hold—
 His treasured prize into the cavern old.

Arrived there, he “featly” scoops the shell out, drills holes in it, fastens reeds into them, spreads leather across, fixes the cubits in, “Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o’er all, Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.” When he had finished “the lovely instrument” he tried it, and—

There went
 Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
 Of mighty sounds.

The line, “That you alive defend from magic power,” is worth a note. The blood of the tortoise was considered by the ancients an antidote to subtle venom. Protected itself by its shield, it became a protector. The Romans bathed new-born infants in the shells. Its appearance unexpectedly was a very auspicious omen, as being traditionally opposed to the diabolical and mischievous. In England, as a thing of magic, it was part of the stock-in-trade of the alchemist, astrologer, and quack : so, in “Romeo and Juliet”—“In his needy shop a tortoise hung.” As affording a shield, it has honourable associations referred to by several poets. Thus Rogers’ lines, “The warrior’s lance Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance,” reminds the reader of the device by which they kept from old Chronos the intelligence of the birth of Zeus, and of the challenge “on the ringing tortoise” of the Knight of Thrace. That the elephant and tortoise should be at perpetual feud, each considering himself the lord of the lake, is one of the funniest myths I know.

Both animals (sun and moon) frequent the banks of the same lake, and have conceived a mortal dislike one for the other, continuing in their brutal forms the quarrel which existed between them when they were not only two men but two brothers. As the elephant and the tortoise both frequent the shores of the same lake they mutually annoy each other, renewing and maintaining in mythical

zoology the strife which subsists between the two mythical brothers who fight each other for the kingdom of heaven, either in the form of twilights, or of equinoxes, or of sun and moon.

Yet they meet after all in the "Rape of the Lock" in more friendly rivalry :—

The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.

In poetical metaphor, as in mythology, the tortoise represents the lazy and slow. But, as Bacon says, "slowness is not sloth." It would be harder work to walk a mile behind a snail than to run it after a hare. But "the tortoise-foot" is an established phrase with the poets when they wish to imply "sluggish," as is the case where the girl (in Crabbe) gets weary of the sleek, over-cautious vicar :—

The wondering girl, no prude, but something nice,
At length was chill'd by his unmelting ice ;
She found her tortoise held such sluggish pace
That she must turn and meet him in the chase ;
This not approving, she withdrew till one
Came who appear'd with livelier hope to run.

A wonderful family is that of the lizards—the ancestors of the birds, and the sliding link between the snake and crocodile. Was there ever palimpsest or papyrus so fascinating, so engrossing, so important, or so accurately authentic, as that stone from Saxony on which the archæopteryx has left the complete record of itself stamped on the soft slab? It is nothing less than its whole body. Could any chronicle be more simple, unequivocal, satisfying? How ingenuously it appeals to our confidence! No room is left for disputing its facts or cavilling at its arguments. There it lies, as flat as the pressure of some millions of tons of overlying rock could make a thing, a shadow in thickness. Yet that little skeleton speaks with a logic that is most masterful, commanding, and unanswerable. It is the thing itself, crying out to us from the dim past—a phantom from the Genesis. Its speech is silence yet, august in dumbness, its voice is more than trumpets; the walled-in cities of old superstition, the sacred citadels of ignorance, topple into ruins before it.

It is a word straight from the Demiurge himself, whispered to us through the rock galleries that stretch back from Now to Then—a single word spoken from the "In-the-beginning" a worshipful thing. I never go to the British Museum without passing the model of this archæopteryx, the first of the birds. The lizard-fowl is a perpetual reverence to me.

Yet again, contemplate the way in which these creatures gradually shorten their legs as skinks, lose the

hesitate for a while as blindworms, and then become actual snakes—ophidian, viperine, terrible!

They commence with the pretty agile little things of our English sandy heaths, that are the "beasts-of-prey" to the tiny fly-folk who range among the grass as among forests, and find their lakes in dew-drops, their pleasure-parks on buttercup petals. To them succeed the amphibious lizards of the New World, who feed on small snakes, mice, and birds—larger creatures, a yard in length, splendidly painted with yellow on a black ground. So to the water-lizards of the Old World, the crocodile-like "monitors," which—so tradition used to fancy—whistled a note of warning to Leviathan when danger threatened, albeit it ate the crocodile's eggs, and the young ones too. In revenge, the old crocodiles eat it. Next is that wondrous family of the "short-tongued" lizards, the arboreal iguanas, contrasting notably in their fearsome appearance with the floral loveliness of their tropical woodland haunts. Here, too, is the basilisk—the "dragon" of the Middle Ages in miniature heraldic, grotesquely heterodox; and the sea lizard, a dreadful-looking thing that feeds upon the seaweeds a mile from the coast; and the flying lizards, beauteous beyond description, that slide through the air from tree to tree on their wing-like parachutes; and, most curious perhaps of all, the frilled lizard, which, if it were only the size of a camel, might have frightened all the Seven Champions out of their wits. And what can be said too enthusiastic for such a thing as the Moloch, a mass of spines and prickles, with forty horns on the tip of its nose, and ferociously thorned to the tip of its tail? or the geckos, the familiar but wondrous creatures that sleep all through a summer's day upon the ceiling and never drop off, but if they are startled drop their tails? or the chameleon, that has such a transparent skin that its emotions can be read through it?

Human beings have been known to "blush crimson" or turn "deathly pale." The choleric man turns vicious red when out of temper, the Asiatic green when terrified. But the chameleon beats us all. It has no expression whatever on its face, so it makes up for it on its body. You can tell what it is thinking about by the colour of its body. How the poets delighted in the creature!

As the chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own,
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue,
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon night,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male,—PRIOU.

Allan Ramsay adapts an old fable excellently in his poem on the beast. One man swears it is blue. He saw it that very morning, and so cannot be wrong. Another had seen it that evening, only an hour ago, and, he will stake his life on it, it was green. From argument it comes to quarrelling, and "frae words there had been cuff and kick," but a third man happens to come along. He asks the reason for such high words between neighbours, and they tell him. At this he laughs immoderately, calls them both fools, and says the chameleon is black, and he knows it—why?—because he has got it in his pocket at that very moment. And he whips the creature out,—

But to surprise them aye and a'
The animal was white as snaw!

Shelley has an exhortation admirably characteristic. But in its natural aspect the poets knew little of it. They believed it fed upon air, and changed to any colour it chose. "Cold" is Sir Wm. Jones's epithet—borrowed, of course, from the general lizard idea, that these creatures are gelid. So the salamander got a reputation for disregarding flames, or even putting them out, by the extreme "coldness" of its body. It is therefore in metaphor that this strange lizard is most conspicuous. The gay gallant in Moore, the turncoat politician in Churchill—

A creature of the right chameleon hue,
He wears any colours, yellow or true blue.

In Cowley, Fancy is drawn in her car by chameleons; so is Fortune in Savage; advisers in Dryden; Love in Shakespeare; courtiers in Gay; Italians in Rogers; the sea in Campbell; lovers in Shelley:—

As a lover or a chameleon
Grows like what it lives upon;

cowards in Byron; and women—"your true chameleons"—in Pope, "who change colour according to the humour and disposition of the men who approach them."

Chameleons feed on light and air;
Poets' food is love and fame.
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Sailing it to every ray
Twenty times a day?
Poets are on this cold earth
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea.

Where light is chameleons change ;
 Where love is not poets do.
 Fame is love disguised : if few
 Find either, never think it strange
 That poets ¹ range.
 Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
 A poet's free and heavenly mind.
 If bright chameleons should devour
 Any food but beams and wind,
 They would grow as earthly soon
 As their brother lizards are.
 Children of a summer star,
 Spirits from beyond the moon,
 Ah ! refuse the boon !

That they thrive on a diet of air is a point that is obviously suggestive :—

Speed. Why muse you, sir ? 'Tis dinner-time.

Valentine. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir ; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat.

And so in Hamlet :—

King. How fares our cousin ?

Hamlet. Excellent, i' faith—of the chameleon's diet : I eat the air, promise-crammed.

Poets see lizards in two aspects—either as things of happiest, brightest sunshine, or ominous and sepulchral gloom. Those, as Byron, Shelley, Rogers, Montgomery, or Heber, who had seen and therefore admired these pretty, elegant, harmless creatures, speak of them with kindly admiration. They hear “the quick-eyed lizard rustling through the grass,” or note “the shrill chirp of the green lizard's love” (or pugnacity), see “the lively lizard playing in the chinks,” and watch it basking in the grooves of the fallen pillar—

With sensual enjoyment of the heat,
 And with a little pulse that would outstep
 The notes of nightingales for speed.

On the other hand, they are creatures of ruins and dismal abodes. “The painted lizard and the bird of prey” are associates in Dryden (borrowing from Virgil) ; in Cunninghame we “have the lizard and the lazy, lurking bat, Inhabiting the painted room.” There are poets of the non-natural-history category, and supreme amongst them are the Eliza Cooks of verse. As, for instance—

¹ Montgomery makes fun of the chameleon as compared with the poet, and says that, for himself, he finds bards cannot live on nothing.

Bit by bit the ruin crumbles,
Not a lizard there abiding ;
And the callow raven tumbles
From the loophole of her hiding ;

or, "Bat and lizard had allied, With mole and owlet by their side";
or, "The dark retreat of lizard, frog, and speckled snake"; or,
"The gloomy owl and speckled lizard."

Now, whimsical though it may seem, I should like to draw passing attention to the curious community of epithet which all these creatures enjoy.

We have "speckled" lizard with the owl, and the lizard with the "speckled snake," and the latter with the owl. There is the "painted" lizard and the owl, also "the painted snake and the owl." Then we read of "gay lizards glittering" and "serpents glittering, with gay hues adorned." The "green gilded snake" glides on the tomb, and "the green lizard and gilded newt" do the same on a ruin. A third has "a green gilded lizard." I could go on to tedious length, but my object in this brief paragraph is only to suggest that poets are immoral in lumping diverse creatures together in order to convey a particular impression. The mid-day lizard and the nocturnal owl are of course as absurd in association as the land lizard and the water newt. Then "green," "gilded," "speckled" are used for all indiscriminately, though Wordsworth and Eliza Cook—two types of the unsympathetic poet—never saw either a green lizard or a gilded snake.

Allan Ramsay has a poem on "Twa Lizards" which is zoologically interesting, though the moral is dull enough—after Spenser. Of two lizards basking on a bank, one regrets their mean estate, and cites the existence of crocodiles on the Nile, which are worshipped in "pagods" (an Asiatic word altogether), as an example of what his ambition aspires to. Those were lizards worth calling such—or he would even like to be a deer, with fine horns. Of course a deer is run down before his eyes, and the lizard repents his aspirings after an exalted station.

As one of the heralds of spring, the "lizard of St. Agnes" is a popular favourite in Southern Europe. In Italy it is also called "guarda uomo," man's protector. In Sicily it stands in equal favour, and San Giovanni, as it is called, must not be killed, "because it is in the presence of the Lord in heaven, and lights the little lamps before the Lord"; but if by accident you should do one to death, you must touch the still quivering limbs and say:—

Not I, not I, did murder you,
But the dog of holy St. Matthew.

The children carry them about as pets in their bosoms, and when they let them go ask them to intercede before "the Lord" for them. The common green lizard is especially protected, as superstition invests it with power against evil talismans and enchantments, and against venomous snakes. Thus the crest of the Mantuan princes was a lizard in a tuft of camomile, Pliny saying that these creatures, when they have fought with serpents and been bitten, cure themselves with that herb.

It is unlucky, so English folk-lore avers, for a wedding party to see a lizard; and that the creature has a painful sting—says Suffolk, "as smart as lizards' stings"; and again, Queen Margaret, "lizards' dreadful stings"—is still an article of superstitious belief among the more ignorant.

The Arabs eat the legless desert lizards, calling them "sand-fishes," so as not to seem to transgress commandment; for the creatures are unclean, one species indeed being specially anathema, for Mahomet ordered his people to stone them wherever found, as they hung their necks in mockery of the Moslem's attitude of prayer. To this day, therefore, the faithful persecute them rigorously as scoffing unbelievers.

None the less they were considered, and indeed are still, very important in Eastern medicine, the traditional coldness of the creatures recommending them to a pharmacopœia of fancy as being supposed to be beneficial in all ailments arising from excessive heat, although so diverse as burns, sunstroke, sand-blindness, and fever.

Newts, the pretty "eft" of our ponds, receive the most infamous treatment. Wordsworth calls them "offensive," Eliza Cook miasmatic :—

Mist and chill are over the hill,
The crops on the upland are green and stark,
Newts are about and the rain puts out
The tender light of the glow-worm's spark.

It delights me to quote this fustian. Imagine crops being "stark"!—and then that line, "*newts are about*"!

But Spenser calls them "fearefull eftes," Garth "hateful," and Shelley "poisonous." Shakespeare's witches mix the eyes of newts with the toes of frogs in their dreadful broth.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

PRACTICAL Englishmen are often inclined to ridicule the sentiment that prompts lovers of Shakespeare to make pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon. They glibly assert that the dramatist is for all time and place. They are content to take what they assume to be his own word for it, that he was "of imagination all compact," and owed little or nothing to his temporary personal environment. The spirit of the historian rightly rebels against so unsatisfactory a solution of the Shakespearean problem. Great and small men alike are in great degree the creatures of circumstances, and to ignore the fact that Shakespeare lived and died at Stratford is to neglect a very possible opportunity of accounting for a part of his unique characteristic. Stratford life in Elizabethan times may appear to many of us very petty and very uninspiring ; but even if, after full study, that be our final conclusion, the interval that separates the life of Stratford from the life portrayed in Shakespeare's dramas—more particularly in the very early ones—exactly measures the transmuting force of Shakespeare's genius. In the life of his neighbours and relatives at Stratford Shakespeare's "fine frenzy" undoubtedly found its earliest sustenance.

The general reader rarely perceives how large a part rural life plays in Shakespeare's early comedies, and how large a claim Shakespeare there asserts to be regarded as the poet of living pastoral—of pastoral which bears little relation to the airy nothings of the professed pastoral poet. For the Shakespearean student, no play better repays careful study than "Love's Labour's Lost," and it is of evil omen for Shakespearean criticism that no play is less valued by him or his teacher. Without dogmatizing as to its date, all internal evidence proves "Love's Labour's Lost" to have been Shakespeare's earliest essay in comedy—his first endeavour, after arriving in London, to produce a play that should And what is the method pursued by th : almost

entirely in a country village—first at the free grammar-school, and afterwards in the service of his father, a woolstapler? Naturally enough, he seeks in his own rural experiences, narrow as they have been, the chief substance for his experiment. He produces a play defective in plot, and very colourless in its characterisation of court ladies and gentlemen; in his leading theme he brusquely jumbles together the fact and fiction of contemporary political and social life, and gives his comedy the flavour of a political extravaganza.¹ But artistic faults are atoned for by the humorous fidelity with which the writer depicts the chief dignitaries of a contemporary village—the curate, the schoolmaster, and the constable—and the honest fun which he extracts from the misadventures of a country clown and village wench. Stratford-on-Avon and Shakespeare's observation of his father's friends there in his school days, could alone have served to endow his work with such characteristics as these.

The wariest of critics may prove this inference for himself by examining the schoolmaster, Holofernes. It should be borne in mind that the Stratford schoolhouse, which still survives by the Guild Chapel in Church Street, was in Shakespeare's time attended by every burgess's son for a term (as a rule) of seven years. Founded in the fifteenth century as an adjunct of the mediæval guild of the Holy Trinity—a religious friendly society whose records date as far back as the reign of Henry III.—it was restored and re-endowed by Edward VI. a few years after the dissolution of the guild in 1547, and had attained before the end of the century notable efficiency. It is an all but recorded fact that, between 1571 and 1580, Shakespeare, the son of Alderman John Shakespeare, crept thither daily, “with satchel and shining morning face,” from his father's house in Henley Street. Elizabethan schoolmasters pursued a constant system of education. From the Latin accidence they led their pupils through Lilly's grammar, through vocabularies and conversation books—the chief of which was the “*Sententiæ Pueriles*”—up to Mantuanus, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, and Plautus. It is this mode of tuition with which Holofernes is alone familiar, and his acquaintance with it is remarkably thorough. As soon as he appears on the stage, he pompously quotes from Lilly's grammar, “*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.*” From the *Sententiæ Pueriles* he borrows his not very apt remarks, “Sanguis, blood . . . Cœlum, the sky, the welkin, the heaven . . . Terra, the soil, the land, the earth,” and thus illustrates the schoolmaster's practice of inviting boys to supply English

¹ See my paper entitled “A New Study of *Love's Labour's Lost*” in *this* magazine for October 1880.

synonyms to the Latin words proposed by himself. In most of the early conversation books formal dialogues with no particular application are frequently met with, and Holofernes engages in one of these with the curate, Sir Nathaniel :

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te : anne intelligis ?

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Nath. Videsne quis venit ?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Nor does this exhaust Shakespeare's avowed debt to the Stratford schoolhouse. He especially ridicules the conversation which the schoolbooks recommend for use between the boys and the master. The master is there credited with such remarks as: —

He speaks false Latin. Diabunt Prisciani caput.

It is barbarous Latin. Olet barbariem.

and Holofernes burlesques the first phrase in his criticism of Sir Nathaniel's Latin as "Priscian a little scratched," and the second in his remark that he smells false Latin when Costard misreads "ad dunghill" for "ad unguem." As striking reminiscences of the contemporary rural grammar school are Holofernes' citation of a line and a half from the eclogues of the good old Mantuan (or of the mediæval poet Mantuanus), which was the ordinary reading-book of Elizabethan fourth forms; his vain attempts to recall his Horace; and his praises of Ovid when he finds not the apostrophes, and so misses the accent in the curate's verses.¹

Antony Dull the constable is every whit as literal a transcript from the life as Holofernes. The office of constable in an Elizabethan village was of some dignity. Shakespeare's father held it at Stratford for two years, and the occupier of the house adjoining his father's house in Henley Street during his childhood was similarly honoured. There is a Dogberry-like sound in the Stratford municipal bye-law which directed that once every month from Michaelmas to Candlemas, or oftener, "as the case requireth it," the constable was "to call to him certain of the council and some other honest men, and keep and have a privy watch for the good rule of the town." The journey, too, between Stratford and London must have given Shakespeare every opportunity of studying the eccentricities of village constables and watchmen. According to Aubrey, the dramatist "happened to take the humour of the constable in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' at Grendon, Oxford;" but since there is no constable in "Midsummer

¹ See my "Stratford-on-Avon from the earliest times to the death of Shakespeare" (1877) pp. 49-52.

Night's Dream," we may interpret the antiquary to refer either to Dogberry or Dull. Lord Burghley, writing to Walsingham in 1586, when Shakespeare was travelling (in all probability) for the first time to London, described how on a long journey he saw the watch at every town's end standing with long staves under alehouse pentices, and how at Enfield they stated that they were on the look-out for three young men whom they would surely know because "one of the parties hath a hooked nose." Lord Burghley makes the humorously prudent comment on this expectation that "if they be no better instructed but to find three persons by one of them having a hooked nose, they may miss thereof." It is clearly to such ludicrous inefficiency that Shakespeare is bearing witness out of his own experience in "Love's Labour's Lost" in the person of "goodman" Dull.

Many other are the glimpses that Shakespeare affords us of his early Warwickshire life in his earliest comedy. Nowhere else (as we might expect) has he made reference to so many rustic games. The whipping of tops, hide-and-seek, more sacks to the mill, push-pin, and nine men's morris, all receive grateful recognition. For the first of many times he pays tribute to "the noble art of venery," and makes merry over the numberless titles granted by huntsmen to the deer. The village pageant is presented to us in the show of the Nine Worthies, and is the first rough sketch of the rural play at which "hard-handed men" labour in "Midsummer Night's Dream." And finally Shakespeare sets before us in the concluding songs of Spring and Winter all the delights of painted meadows and all the troubles with which winter and rough weather infest country life—

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw.

From most of the early comedies we could extract almost as convincing examples as from "Love's Labour's Lost," of Shakespeare's readiness to draw upon his rural experiences. A Pentecost village play is fully described by Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Horses and hounds are noticed by Theseus in the detail dear to the country-bred in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Records prove the country tinker of the "Taming of the Shrew" to have been a character well known in Stratford by name. Nor did Shakespeare cease to turn his schoolhouse experience to account on the stage when Holofernes was turned adrift. He gives us a glimpse of a less amiable type of schoolmaster, of which many villages could furnish examples, in the Pinch of "Comedy of Errors," and returns

to the more attractive type with full and accurate detail in Sir Hugh Evans.

Such points illustrate a part of Shakespeare's debt to Stratford-on-Avon, and still throw upon his native place the reflection of his genius. And there is every reason to suppose that he wished that it should be so. Little as we know of his biography, there is ample proof of his anxiety to maintain unbroken his intimacy with Stratford and Stratford people. As soon as he could afford it, he bought a house there. The extant letters of his fellow-townsmen show that when in London, he was ready to use his influence there in their behalf. The first land he contemplated purchasing was at Shottery, his wife's native place, within a mile or two of his own, and all the purchases of land that he completed later lay within a short walk of Henley Street, his birthplace. As his years increased, his temporary withdrawals from Stratford grew rarer. He educated his children there; he married his daughters to residents there; and, like all the members of his family, he died and was buried there.

And when Shakespeare's powers had reached their zenith and he could depict life under any aspect that he chose, he still acknowledged in his dramatic work the attractions that rural life had for him. The sheep-shearing feast of the "Winter's Tale"—one of his latest productions—is a Warwickshire pastoral, and all Perdita's flowers grow near the banks of the Avon. But before all should it be realised that the most thoughtful of his comedies, "As You Like It," which seems to stand midway between his greatest efforts in tragedy and his greatest efforts in comedy and history, is almost in its entirety a Warwickshire idyl. And Shakespeare here seems to make less concealment of the fact than in any other play excepting "Love's Labour's Lost;" he lays the scene in the forest of Arden, and there can be little doubt on *a-priori* grounds that Shakespeare's Arden was the Arden of South Warwickshire, and not, as some have imagined, the Ardennes of Luxemburg. There is but one iota of evidence to be urged on the other side. Grown wiser than when he wrote "Love's Labour's Lost," Shakespeare did not depend for the plot of "As You Like It" on his own invention. He borrowed it freely from Thomas Lodge's novel of "Rosalynde." Lodge introduces us to an elder brother (Saladyne), who ill-treats a younger brother (Rosader); to a sovereign (Torismond) who exiles a rightful ruler (Gerismond); to a daughter of the sovereign (Alinda), and to her dear friend and cousin, the exile's daughter (Rosalynde). But Lodge lays his scene in France; the exiled king (Gerismond) lives as an outlaw in a *French forest* &

Arden, and he is joined there by Alinda, Rosalynde, and Rosader. Similarly among numerous other resemblances, Lodge brings the cruel elder brother into this forest to confront him with a lion, and to work out his conversion. It is the adoption of this particular episode by Shakespeare that seems at first sight to make the identification of the Arden of the play with the real Warwickshire Arden a little doubtful. Shakespeare merely translates Lodge's lion into a couching lioness, and adds to the situation the terror of "a green and gilded snake." Of the latter, examples might perhaps be furnished by the Arden of Warwickshire, but "the royal disposition" of lion or lioness was not to be studied there. Nevertheless we are quite unwilling to admit on this ground that Shakespeare's Arden was beyond the sea. In the case of the lioness, he undoubtedly went farther than any experience of his own warranted. But he needed a very startling and unusual situation to bring about the conversion of Oliver, and he accepted Lodge's device as the least unsatisfactory mode of handling an unsatisfactory incident. Many signs of undue haste are apparent in the construction of "As You Like It," and it is not unfair to reckon among them all that concerns Oliver's conversion. But, except in this solitary instance, we believe we can prove that Shakespeare carefully anglicised, from his own knowledge of Warwickshire, Lodge's French forest of Arden.

In the first place, Shakespeare has introduced into his play two rustic characters of undoubtedly English birth. Audrey, "a country wench," and William, "a country fellow," are beyond the suspicion of alien origin; they were both "born i' the forest here." Lodge's novel knows nothing of such simple homely English villagers, and Shakespeare found no prototypes of them there. The former is a goatherd, awkward in bearing and ignorant of the meaning of so simple a word as "foul." Burdened with "no dishonest desire," and like most Englishwomen very practically minded, she looks forward to a good marriage and readily exchanges a suitor of her own class for one of more attractive mettle. William, her rejected lover, is of the ripe age of five-and-twenty. Very respectful to a stranger, he has no mean opinion of his own "pretty" wit, and he has an income that satisfies him in days when contentment was rare with his class: a proof either of an exceptional share of business talent, or of an intellectual incapacity to realise the ground for his neighbours' discontent, he is certainly not learned, and is not capable of much passion: a few full-sounding words delivered with mock determination quickly induce him to resign to another his claim on Audrey.

Shakespeare undoubtedly accepted Lodge's suggestion of another pastoral love-plot with which to contrast the amorous adventures of his hero and heroine, but he has wholly metamorphosed Lodge's actors in his reading of this episode, and his Corin and Silvius owe very little to Lodge's Coridon and Montanus. The latter are invariably "playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat." They are never happy unless engaged in discussing "a pleasant eglog," which, in one case, extends to one hundred and thirty-six lines, and concludes with an extract from Terence. Montanus's love-frenzy is at other times assuaged with sugared sonnets, and in one instance he "felt his passions so extreame that he fell into" a very graceful piece of French verse. Surely such accomplished herdsmen never tended sheep in any mundane wood or dale before. It is these refined gentlemen that Shakespeare has transformed into business-like rustics like Corin and Silvius, who are noticeably free from formal airs and graces, and Shakespeare has abandoned Lodge's spruce verse for such unaffected melodies as "It was a lover and his lass." There is, however, no versifying capacity in Corin; he is capable of offering a little practical advice to a love-sick youth, but attempts no accompaniment on the pipes. He is far from the bliss and contentment of Lodge's Coridon; he has very real grievances which are historically true of South Warwickshire and the rest of Elizabethan England. He is very poor and is not his own master.

Bat I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

We have here a glimpse of the grasping English capitalist, who, in the sixteenth century, was depriving the native shepherds of their independence up and down the country. Corin's complaint finds very voluminous illustration in contemporary literature. As early as 1550 Richard Crowley attacked these "gredy guttes, yea, men that would eate up menne, women, and chyldren . . . They take our houses over our heades, they bye our growndes out of our handes, they rayse our rentes . . . we know not whyche waye to turn us to lyve . . . In the country we can not tarrye, but we must be theyr slaves, and laboure tyll our hertes brast, and then they must have al."¹ Thomas Becon similarly pointed out the evil influence of "the gredy

¹ R. Crowley's *The Way to Wealth*, Early English Text Society, pp. 132-3; see Furnivall's edition of *Stubbes's Anatomy*, i. 290.

gentylmen, whyche are shepemoners and grasyers." Thomas Lupton writing in 1580 denounced with Corin their niggardliness to their neighbours, and Stubbes mercilessly denounces the capitalist graziers—"worse than the caterpillars and locusts of Egypt"—who devour all the poor men's fields and force beggary upon them. The attempt of the rich William Combe in 1614 to enclose the Stratford common lands in order to turn them to his own profit, and the excitement caused in the town by his action, shows that Corin's grievance found many sympathisers in the Warwickshire Arden.

It will be well at this point to determine what the name of Arden conveyed to a South Warwickshire man in the sixteenth and earlier centuries. The forest of Arden—a Celtic word from *ard*, high or great, and *den*, a wooded valley—was for very many years the designation of all Warwickshire within ten miles or so of the north bank of the Avon. As in other parts of England and the Continent, the history of the forest is chiefly a record of the decay and removal of trees—of the transformation of woodland into corn and pasture land. In prehistoric ages, it was a link in the chain of wood that covered all the midlands, from Byrne Wood in Buckinghamshire, through Abingdon and Wych Woods in Oxfordshire, to the forests of Dean, Cannock, and Sherwood, and the Derbyshire Wolds. But as early as the eleventh century evidence is not wanting that wide clearings had been made in Arden, and that only poetical license could then figure the forest as a wood-nymph with one hand touching "Trent, the other Severn's side." The agriculturist had made much of "her rough woodland" his own, and a map of the district at the time would have to represent it freely dotted with "ploughlands." Some six or seven villages which had grown up in the heart of the forest are described in the statistical Domesday survey. They were of very small dimensions and the woodland far outstripped their pastures, but they marked the development that was overtaking the district. Preston, one of the largest of them, had only two ploughlands, and these were encircled by a wood two miles long and one mile broad. A forest three miles square environed the hamlet of Hampton-in-Arden. But between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries Arden diminished steadily. It was still known as a forest, and could boast enough thickets and sylvan retreats to make Shakespeare's forest of Arden a faithful representation of it. But as in "As You Like It" it was as famous for its shepherds and its sheep as for its foresters and its trees. Viewed as a district, it doubtless very closely resembled the Epping Forest of modern Essex.

Fairly detailed accounts of Arden by sixteenth-century travellers

are not wanting. "Marke," writes Leland who visited the country about 1533, "that the waste parte of *Warwyckeshire* that standithe on the left hand, or banke, of *Avon*, as the ryver dessendethe, is called *Arden*, and this countrie is not so plentifull of corne, but of grasse and woode. Suche parte of *Warwyckeshire* as lyethe by sowthe or the lefte hand, or banke, of *Avon* is baren of woode, but plentifull of corne"¹ William Camden, the great antiquary and Shakespeare's contemporary, writes, "Let us now take a view of the woodland which lies north of the Avon, occupying a larger extent, being the most part covered with woods, though not without pastures, cornfields, and iron-mines. As it is still called the woodland, so it had antiently the much older name of *Arden*, but, as I take it, to the same purport, for *Arden* seems to have signified a *forest* among the antient Britons and Gauls, the largest forest in Gaul being called *Arden*, a town in Flanders near another forest *Ardenburgh*, and that famous forest in England we see is called by abbreviation *Den*."²

But by far the most picturesque and fullest description of Arden given by any of Shakespeare's contemporaries is that by the poet Michael Drayton. Drayton, a native of Warwick, devotes the chief part of the thirteenth song of his *Poly-olbion* to the Warwickshire forest. He regrets that so much of Arden has been brought under cultivation, and makes "the ancient forest" in her own person lament her decline :—

. . . when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds enclose ;
By which in little time my bounds I came to lose.

Other forests may excel Arden "for pleasantness of shade," but Arden yields to none of them in the variety of its attractions.

We equally partake with woodlan I as with plain,
Alike with hill an I dale ; and every day maintain
The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes,
That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.

There the birds of every hue sing "hunts up to the morn"—the throstle with shrill sharps, the woosel of the golden bill, the mournful nightingale, the warbling linnet, the woodlark, the red sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, the wren, the yellow-pate, the goldfinch, the "tydy," the laughing "herco," and the counterfeiting jay. On the lawns are "both sorts of season'd deer."

¹ Leland's *Itinerary*.

² Camden's *Britannia*.

Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there ;
 The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals strew'd,
 As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

"The most princely chase" of the hart most fitly belongs, according to the poet, "to our old Arden here," and Diana herself would be content with the tall and lusty red stag, of "goodly shape and stateliness of head," which she would meet at every turn in the forest. Drayton then proceeds to paint a very vivid picture of an Arden stag hunt. As soon as the "bellowing hounds" drive the quarry from his lair, he rushes madly through the thickets, shakes the tender saplings with his branch'd head, and after vain displays of "state," "with unbent knees upright expressing courage," leaves his usual walk, and "o'er the champain flies." The huntsmen follow as if "footed with the wind." The "noble stately" deer beats the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil ; makes among herds of sheep to foil the scent ; ploughmen and shepherds seize goads and hooks, and join in the chase. At length "this noblest beast" yields to destiny, and stands at bay ; then dealing deadly wounds on the hounds with his sharp-pointed head, he finally

Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall,

and so dies. ("The hart weepeth at his dying," states a friend of Drayton who wrote prose notes on the passage ; "his tears are held to be precious in medicine.") In such a forest of Arden, too, Drayton continues, all that sorts with solitude is at hand. Here one who knows the vileness of the world may lead a sweet retired life, on homely fare, far from "the loathsome airs of smoky-cited towns." Here

The man that is alone a king in his desire,
 By no proud, ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
 Nor his false praise affects ; nor of a pin he weighs
 What fools, abused kings, and humourous ladies raise.
 His free and noble thought ne'er envies at the grace
 That oftentimes is given unto a bawd most base ;
 Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile
 Who, seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile
 The sottish, purblind world ; but absolutely free,
 His happy time he spends the works of God to see.

Drayton concludes his account of Arden with a list of the medicinal herbs that grow there, and cure all ailments, not all of which (he states) were known even to skilful Gerard.

Drayton's "Poly-olbion" is a geographical survey of England in verse, and the writer, in his account of Arden and elsewhere, is

endeavouring to record the literal results of his observation. But his real Arden bears in almost every detail an instructive likeness to Shakespeare's Arden: the real forest suggests to Drayton almost the same reflections as the dramatist places in the mouth of the dwellers in his forest. It is, therefore, only just to regard it as a very important piece of evidence in support of the contention that "*As You Like It*" is of South Warwickshire origin. Drayton's argument prefixed to his song of Arden suggests to every ear the spirit of much of Shakespeare's comedy:—

This song our shire of Warwick sounds
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
Through many shapes the muse here roves:
Now sporting in those shady groves,
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:
Then finding herds of lusty deer
She, huntress-like, the hart pursues.

His careful and sympathetic description of the stag hunt can be paralleled at every point by the speeches of the exiles of "*As You Like It*." "Come, shall we go and kill us venison?" is their constantly recurring refrain. The duke may regret that the "poor dappled fools"

Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored;

but he, no less than Jaques or Drayton, is delighted to honour him "that killed the deer." The melancholy Jaques, like Drayton and Drayton's friendly commentator, makes the most of "the big round tears" that coursed one another down the innocent nose of the poor sequestered stag; and Jaques had watched the wretched animal as carefully as the geographical poet, when it was driven by the hunters to "the extremest verge of the swift brook." The duke in exile finds in Shakespeare's Arden the very solitude and the very happiness that Drayton promises the hermit of the Warwickshire Arden. Corin laments with Drayton's wood-nymph the conduct of "the grapple wretch" who narrows the forest's bounds, and testifies, by his references to his master's cote, his flocks and bounds of feed, to the truth of Drayton's picture of the mingling of woodland and pasture in Arden. Rosalind's own allusions to the brambles and hawthorns much in Drayton can be found to illustrate, "and the sweet birds' throat" sounds as sweetly in both poets' verses.

We can safely assert that neither poet owed aught to the other in these descriptive passages. Drayton was undoubtedly the friend of Shakespeare. Tradition has, indeed, charged him as

Jonson, while guests at New Place, with engaging Shakespeare in a friendly drinking bout which caused the great dramatist's fatal illness. Whatever opinion we may hold of this story, we may be very sure that the contiguity of their birthplaces created between them a very close bond of union. But in their literary work they were independent of each other and worked on different lines. Although some of Drayton's airy fancies bear a family likeness to those of Shakespeare, there is nothing to support the suspicion that the coincidence was other than accidental. Of "*Poly-olbion*" and "*As You Like It*," the former was published in 1613, and written gradually in the preceding years; the latter, not published till 1623, was probably acted in the first year of the seventeenth century. There is nothing in the dates, therefore, to touch the question very nearly, and there is no need to press them in one direction or the other. A sane judgment can only see in the resemblances between "*Poly-olbion*" and "*As You Like It*" convincing proof that their authors derived much of their inspiration from the same source—from the gentle rural life of the county of which each was a native. Shakespeare in the play, and Drayton in the poem, each paid grateful tribute to the hawthorns and brambles of the forest of Arden.

We have offered some very literal information about the scene of the greater part of "*As You Like It*." But we have no desire to exaggerate the importance of the circumstance that the forest of Arden was for Shakespeare, as for all Warwickshire men, a geographical reality. We are quite ready to admit that Shakespeare—in the opening scene of the "*Tempest*" for instance—displays such multiform power of imaginative self-position that he *might* have depicted sylvan and pastoral life with equal faithfulness had he not lived almost habitually under the shadow of the greenwood tree. But since his home *did*, as a matter of unvarnished fact, lie within a mile or two of the really English forest of Arden, it is mere affectation to decline the invitation that Shakespeare offers us on the first page of his comedy to examine the source of his inspiration. And be it added, it only heightens our sense of Shakespeare's poetic power, here as elsewhere, to be able to compare his material before and after his genius has transmuted it.

With those who are conscious of the relations in which "*As You Like It*" stands to the neighbourhood of Stratford, it is no unscholarly sentiment that lends the play exceptional interest when acted in Shakespeare's native place. And it seems ungracious to do other than commend Miss Mary Anderson's recent endeavour to reproduce the play in the very country of its birth. Stratford has changed

"As You Like It" and Stratford-on-Avon. 363

comparatively little since Shakespeare's day. The chapel of the guild, with the school-house, the guildhall, and the almshouses, is reaching the close of its fourth century. The chief bridge across the Avon, and the church, are relics older than Shakespeare's boyhood and manhood. The forest of Arden has retreated into a very few stretches of woodland, and chiefly survives in the names of the villages, Henley-in-Arden, Hampton-in-Arden, and Weston-in-Arden. But South Warwickshire is still the recognisable home of Corin and of Audrey, of William, Phebe, and Silvius. To witness "*As You Like It*" on the stage at Stratford is, therefore, to approach its author very nearly. We have no intention of criticising Miss Anderson's performance here—she has had no lack of advice offered her elsewhere. A few writers have decried her appearance on the Stratford stage as so much "bold advertisement." But the Shakespearean student knows nothing of such things, and need only remind these harsh critics that Miss Anderson, in going down to Stratford to appear as Rosalind, was following the best traditions of the English stage. Garrick may have made himself somewhat ridiculous by the means he adopted of reminding his countrymen of their indebtedness through Shakespeare to Stratford-on-Avon. But since Garrick's famous visit to Stratford in 1769, no actor, worthy of his art, has been unwilling to seek an opportunity of associating his name with one of Shakespeare's characters in the city of Shakespeare's birth, life, and death.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

A THRACIAN FORTRESS.

A flying-visit to the Baths of Hissar, which I made in August 1883, when returning to Philippopolis from Shipka and Kezanlik, had left much of my curiosity unsatisfied. I had barely time to walk round the ruined walls and bathe in one of the hot tanks—a bath much needed after my sweltering, dusty journey—before I was hurried off by my travelling-companion, whose affairs required his presence at Philippopolis. At the latter city no information seemed to be forthcoming as to the history or antiquities of Hissar, and I was reluctantly compelled to await another opportunity for personal investigation.

After an interval of more than eighteen months, that opportunity presented itself while I was spending a few days, for the sake of change of air, in the Eastern Roumelian capital. A young Hungarian gentleman, of archæological tastes and an inquiring mind, who had accompanied me from Sofia, suggested that we should devote a little of our time to a rapid examination of Hissar, the Greek and Roman coins which from time to time are found there constituting an additional attraction to him as a numismatic collector. Our preparations were quickly made, a carriage engaged, and a bright March morning saw us rolling along the straight and dreary Carlovo road, with the quaint Tepés, the conical hills on which Philippopolis is built, and from which the Roman city which occupied the same site took its name, Trimontium, rapidly diminishing behind us. Our carriage deserves a word of description, as the adopted type of conveyance in Bulgaria and Roumelia since roads (or something like them) have existed in the country. It was a light victoria, the back seat affording room for two, and the collapsible front seat threatening torture to any unfortunate third who might be condemned to make use of it. Four raw-boned horses were harnessed abreast, the two outer ones running in traces attached to serving-bars, with the reins loosely knotted up to the rails at the side of the box, in such a position that our driver, a thin, long-nosed, woolly-haired young Armenian, could steer them with his feet in case of need. The

harness was, as usual, in the last stage of rottenness and dilapidation, and a quarter of an hour very seldom passed without our Jehu having to descend and execute some summary repairs with a knife and a piece of string. The green corn was hardly beginning to show, and the spring rains had not yet come to refresh the dead and withered grass. Altogether, the aspect of the country was very different from what it had been when I last passed that way in harvest-time. Then the feathery maize was still standing in the fields, and the roadsides were enlivened here and there by thrashing-floors, where peasants, gaily-clad Turks, or more sombre Bulgars, were engaged in thrashing their newly-cut corn after the primitive manner of their forefathers, with a string of pones running round and round, or a pair of oxen drawing a wooden sledge. The day is perhaps not far distant when these thrashing-floors will be a thing of the past, for the representative of a well-known English firm has already secured orders in this district for steam-thrashing and other agricultural machines.

All along the road, and studding the surrounding plain, may be seen ancient *tumuli* similar to those which in the Troad are dignified with the names of "Tomb of Achilles," Tomb of Hector," and so forth. Between Philippopolis and Hissar no less than sixty may be seen from the road, and their number in the whole country must be counted by thousands. Some have been opened by *savants* and more by treasure-hunters, with the almost invariable result of a skeleton being found buried below the ground level, and generally surrounded by fragments of bronze arms and other *débris* of small interest or value. Occasionally, the finding of Greek and Roman pottery and similar relics in these funeral mounds points to the conclusion that this burial custom of the Thracians survived their subjugation by some time. The country people sometimes excavate these *tumuli* from one side, and utilise the cavity as a granary or wine-cellar. With the exception of the slight difficulties with the harness to which I have alluded, our drive was uneventful. Passing through the large village of Tcheperli, we halted for lunch at a roadside khan, and shortly afterwards turned off the Carlovo high-road to the left, to follow a rough track through the fields. About four hours after leaving Philippopolis we reached the Catholic Bulgarian village of Doghanlu, where we stopped before the house of the Italian priest, Padre Ludovico, for whom my companion had brought letters and a present of wine from the Austrian Consul-General at Philippopolis. The good man was not at home, we were told by a crowd of villagers who quickly collected: he had

gone to a distant village to assist at the funeral of another Italian missionary who had just died after a long and painful illness. We could not but remark the outward superiority in dress, physique, and manner of these Catholic villagers, or Pavlikans (Paulicians), as they are still called after so many centuries, over their Orthodox congeners. The village, too, was cleaner and better built than the average, and boasted a stream that was bridged, channelled, and dammed, to supply a water-mill, as well as a neatly inclosed cemetery. All this testifies to the civilising influence of a priest like Padre Ludovico, who takes a keen interest in the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of his flock. The Orthodox priest is usually an ignorant boor, whose sole qualifications for his office are a more or less parrot-like knowledge of the Church services. Himself a peasant and son of a peasant, he has no ideas beyond his sphere, and is satisfied to see these things going on in the same old round of dirt, ignorance, and superstition. To leave odious comparisons, on learning that the padre was away, we drove on, and passing through another village, at about 5 o'clock saw the evening sun gilding the massive walls of Hissar in the distance. The road leads up a gentle slope to the great southern gate, passing through which we saw a ruined spiral staircase on the left, now used only by the Turkish bekdjis, who, when the grapes are ripe, mount guard upon the wall over the surrounding vineyards; and immediately afterwards we were deposited at the little hotel which stands on the right of the road within the walls. This hotel is frequented by the more well-to-do of the visitors who come for the waters of Hissar during the summer months, and is clean and comfortable. The landlord, Mockrinski, is a Polish ex-officer in Turkish service, whom some chance has stranded in this remote village, where he has taken root, and plants his cabbages, shoots and stuffs wildfowl, and waits for visitors with great apparent resignation. As it was not "the Hissar season," we were the only guests, and had certainly no reason to complain of lack of comfort or attention during our short stay.

We devoted the whole of our available time to the ruins, making plans and measurements, and copying inscriptions, as far as our limited appliances permitted. The notes which we collected I have since supplemented by reference to the "*Inscriptions et Monuments Figures de la Thrace*," Paris, 1871, a work by A. Dumont, who is perhaps the only archæologist who has visited Hissar since Ami Boué first called attention to the place some fifty years ago.

Hissar Bania, or Lidja, as it is also called, from a Turkish word signifying, "warm spring," lies about forty kilomètres due north of

Philippopolis. The village itself occupies but a small portion of the ground enclosed by the ancient fortress. The latter covers the whole flattish summit of a low hill, whose uniformity is only broken by a small watercourse, by which the overflow of the warm springs finds its way out through the southern wall.

The walls, roughly speaking, form a parallelogram, whose sides face the four cardinal points, and are over 800 yards in length. The corners were protected by round towers or bastions, which are now completely ruined, but can be traced beneath the turf which covers them. All down the western side flows a small stream, whose channel forms a natural moat; and on the east there is a steep slope down to another stream which passes at an acute angle to the wall; while the northern and southern walls were protected by a deep ditch. The northern side, being commanded by higher ground, and most exposed to hostile attack, was defended by two parallel walls having an interval of about twenty yards. These walls are now entirely ruined, only a few feet of the foundations, mostly covered by turf, remaining to show where they stood, and the southern and eastern walls are widely breached, the immense masses of masonry which have fallen outwards suggesting the use of explosives; indeed, it is very probable that the Turks may have blown up portions of the walls with gunpowder to prevent this stronghold from being ever utilised against them.

The southern and western gates are still standing, the latter almost intact, while the position of the two others can be traced, occupying the centre of their respective walls, so that it is probable that the parallelogram was divided into four quarters by two streets intersecting each other at right angles. The whole of the enclosed space and much beyond the walls has been built over at one time or another, and it is impossible to excavate without coming upon foundations and *débris* of buildings; the entrance-hall at our hotel, for instance, being entirely paved with fine, large Roman tiles extracted from his garden by the landlord, who told us that he had only to dig where he liked to find as many as he wanted. However, but few relics of much interest have as yet been found, excepting a few coins of the later Roman and of the Syrian emperors, bronze fibulæ, and a small bronze head, which has, unfortunately, disappeared.

The fortifications are evidently Byzantine, but have been raised upon earlier work, for colossal cut stones are to be found among the foundations and all round the walls, more especially at the southern gate. Judging by the well-preserved western side, we may say that the average height of the wall was about twenty-five feet, and its

thickness twelve feet at the base, tapering slightly upwards. It is faced with alternate broad courses of cut-stone and narrow ones of thin well-burnt bricks. Along the lower edge of one of the brick courses may be seen small square openings at regular intervals; the mortar in which the bricks are laid is very thick and hard. As high as a man can reach, stones and bricks have been quarried away for centuries, so that the upper portion of the wall considerably overhangs its base in most places. The southern gate, which spans a hollow road running down from the village to a bath-house without the walls, is in excellent preservation. The arch itself is rather narrow, and built entirely of brick; the height of the wall at this point is about forty feet. Within, on both sides of the arch, are the remains of winding staircases leading to the top of the walls. At intervals on the inner face of each side are seen ruined arches of brickwork adhering to the walls, which are of greater thickness at these points. These may be the remains of posts or guardhouses for the manning of the walls and the protection of postern-gates. Built into the southern gate at the ground-level on the right side as you go out we observed a square stone, inscribed on its upper surface with Greek characters. Only half of the inscription is visible, and that is somewhat defaced, but we succeeded in making a much fuller copy than that published in Dumont's "Inscriptions." It is commemorative of the acts of one Alexander, a civic magistrate of the locality, and from its style is probably of the later Roman Empire. Besides the *αγυθη τυχη* with which it commences, and the name Alexander, the words (Κ)ωμαρχια . . . (μνη)μωσυνην (*sic*) . . . του μεν Διοκ . . . (Diocletian?) Καρδενθη . . . γετομενης φυλης Εὐρηιδος φυλαρχη . . . ἀρξαιτι εν ημ . . . και ετη ελωσι were decipherable.

Dumont also gives a copy of a funerary inscription which has been destroyed since his visit, but which, from the occurrence of the word *κατασκεύασε*, for "erected," was manifestly not earlier than the Byzantine period. He also speaks of a piscina of the fourth century which escaped our notice. The only other inscription known to have existed at Hissar was one in bad Latin, carelessly carved on a block of Philippopolis granite, to the *manes* of Aurelius Seutes, a veteran of the cavalry known as "Singularis"—"Vixit anos xxx." But even without this proof, the numerous Roman fragments in the cemetery which lies on the road to the neighbouring village of Daoudja would suffice to establish the existence of a Roman station at this place. Our hopes of procuring ancient coins were not fulfilled, for though an application to the headman of the village brought two elderly Turks to the hotel with all the available "anticas" of the place,

these turned out to be merely a few copper and silver coins of Maximian and Constantius, of Philip Aridaus, the half-brother and successor of Alexander the Great, with medals of the town of Nicopolis, and copper coins of the Bulgarian Kingdom, for which their happy possessors asked most exorbitant prices, which we refused to give, as they were all to be obtained easily at Philippopolis.

It is to be hoped that some one having means and leisure to extract the inscribed block from the southern gate, as well as to collect coins in the neighbourhood in the hope of finding local pieces, may throw some light upon the ancient name and history of Hissar. The Greek poet-patriot Rigas Pheraios tells us, it is true, in his map that the ancient name was *Ελλην*, but he gives no authority for the statement. So Hissar remains a puzzle, for it is inconceivable, indeed, that a station of such manifest importance, with its municipality, its Roman garrison, large enough to defend such extensive fortifications, and its hot baths, should have no place in history.

The baths enjoy a great reputation in Roumelia, and even beyond the limits of the province. Mockrinski's little hotel is filled to overflowing during the summer months, and the village contains a large and increasing number of khans for the poorer visitors. There are a quantity of hot springs in the neighbourhood, round the best of which bath-houses have been erected by the Commune, which works them for its own profit, while outside the wall on the east side are a couple of open tanks for the use of those who are too poor to pay the small admission fee. The water is very hot, and slightly sulphurous, and is said to be very efficacious in cases of rheumatism. The natives, of course, declare that it is a cure for every ill to which flesh is heir; but as both my friend and myself were in robust health we could not give it a fair trial.

It was with regret that we said good-bye to Mockrinski and his hotel, for our stay had been a pleasant one, and creature-comforts had not been wanting. Our return journey was a repetition of the first, with the exception that we found Padre Ludovico at home again at Doghanlu, and spent half an hour with him while he told us of his solitary life, a self-sought banishment of five-and-twenty years, of the months he spent without seeing a civilised face, the difficulties caused to his poor peasants by vexatious legislation, and the efforts he was making to build a new church for his increasing congregation. But all this had not told much upon the cheery little man's spirit, and it was with a beaming face and a warm shake of the hand that he bade us "addio!" keeping us waiting, however, for a few

his gardener brought a huge bunch of fine celery for the Austrian Consul-General's table.

The collapses and smashes in the harness were more numerous than ever, but they were always repaired by our coachman in the same summary fashion ; and as night was falling we crossed the bridge over the Maritza, and jolted up the stony bazaar of Philippopolis, sunburnt and hungry, and with none but pleasant recollections of our outing.

ROBERT W. GRAVES.

A LITTLE ACADEME.

I.

“**I** RETIRED to a cottage at Stowey, and provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper.” This sentence in Coleridge’s “*Biographia Literaria*,” simple story-teller’s touch as it is amid the many philosophical detentions of those tantalising pages, is almost enough in itself to make Nether Stowey a place of fine invitation to the ardent Coleridgean. Other references there are in the poems and elsewhere, but there is no other which has just the happy suggestiveness of this. It sets the sympathies adventuring out with the young poet on his way—on the way to Arden, Arcadia, the ideal land of promise; and knowing now the trouble which came after, the interest has the added zest that imminent misfortune gives. The light of enterprise, which in the eyes of the young man, according to Hafiz, shines more graciously than the diamonds of a bride, never shone more brightly perhaps than from Coleridge’s young eyes then, and the out-of-the-way Somerset village which is associated with that part of his life will always be dearly remembered amid poets’ haunts. Nether Stowey, “that retired town,” as Mr. Cottle called it, when *town* did not imply what it does to-day: the name charms like Kirk Alloway and Grasmere and Salem and Barbizon, not to mention others more notable still. There is something more indeed than the “verses for a London morning paper” to give it fame now; the “*Ancient Mariner*” and “*Christabel*” remain for ever its natives and children.

Besides Coleridge himself were others, drawn there by the magnetism of his presence, as he first of all by Thomas Poole, who carried on at Stowey his business as a tanner—Wordsworth, Southey, Charles Lamb, Charles Lloyd, and amid the rest not least Mr. Cottle, immortal among booksellers and poets’ providers. But it is the comradeship of Coleridge and Wordsworth which gives its final distinction to the place. In the July of 1797 had been there about seven months. Writable sister Dorothy removed from

miles from Stowey ; and after that, passing back and fore, meeting constantly and rambling over the charmed country-side together, they thought out with poets' passion in the following months the literary revolution which resulted presently in the little volume of "Lyrical Ballads" for first manifesto. The picture of the two, and of that third whose faculty, if less educated, was just as femininely true, projecting in that remote spot schemes which have so tremendously affected the spiritual and literary destinies of our time, has an idyllic charm that attaches itself to no other place in a similar way. At the bidding of these obscure young enchanters, at odds with their day and generation, the wilful and wayward Muse betook her suddenly to the lonely steeps and glens of the Quantocks, and there, throwing off the artificial guise she had worn for so long, returned to nature.

II.

There is a good deal of the old-time traveller's pleasure in the approach to Stowey. One very hot April afternoon—more like full midsummer than spring—having passed through the land of the apple and primrose in eastern Somerset, and by deep-buried lanes and quiet hamlets reached the towers of Montacute, I took train from there to Bridgewater, on a hastily devised Coleridgean pilgrimage. Reaching Bridgewater, it turned out that the railway went no nearer to Stowey, and there was nothing but the honest conservative high-road for the eight further miles. On the whole, this was a pleasant discovery to one sensitive in the matter of place-interest, for there was at least this chance the more of the old haunts remaining intact and natively the same as of yore. The usual means of transit are by a carrier's waggon, which journeys to and fro daily, much the same no doubt as in Coleridge's time ; "Milton (the carrier) waits impatiently," concludes in haste one of the letters in Cottle's "Recollections." The equipment of the carrier is still quite primitive, and primitive too was the way in which he protested, on being asked about the road, that he travelled but slowly, and it would be better and speedier to go afoot. Seeing that he partly depended upon passengers for a living, this indifference to custom contrasted curiously with the eager touting at certain foreign shrines ; but as a matter of fact Coleridge's memory is hardly a marketable inducement at Stowey, and the tourist is almost unknown there. The "Lamb Inn," from which the carrier starts, is of the homely, old-fashioned sort which abounds in Bridgewater, and indeed generally throughout the district—low, two-storied, cottage-like structures ; only

that this is more stunted perhaps in its upper story than most. Following the telegraph, which serves as guide the whole westward way to Stowey, the outskirts of the town are not in keeping with this old-fashioned character, being adorned with the commonplace type of modern terrace and villa. Indeed, the first half of the way is not notably interesting, the road running, after the slight ascent out of Bridgewater, for three or four miles through a flat and rather tame country. This afternoon the sun was fierce and the road dusty moreover, and the proffer of a seat in a passing farmer's trap was not unwelcome after long miles of tramping earlier in the day. A farmer he seemed on first glance, and yet, as we jogged along behind his sleek and lazy mare, doubts began to suggest themselves from his puzzling elusiveness in conversation, especially when he said in reply to a question that he was not bound for Stowey, but would as soon go there as anywhere. This was a strange sort of farmer, and there was an old lady sitting behind who was just as enigmatic. She, too, apparently, was quite indifferent as to destination, and the deliberate way in which he addressed her showed she was not his wife or other relation. After making and rejecting several conjectures, at last it occurred to me that it must be a conveyance which the old lady had hired for a constitutional, and accordingly I delicately sounded the mysterious driver as to his hopes of remuneration, whereupon he said, in a tone of stolid resignation,

"Mrs. Brown keeps good aal; we will have a pint to Mrs. Brown's!"

Perhaps this was Mrs. Brown, then, whom he was driving; but while still occupied with this idle problem, the sudden apparition, so to say—for there was indeed something unusually spiritual and ideal about the appearance—of a line of hills of striking contour and violet hue on before drove away all other thoughts. When we drew up at a little wayside inn, and the old lady showed no intention of alighting therefore, I felt no longer anything but the sacred instinct of the pilgrim, and made no further adventure into the inscrutable being's intimacy who drank my health in the inn kitchen. Feeling a disinclination to sit ignominiously any longer behind his hasteless mare, with those alluring peaks and heights in view, I left him to his pint-pot, and starting off briskly afoot never saw him or old lady or sleek mare again.

Meanwhile the road in its nearer environment had been getting more and more charmingly rustic. The plain unvariety it had led through previously lent added charm of contrast to its grassy meadow and hamlet, as the flatness of the surrounding country gave

hills which rose so suddenly a majesty of position singularly impressive. From their highest point—a well thrown-out, symmetrical peak—rose a hazy cloud of white smoke, mingling almost indistinguishably with the white cloud procession on the horizon, in a way full of imaginative suggestion to the eye and of mystic invitation to the feet. These hills were the Quantocks, and as the road advanced they rose more and more impressively, with the mysterious pillar of smoke always crowning them with an altar-like, devotional admonition to the pilgrim on the plain. There was a new spirit in the air here. The wind was cool and fresh, with the breath of the sea in it, caught from the yet hidden Bristol Channel. The sunlight became less glaring, and its slant afternoon radiance fell with grace on the whole scene; and when on the opposite side to the Quantock line, somewhat below the level of the road at that point, the tower of a church showed itself solemnly amid trees in front, and grey glimpses of cottages were caught, a homely peacefulness seemed to touch it all. This must be "beloved Stowey," and rarely can a village be approached under happier conditions of sea-borne wind and sunniest weather; the only drawback being the lateness of spring signs, and the lack of leaf and blossom on the trees. Coming nearer, a corner in the road showed a straight reach, passing out of sight apparently through an old archway of no great proportions, the entrance it seemed to the village street, with the church on the right and a high wall on the left. Before reaching this arch, however, the road turned abruptly off along the high wall, allowing a seductive glimpse of what looked like a green close within. Past this wall, which was crowned by a square brick tower at the corner nearest the village, and then by the Vicarage and other pleasant houses set in quiet gardens, the country road delightfully led, and changed by homely degrees into the village street.

Stowey seemed to be taking its afternoon doze as I passed through this first bit of street into the open which forms the heart of the village. Here the shops chiefly clustered, old-fashioned in their bulging windows and signs, and the chief inn of the village, the "George," with the "Rose and Crown" adjoining, proffered its hospitable door. Except for a small clock-tower of recent erection, from which a bell rings at certain hours of the day, the chief features of this little village square, or rather triangle, for this is more its shape, into which the three streets of the village lead, remain much as they were of old. At one time it was used as a market-place, before the railways gave the rich folks of the neighbourhood other chances of supplying their houses, and then these quaint little shops were in their glory, when to go for the necessaries and small luxuries of life away

from one's native village was a slight undreamt of. But the times have altered, and on this former market-day of the week the solitary stranger who passed along the sunny, narrow pavement was the only visible customer which the quiet windows could tempt into their untroubled interiors. An afternoon air of sleepiness hung indeed about everything, and conflicted curiously enough with the ardent expectancy which the passionate pilgrim on poetic intent brings to a long-imagined shrine. As Coleridge's cottage is rather elusive, hidden away at the other end of the village to that by which the pilgrim arrives, he is apt to gaze with eager eyes at a good many undisclosing cottages before he discovers the sacred right one. Opposite the "George" a wide street ascends invitingly, and far up this street an old villager was toiling at a slow, tired pace, more actionless almost in its suggestion than the drowsy cottages themselves. Taking him as an omen of direction, I followed, noting other still life on the way—a woman at her doorway, a dog asleep in the sun, a farmer's gig outside a third inn—but the old fellow was unable to tell me where the cottage was. Down this street a swift little brook ran past the cottage doors, buried under flagstones every here and there. A brook running through a village like this has always a suggestion that one does not find in a wilder stream, and it seemed here, watching the cool buried water as it came from under the flagstones into the sunshine, that this suggestion ought to have some subtle Coleridgean import, if it could only be got at. However, it did not lead me to the cottage, for it was not in this street at all, but in the third, a narrower one through which the main road runs westward on the way to Alfoxden and other places more important to the general world.

In its own quiet way, it is a characteristic bit of village that leads to the cottage; and just where the street leads out of the Market-place, to call it so, there is a queer old druggist's shop with the faded labels of a bygone Pharmacopœia on its drawers, that seems as if it might have the essence of the place—some distilled spirit of old time—mysteriously preserved in some of its jars and bottles. It is the sort of comparative antiquity that Nathaniel Hawthorne would have revelled in and turned to tender account in romance. In the short distance further there are other little shops of the same quiet suggestiveness—"the butcher's, the baker's, the candlestick-maker's"—set amid the ordinary villagers' houses, and if there is nothing strikingly picturesque anywhere there is yet no jarring feature to disturb the native serenity of the surroundings. Near the end of this little street, on the left-hand side, is a homely, two-sto

with steps leading from the road to the primitive raised terrace, paved with rough cobble-stones, and enclosed by low, thick wall, of the kind sometimes seen in such cottages. From one end of the cottage a signboard projects, with simply the legend, "The Coleridge Cottage Inn," and looking at this sign I knew that the goal of my pilgrimage was reached at last.

III.

One might feel it somewhat of a desecration at first that the cottage in which the "Ancient Mariner" first saw the light should be turned into an inn—a public-house. But on second thoughts it is perhaps the best thing that could have happened, under certain conditions. As an inn it is at least open to all who arrive, without fear or favour; and if there was only a little sentiment of remembrance made a first qualification of tenancy, under the rule of an imaginative and hospitable innkeeper it might become a house of strange solace and invigoration for many an out-wearied poet to rest in occasionally from the stress of modern life. Within its walls his faculty for producing ballades and rondeaux might be stimulated to almost epic capacity by the consideration of "the eighteen different works, many of them to be published in quarto," which Coleridge had in mind during the first months of his sojourn there. Some remnant there surely must remain of the mystic enchantments of its interior of yore, some whisper of the old impulsive voices its walls heard, to fire the imagination still.

The interior is very little altered since Coleridge's time, so far as can be told. The rooms on either side of the central passage, except for the addition of a small window which gives a view down the street in the left-hand side one, are still much the same as when the "Lyrical Ballads" and other momentous schemes were debated over æsthetic tea, and, it must be added, other more Bacchanalian incitements, within their narrow walls. An air of old remembrance hangs about the whole house, upstairs and downstairs, in bedroom and parlour, passage and kitchen, and gives a thrill of significance to the clink of a tea-cup or the creak of a footstep, making the imaginative guest of to-day feel all the while as if on the verge of the discovery of strange and ghostly secrets. It is to be feared, however, that this feeling of half-hauntedness will not survive to delicately possess the pilgrim's senses much longer. The old stone cob walls, in all their thickness, are showing signs of decay, and already a modern brick overcoat has been carried up several courses in front, and will soon disguise the original aspect of the cottage beyond

recognition. The old roof-tree has been decaying too, and has recently been repaired, with the consequence that the ceiling of the room known as Coleridge's special sanctum has partly fallen in. Other alterations, and notably the erection of some workshops on the site of the old lime-tree bower in the long garden behind, have been either carried out or are impending, and when once the seven devils of restoration enter into church or cottage, one knows well enough nowadays what to expect. Before their violent intrusion the quiet ghosts of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner" will have departed ere long to some securer abode of dreams.

Looking at the cottage as the centre of a little republic of letters, one does not get the full ideal significance of the life the extraordinary young man who came here at the end of 1796 lived within its walls, and of the intercourse with Wordsworth and the rest of the group—obscure, sanguine, immensely capable—who gathered round him, until, leaving cottage and village behind, the road to Alfoxden is explored, and the nearer enchantment of the Quantocks experienced. Indeed, to confess the truth, on reaching the cottage that afternoon, as I stood in the road regarding its undisclosing walls and windows, a feeling of hesitancy came over me, a half fear, as it were, to enter its silent interior. And with this feeling was mingled another, in which the first thrill of discovery was transferred suddenly into a further incitement; the expectancy centred in these quiet walls took a leap forward, and the Quantocks rose up before the fancy with impatient effect. The afternoon sun was gradually declining; to-morrow I must return; while the daylight lasted there was no time to be lost. So it ended in my not entering Coleridge's cottage at all until after dark the same evening, when I returned benighted from a lonely climb over the Quantocks.

The road to Alfoxden is a wonderfully alluring one—quite an ideal poet's way. On the opposite side of the street to the "Coleridge Cottage" is another house of call, the "First and Last Inn," and, leaving this behind, the road sets out between steep banks and is for some distance hidden from sight of the surrounding country. But all the way it keeps ascending, and presently, at a turn, there is the feeling that space has widened around it, and at the next gateway the wayfarer sees, with a sudden thrill of wonder, the country stretching away, by field and farm and hamlet, to where a sunny faint-blue stretch of water lies shimmering, so sky-like and hazy to the sight that it might be actually taken for sky, but for the dim line of hills far away on the Welsh coast opposite. At this radiant view and with the fresh, free wind blowing with the faintest p

sea-sting, subtle associations come to charm the very air. There is no exact suggestion of the "Ancient Mariner" haply, but its spiritual essence, its tune, its mystic atmosphere, become the underlying accompaniment to the pilgrim's footsteps along the road, haunting his ear with elusive harmonies all the way. After this, with the help of that old idealist the sun, each new roadside circumstance is seen through a glamour that turns everything to poetic account. As the road goes winding along, climbing slightly at the same time all the while, with here a cottage, a bit of wood, a crossing brook, to the traveller of unjaundiced eye it may well seem that the peaks and heights of Quantock veritably lift their heads higher as he watches, and the sea consciously basks in the shimmering sunlight.

About half way to Alfoxden is a hospitable-looking house, set invitingly back from the road in a slight hollow—the "Castle of Comfort"—whose appearance does not belie its name—half inn, half farmhouse as it is. Passing its cool doorway and comfortable walls with regret, very soon the first heathery brae of the Quantocks comes right down to the road, asking the pilgrim to ascend straightway. Probably it is the point at which Coleridge and Wordsworth often did begin their day's mountain ramble together, for only a few yards further on a well-wooded little park slopes down to a pleasant country-house, known as "The Woodlands," whose gateway was the trysting-place at which the two poets usually met. At "The Woodlands" lives the Rev. W. L. Nicholls, who, at his venerable age, probably knows more of the small traditions of their connection with the countryside than any one else now living. From this point the temptation is strong to essay the climbing of the Quantocks forthwith; but the traveller will be better advised to go down to the little village of Holford, and approach them by Alfoxden or some other of the deep glens where night steals a dark march on evening, often while the western light is clear and fine on the crests of Danesborough and his fellow heights.

It was late afternoon when I reached Holford, and the sun was sinking with a pitiless certainty that made a delay for forage at the inn there a matter of almost tragic impatience, seeing that the sunset view from the westernmost point of the Quantocks, West Hill, right over a charmed expanse of sea and land, is known to the few learned in the times and seasons of the countryside as one of the most delightful in England. When at length I crossed the "old mossy bridge," celebrated in Coleridge's poem, "The Nightingale," where,

You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure—

the sun was already climbing steadily out of the glen, and there and then began a race to the nearest peak, in foolish forgetfulness of all directions. It would have been too late in any case to reach West Hill in daylight, but in my haste to get to some mount of vision before night fell Alfoxden itself was missed, and not until the day following did I see Wordsworth's stately country-house, an imposing mansion in comparison with the Coleridge cottage. As it was, I struck incontinently up the first possible glen ; and fortunately the whole region is so beautiful that, approached from this side, so as to get the full impressiveness of the heights around, there is sure to be mountain grace and majesty ahead to call the pilgrim up and up.

Following the course of the happy mountain stream which came down this glen, I saw presently on a flank of the hillside far up a tall pole, as it were a mountain guide-post, and climbing towards it, there was a long stretch of burnt, blasted heather, the trace no doubt of the smoke-cloud that had crowned the Quantocks when I first saw them from afar. There was something in that mountain twilight very impressive in thus coming across the ashes, cold and black, of the fire which had produced that celestial pillar of smoke, and there was a certain suggestion about the dead stretch of heath which made the spot seem more remote and lonely. When the first pole was reached, another higher summit arose beyond, with a second pole, not so lofty, but shaped so as to form a rude cross, proceeding from a cairn of stones. From this point, with the shadow gathering deep in the glens below and a pale afterglow on the heights further westward, the scene was one very impressive and noble in mystery of passing day and gathering night, with an august amphitheatre of hills, idealised and magnified by the twilight, ranged to the south. Here was indeed a poet's mount of vision, from which, looking around, the pilgrim might well at last find himself in strange sympathy with that little band of three, who on spring evenings long before drew poets' faith and inspiration from the mystic influxes "of shapes and sounds and shifting elements." On that crest, by the cross which reared itself significantly against the pale white twilight sky, it was natural to find a new seeing for the place where poets had lived and thriven and dreamt dreams of yore ; and Nether Stowey and Alfoxden and all their environment of mountain and field and sea were resolved into a charmed garden of ideal seclusion, "a little Academe" in its associations, where the lonely Quantocks were monitors for Truth and Beauty, equally with Spinoza and his fellow-teachers in philosophy .
poetry.

The day was quite gone when I turned again to d

glen below, but luckily the moon had risen, else might it have been difficult to find the way back. Taking a steep path, down through the wild, ragged mountain trees of a little deer-forest, to a higher part of the glen than that from which I had first of all ascended, there was a great stillness by the stream below, broken only by the hoarse rush of some waterfall, heard through cover of trees. Instead of following the rough track down the glen, it was clearly the better way to climb thence over the opposite hillside, as being the directer way back to Stowey. Reaching the crest of this range of hills, and passing along by an enclosed wood, on emerging upon the open heath beyond there was a scene of singular enchantment to the north. It was the sea that lay there very still and serene, but the eye did not dissociate it at once from the night sky, and the pure, bright gleam of a lighthouse far off on the opposite coast had the effect of some mysterious star right up in the heavens ; for at the former standpoint the higher mountain-reaches to the north-west had hidden the sea from view. There was a soft, radiant serenity in the light, like nothing seen in usual English moonlight effects, which is only to be found in spots verging on wide western sea-spaces in times of deep summer calm. A more especial association still gave magic to this scene, for at sight of that moonlit water and the lighthouse opposite, the haunting tune of the "Ancient Mariner" came mysteriously to the ears again :—

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were
In crimson colours came.

All the way back that tune sounded in my ears, until it seemed as if it were in the air itself—down the heathery slope to the Stowey road which wound along white and scarcely recognisable in the moonlight, by the trysting gate, and on by many a stretch of shadowy sleeping wood. At one turn in the road a hospitable gleam of lights shone out, and, coming nearer, it proved to be the "Castle of Comfort," the sight of whose welcome sign reminded me that I was utterly wearied and hungry. So I entered, a pleasant sound of

voices coming from within. Inside a young woman came forward encouragingly, but at the wayfarer's request for a night's lodging, she demurred quaintly.

"Nay, sir! I am sorry, but we do not let out beds."

A kindly gray-haired old dame confirmed this disappointment, and after some further vain petitioning, feeling that perhaps the "Coleridge Cottage Inn's" was the fittest roof to sleep under at the end of such a day, I stepped out into the moonlight again and trudged wearily the two miles farther to Stowey. This time I did not hesitate before entering. The house was silent, and the two front rooms were in darkness, but there was a light in the narrow passage over a new, yet unpainted, deal counter fixed in a gap in the wall, recently made, which opened into a sort of beer-cellar. To this counter the present tenant of Coleridge's cottage came, after a moment's waiting, in widow's black, evidently surprised to be asked for accommodation, and protesting that she had no beds to spare. There was something rather jarring in this repulse from behind that incongruous brand-new counter, scented with beer, contrasting unfortunately with the homely antiquity of the walls; but it would have been unfair to blame the solitary old widow for this, who was indeed very kind, and willingly led the way with a candle round the downstairs rooms, promising to show the rest of the place in the morning. So passing out again, and down the street, I found shelter at last in the "Rose and Crown," and was pleasantly haunted by Coleridgean dreams in a small bed-chamber with window opening to the restful sounds of the village street through the night.

Through the open window the fancy easily took flight, and returned to the Coleridge cottage, and it was no longer the landlady in forlorn black, but Coleridge himself, as he looked in the portraits of about 1797, who came to the door with his portentous, enthusiastic face. The visitor indeed does not realise at first how strangely haunted that little cottage is by memories, what red-letter days it knew when within its narrow walls were often gathered those whose names are heroic and potent for us of later time. Charles Lamb, in one of the poems in the volume previously mentioned, speaks of "Stowey's pleasant winter nights," and it would be easy to romance in thinking of the fireside where these great hearts were often gathered of yore in high debate, while storm held the Quantocks and the lonely roads without. The long garden stretching from the back of the cottage too, what Athenian garden of old has more gracious associations? With the spring sunshine lighting its small scenery, as I saw it the morning following my first visit to the

house, visionary shapes, "the old familiar faces," were there in fancy, remembering certain accounts of the jasmine harbour, with table set with bread and cheese and Somerset ale, and of other little social episodes with which the heroics of Truth and Beauty were pleasantly interwoven. And so with all the surrounding country, with "Limouth and Linton and the Valley of Stones," and more especially the immediate stretch between Stowey and Alfoxden: not a nook of woodside or seashore or mountain glen but has its remembrances of the vagrant poets who discussed Spinoza and Shakespeare on many a tramp over hill and dale.

IV.

Alfoxden would require a chapter by itself to do it even the merest justice. A more delightful environment it would be hard to fancy for a stately country-house, with a shy road leading from the straggling cottages of remote Holford to its gracious deer-park, and the Quantocks shadowing it sublimely to the south and west. The house itself has been almost doubled in size since Wordsworth's brief tenancy, but even at half its present proportions it must have been a very ample residence for so penuriously-conditioned a young man. In wandering across the fine lawns of Alfoxden, Dorothy Wordsworth recurs vividly to mind, nobly grown and dowered since the time when Nature first said:—

She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

De Quincey's well-known account of a later day helps us to form a pretty close idea of what her bearing and presence must have been at this time. Her womanly influence in all highest ways upon her brother and Coleridge, with whom she was often a third in their country rambles, was certainly far greater than can ever be estimated now. There is a delightful account by Hazlitt which helps one to realise the life at Alfoxden in those days, and which may well be, in part at least, given here:—"In the afternoon Coleridge took me over to Alfoxden, a romantic old family mansion of the St. Aubins, where Wordsworth lived. . . . Wordsworth himself was from home, but his sister kept house, and set before us a frugal repast; and we had free access to her brother's poems, the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which were still in manuscript. I dipped into a few of these with great satisfaction, and with the faith of a novice. I slept that night in an old room with blue hangings, and covered with the round-faced family portraits of the age of Georges I. and II., and from the wooded declivity of the

adjoining park that overlooked my window, at the dawn of day, could 'hear the loud stag speak.' . . . That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we strolled out into the park, and seating ourselves on the trunk of an old ash-tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud, with a sonorous and musical voice, the ballad of 'Betty Foy.' I was not critically or sceptically inclined. I saw touches of truth and nature, and took the rest for granted. But in the 'Thorn,' the 'Mad Mother,' and the 'Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman,' I felt that power and pathos which have been since acknowledged as the characteristics of this author; and the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of spring. Coleridge and myself walked back to Stowey that evening, and his voice sounded high

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,

as we passed through echoing grove, by fairy stream or waterfall, gleaming in the summer moonlight! He lamented that Wordsworth was not prone enough to believe in the traditional superstitions of the place, and that there was a something corporeal, a *matter-of-factness*, a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry in consequence. His genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprung out of the ground like a flower, or unfolded itself from a green spray, on which the goldfinch sang. He said, however (if I remember right), that this objection must be confined to his descriptive pieces; that his philosophic poetry had a grand and comprehensive spirit in it, so that his soul seemed to inhabit the universe like a palace, and to discover truth by intuition rather than deduction. The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the costume of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own Peter Bell. There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face . . . He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear, ringing accents in

his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr*, like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said triumphantly that 'his marriage with experience had not been so productive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life.' . . . Presently, looking out of the low, latticed window, he said, 'How beautifully the sun sets on that yellow bank!' I thought within myself, 'With what eyes these poets see nature!' and ever after, when I saw the sunset stream upon the objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or thanked Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to Alfoxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of 'Peter Bell' in the open air; and the comment upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics! Whatever might be thought of the poem, 'his face was as a book where men might read strange matters,' and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones. There is a *chant* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer and disarms the judgment. Perhaps they have deceived themselves by making habitual use of this ambiguous accompaniment. Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied, Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. The one might be termed more *dramatic*, the other more *lyrical*. Coleridge has told me that he liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse wood; whereas Wordsworth always wrote (if he could) walking up and down a straight gravel walk, or in some spot where the continuity of his verse met with no collateral interruption."

Hazlitt's mention of the "Lyrical Ballads" read by him in manuscript recalls the precious little volume, a bibliophile's prize indeed now, which, collaborated in by Coleridge and Wordsworth, was the most characteristic result of the Stowey and Alfoxden period. From its neat title-page, so suggestive to the reader of to day, to the last of the famous 'Tintern Abbey' lines, it is throughout redolent of such subtle odours of nature as are found in perfection in the Stowey neighbourhood, and though many of Wordsworth's contributions do not actually deal with the district, yet its atmosphere, its inspiration, one fancies, are constantly and intimately preserved in them. A more momentous book of verse was probably never issued more modestly. The title-page runs simply:—"Lyrical Ballads, with A few Other Poems. London: Printed for J. & A. Arch; Gracechurch Street. 1798." The preface that follows is equally modest, while manly and rebant, significantly stigmatising "the gaudiness and inane phrase-

ology of many modern writers." And then the eternal beauty of the opening verses ! now familiarised almost out of their haunting grace, but marked in this volume by a quaint spelling that gives them the original interest of a first production:—

It is an ancyent Marinere, &c.

In this first version the marginal commentary is omitted, and a prose "argument" is instead prefixed to the poem, and there are other signs to show that its after direction was by no means mere matter of chance. "The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere, in Seven Parts," occupies about a third of the little volume, and of Wordsworth's two-thirds by far his most noteworthy performance is the Tintern Abbey poem. It is indeed remarkable that the most deeply characteristic complete productions of both should begin and end this obscure volume ; for as "The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere" is to Coleridge, so the "Lines written above Tintern Abbey" are to Wordsworth ; having become—in the words of Mr. F. W. H. Myers—"as it were, the *locus classicus* or consecrated formulary of the Wordsworthian faith." And as the tune and poetic essence of the "Ancient Mariner" associate themselves inseparably with the Quantock country, so there are references and suggestions in the Tintern Abbey lines which make their august movement and spirit also full of significance in exploring the district.

Before leaving this matter of old books and first editions, it is interesting in thinking of Stowey and its literary associations to turn to those quaint quarto verse publications which Coleridge issued during his residence there. There was first the "Ode to the Departing Year," which was written in 1796 just after his arrival at Stowey, and published immediately, on the last day of the year in fact, in a blue cover. Mr. Cottle was of course largely instrumental in arranging its publication, but it does not bear his name, all that appears on the blue paper cover and the title-page being that it was "Printed by N. Biggs, Bristol ; and sold by J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, London. 1796." The dedication is "To Thomas Poole, of Stowey," whose intimate designation by Coleridge as "brother of my soul" should alone be cause enough for his being remembered. In much the same form was issued in 1798 another verse publication of a few leaves : "Fears in Solitude," to which are added "France : an Ode," and "Frost at Midnight," with the price affixed—"One shilling & sixpence." It would be a curious discovery now to find out how many copies of these stately ephemera were sold.

V.

The morning after my twilight climb over the Quantocks a more deliberate ransacking of the Coleridge interior resulted in an irresistible longing again for their lonely crests and glens. The "power of hills" was of an influence in this idealist's cottage not to be resisted. So instead of returning to the everyday world, *viâ* Bridgewater, as workaday duties directed, from the doorstep and the primitive little rustic piazza or terrace, I turned westward, and shortly after noon-day found myself on the wondrous view-point of West Hill, looking over the radiant, sea-bordered intervening plain that stretched away to where another range of hills barred the sight at Minehead, instead of in the inevitable London express. There the sea-wind blew freshly and strongly up from the Bristol Channel to this abrupt mountain outpost, and at sight of that pale blue, serene stretch of sea, with its two happy islands of fabulous climate, the Holms, where roses grow when it is winter on the mainland, the haunting echoes of the "Ancient Mariner" started again :—

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea !

Returning thence through the impeding gorse and the heather and the tufted mountain grass, a road was presently reached which led up to and then gradually descended under a line of noble beech-trees. Keeping this road in its accelerated descent, at one point when the great beeches had led to the wilder underwood of a sloping deer-forest, a thorn tree blossoming in one pure veil of white caught the eye dazzlingly, and turning to examine it more closely, lo ! a gap in the trees, and far down below, invitingly set on a gracious space of green lawn, a delightful and stately mansion—Alfoxden, in truth !

That evening I returned to the "Coleridge Cottage Inn," where in the little parlour the associations of the neighbourhood and the day's wanderings focussed themselves into one delightful gleam of sunny remembrance over a repast frugal enough for even the economy ruling the household when its quondam master made a scanty maintenance by verse-writing. Few customers visited the inn during my hour or two's stay, and, wearied by climbing, a bench in this haunted room afforded me a quiet resting-place till night fell, when even the rural noises of the street—scarcely noises at all to a man of the crowd—were hushed, when the lamp was lit and the shutters were closed. Turning out at last in default of a bed in the house, possessed of

certain Coleridgean relics—some bay-leaves from the garden, and two antique china cups discovered in an old cupboard with some of his papers—I found the road divided in the light and sharp shadow of a frostily clear moon, shining bright over the cottage roofs into the street. Remembering then the tradition that it was the “George Inn” to which Coleridge and Wordsworth and their academic visitors sometimes repaired for diversion of yore, I entered and secured quarters for the night before adventuring, allured by the brilliant moonlight, to the curious Castle Hill whose mounds and ruined foundations overlook Stowey. Ascending the wide street of the buried brook, and at its higher end passing into the rough and narrow lane which continued it still higher, a strange and mysterious red light reflected on the little windows of a line of cottages flanking the lane made me hurry on in wonder and suspense. There, at the top, a most indescribably startling sight presented itself. It was a wild sheet of flame on the dark Quantocks, weirdly crowning them—a spectacle so strange and unexpected as to seem at first illusionary. Swept and urged by the strong wind, the red quivering volume of flame visibly, at that far distance, wavered and advanced, and a great cloud of dun smoke rolled away, strangely seen in the moonlight, down into the dark space below. It was really the gorse and heather afire, set alight for purposes of fresh growth; but the vast extent of the fire bespoke the destruction of everything in the way of its advance—mountain-trees, shrubs, all the delicate green growth of spring—and the imagination pictured fearfully the flight of mountain birds and furry creatures, and the desperate, helpless tragedy of the young broods in nest and burrow. Turning out of the lane through a gateway, and climbing to the summit of the Castle mound, the spectacle gained in sensation and mystery. No quiet effort of the reason could part the larid, silent, distant blaze in the night on the mountain-top from its terror; an old, half-superstitious, Druidic feeling crept over one involuntarily. On the lower slopes of the mound, far below where I stood, on the side towards the fire, a troop of urchins and young folk from the cottages hard by had gathered, and, excited by the sight, shrieked and tumbled and rolled down the bank in dim confusion, like some uncanny eldritch troop in a wild play, suggesting the mad dreams of the “Walpurgis Night.” As at first seen in the lane the fiery vision was almost melodramatic and unreal, but from this higher point it had something very august and magnificent in it. The dark range of hills, with the wild, wind-blown sheet of red flame towering and wavering upon that one crest, while over all shone the cold moon, of a *

and below the hollows of the valley lay black, formed a scene to haunt the imagination for ever after. It added a last touch of mystery to the lonely Quantocks and the haunted land of the "Ancient Mariner" for me, and signalised my pilgrimage there peculiarly beyond all other rambles in English regions of sea and mountain and remote village. It was my last sight of the Quantocks. When early the next morning I left the hospitable roof of the "George" on the return at last to Bridgewater, clouds veiled the fiery heights of the night before, and their vision remained to vividly haunt the memory, unaltered by any disillusionment of day.

Within a few days of my return from this excursion, the unveiling of the Coleridge bust by Mr. Russell Lowell in Westminster Abbey took place, by happy coincidence, to set a seal as it were to these wanderings. From the impressive surroundings of the Abbey, of noble memorial significance, where in the presence of English poets and others the American poet paid eloquent homage to Coleridge, it was a suggestive backward leap of fancy to the out-of-the-way village in which his chief claim to such high remembrance was made. As we stood there and listened in the Chapter House, before proceeding to the final consecration in Poets' Corner, one could not help thinking, with an interest profoundly stirred of awe and pity, on "the change 'twixt now and then," on all that was meant by the recall of the poet's whole life as contrasted with the promise of the ideal period at Nether Stowey. To me indeed, with the recollection of the homely cottage at the end of Stowey village, of Alfoxden, and the Quantocks, and the blue stretch of the Bristol Channel, it was not the later Coleridge, the Seer of Highgate, tenderly and humorously alluded to by those who spoke in his commemoration, who gave this memorial function its chief suggestiveness. It was the ideal Coleridge, the Coleridge of 1797, with a tremendous potentiality waiting a development which, alas! never fully came, but tragically went astray—a tragedy sadder in its slow process of disaster than that written in any early poet's grave of Keats or Chatterton.

O Youth ! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one ;
I'll think it but a fond conceit,—
It cannot be that thou art gone.
The vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd ;
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone ?

The pathos of this cry shows what a potentiality the young Coleridge

ridge's was, in the acuteness of its recall; and to get at this young Coleridge of ideal promise one must go to the haunts of his early manhood, to the place where perhaps of all others his true spirit, his higher self, most characteristically resided. At Nether Stowey may be understood much that is elsewhere unapparent in tracing his poet's ways and means there—a life which, surrounded by the noble companionship, so full of sympathy and stimulus, afforded by Wordsworth and his sister and many true souls besides, may well assume for us now, looking back, the aspect of an idyllic little republic of letters. •

ERNEST RHYS.

THE LEGEND OF THE REDBREAST.

THE Redbreast has been our familiar friend from earliest infancy, ever since he found the way to our hearts by his charitable conduct to the Babes in the Wood, or since we first shed tears over his sad death and funeral.

But there is another story which, if less familiar than those, is none the less interesting, inasmuch as it not only has the redbreast for its hero, but professes to account for his remarkable popularity. "When our Lord was in agony on the cross," so runs the legend, "a small grey bird that for long had hovered round the scene of the crucifixion, at length drew near, and nestled in the crown of Syrian thorns; and when it saw how the cruel thorns pierced the Saviour's forehead, it was moved with pity, and began to struggle to remove them. But its feeble efforts were in vain; and its own tender breast was pierced by the thorns, till the blood flowed over its soft feathers and stained them red. Then came a voice from heaven:—'Thou hast done well, little bird, and thy holy deed shall not be forgotten. Henceforth, in many a land, shall thy race and kind bear on their bosoms the memory of thy faithful blood, and neither man nor beast shall do harm to thee or thine.'"¹

In this legend, as in many others, suspicion points to the circumstances cited as a verification, being the origin, and not the result, of the legend. It is more probable that an unaccountable reverence for the redbreast led to the invention of this legend than that such a legend accounts for this reverence. This suspicion is fully confirmed by the fact that, while a superstitious regard for the redbreast is impressed on the popular mind over a great part of Europe, this legend is found as a popular tradition only in Brittany. Among our own country-people it is unknown. In Central Europe, in Germany, and in the greater part of France, no such tradition is attached to the redbreast; and yet he is as much an object of

¹ *Notes and Queries*, 1st s. vi. 344. *Bretagne—Chasse Illustrée*—December 30, 1872. Barbé, *Bretagne*, p. 361.

superstitious regard in those places as in Brittany, where the legend obtains.

We must, therefore, seek some other explanation of the popularity this bird enjoys; and, in order to do so, we shall examine the various superstitions with which he is invested in various countries.

All over Great Britain the redbreast's nest is spared, while those of other birds are robbed without ceremony; and his life is equally sacred. No schoolboy who has ever killed a robin can forget the dire remorse and fear that followed the deed. And little wonder, for terrible are the punishments said to overtake those who persecute this little bird. Generally such a crime is believed to be expiated by the death of a friend. Sometimes the punishment is more trivial. "A little boy in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor," says Mr. Henderson, "was heard to say that if you take a robin's nest all the 'clomb' (that is, the crockery) in the house would break." In some parts of England it is believed that even the weasel and the wild cat will spare him.

The robin and the wren

Are God Almighty's cock and hen

says an old English distich, which sums up this veneration, but hardly explains it.¹

In Brittany, the native place of the legend, it is needless to say the redbreast is thoroughly popular, and his life and nest are both respected. In Cornouaille the people say he will live till the day of judgment, and every year will make some young woman rich and happy.²

However, the redbreast does not always play the part of a good fairy. In some parts of England and Scotland his appearance is considered an omen of death. In Northamptonshire he is said to tap three times at the window of a dying person's room. In Suffolk an old woman expressed her dismay to Mr. Henderson at having a robin "come weeping, weeping," as she described it, at her door, and related two instances in her own family in which this had been a warning of death. Nor is this dread of the redbreast confined to our side of the Channel. In the Haute-Maine district of France he is also thought a bird of ill omen, and is called *Bezuët*—meaning "the evil eye."³

¹ Henderson, *Folk Lore of Northern Counties*, p. 123. Gregor, *Folk Lore of N. E. of Scotland*, 138. *Notes and Queries*, 1st s. ii. 164.

² Barbé, *Bretagne*, p. 361.

³ Henderson, *Folk Lore of Northern Counties*, pp. 50-
Lore of N. E. of Scotland, 138. Montesson, *Haute M-*

In Central Europe, where there is also no trace of a Passion legend attached to the redbreast, he is held none the less sacred. Mischief is sure to follow the violator of his nest. In the Tyrol this act of depredation is supposed to be punished by the cows giving "red milk"; while, in some other places, the culprit is doomed to be struck with epilepsy. But by far the most prevalent belief, and especially in Germany, is that the man who injures a redbreast or its nest will have his house struck by lightning, and that a redbreast's nest near a house will protect it from lightning.¹

This connection of the redbreast with lightning in German superstitions is so very remarkable that Grimm² is led to suspect that this bird must have been connected with Thor, the thunder-god, and was believed to owe the red colour of his breast, as Thor owed the red colour of his beard, to the fiery element with which he had to do.

From the various superstitions already cited, it is at least evident that the redbreast was once associated in popular belief with something mysterious and supernatural. Hence, as in the case of fairies and all supernatural beings, the common people looked on him sometimes as a benefactor of man, at others as a power of evil. But what was this mysterious connection for which he was so revered? The Breton legend could at the utmost account for his reverence in Brittany only. In Germany, Grimm's suggestion of an association with Thor, the god of thunder, would sufficiently explain the superstitions that attach to him in that country. But can we trace a similar connection between the redbreast and the fiery element in England, in France, in Brittany itself, and in all other places where the reverence for the bird is remarkable?

To begin nearest home, we find in Wales a tradition that the redbreast is in the habit of flying down with a drop of water to relieve the souls in purgatory, and that his breast is red from being scorched by the flames. Hence in Welsh his name is *Bron-rhuddyn*, or "burned breast." In some parts of France the same story obtains, but the object of his mission is to fetch up a burning brand, not to carry down a drop of water.³ In Normandy we find a curious variant of this legend. When the wren brought down fire from heaven, her feathers were all burned off. The birds met together, and each agreed to contribute one of his own feathers to clothe the victim of this misfortune. The robin, in his zeal, approached so

¹ Wuttke, *Deutscher Volks-Aberglaube*, p. 130. Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube*, 629-704.

² Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, chap. xxi.

³ *Notes and Queries*, 1st s. vii. p. 328. Sebilot, *Haute-Bretagne*, ii. 210.

near to the wren, who was still in flames, that his plumage got scorched, and he still bears the traces on his breast. In Brittany, a story closely resembling this is also found ; but the wren is not introduced. The robin himself brings the fire from heaven ; and it is for his behoof that the other birds contribute a feather each.¹

Further traces of this connection of the redbreast with the fiery element are to be found in what is evidently a survival of early paganism still practised in certain parts of France. "On Candlemas day," Mr. Rolland tells us, "a redbreast is killed and spitted on a hazel-wand, which is rested on supports in front of the fire. No sooner done than this rude spit begins to turn of its own accord."² The introduction of Candlemas as a date essential to the success of this rite, is worthy of attention. Candlemas is one of those Christian feasts which is believed to have been founded on some pre-existing celebration of pagan worship. The ceremony of carrying candles on that day, and the superstitions connected with them, bear very marked traces of the thunder-god, which may easily have survived the ancient rites of paganism celebrated on that day.³

Let us now report progress. We started with the legend connecting the redbreast with the Passion. We found that the popular belief in this legend is restricted to Brittany ; but that a remarkable superstitious reverence for the bird, totally independent of such a legend, exists over a great part of Europe ; so much so that we may say it is to be observed in every country where the redbreast is at all prominent. Further, if we take the greatest common measure of the groups of superstitions in each country, we find that the redbreast is, or at one time was, believed to have a mysterious connection with fire, or rather with the fire of heaven or lightning ; and that this element is generally made to account for the redness of his breast.

That is all that can be learned by comparing the folklore of European countries. But an appeal to the wider researches of comparative mythology throws additional light on this subject. Since the myths and superstitions of savage tribes have been made the subject of careful comparison and study, not only have the results obtained been remarkable in themselves, but they have shed a fresh

¹ Bosquet, *Normandie Romanesque*, p. 220. Sebillot, *Haute Bretagne*, ii. 210.

² Rolland, *Faune populaire*, ii. 259.

³ Thus *Naogeorgus*, as quoted by Brand (*Popular Antiquities*, 'Candlemas') :—

‘ A wondrous force and might
Doth in these candles lie, which, if at any time they light,
They sure believe that neither storm nor tempest dare abide,
Nor thunder in the skies be heard ’

interest on many items of our European folklore, which would otherwise have been scorned as unworthy of scientific investigation.

The superstitious beliefs of savage tribes are not the result of mere chance. They are the outcome of a certain stage of mental development. Therefore in all races passing through the same stage they must be more or less alike. If, then, our conclusion is correct, that our heathen forefathers over a great part of Europe connected a certain bird with fire from heaven, or lightning, we may expect to find some analogous belief amongst the savage tribes of our own day.

That savages do connect a bird with thunder is a fact recorded by travellers all over the world. This belief is found among the Indian tribes of North and Central America, the Brazilians, Caribs, Harvey Islanders, Bechuanas, Basutos, and many others. Sometimes the bird is the thunder-god himself; at others only an attendant of the thunder-god. Sometimes he is great and powerful; but often he is as small a bird as the redbreast. It is thus Catlin describes it in his work on the North American Indians:—

Near this spot (Red Pipestone Quarry), also on a high mound, is the "Thunder's nest," where a very small bird sits upon her eggs during fair weather, and the skies are rent with bolts of thunder at the approach of a storm, which is occasioned by the hatching of her brood. This bird is eternal and incapable of producing her own species. She has often been seen by the medicine-men, and is about as large as the end of the little finger.¹

Schoolcraft's account of the thunder-bird among the Dacotas is curious:—

Thunder is a large bird, they say; hence its velocity. The rumbling noise of thunder is caused by an immense quantity of young birds; it is commenced by the old bird and carried on by the young birds, or thunders. This is the cause of the long duration of the peals of thunder. The Indians say it is the young birds, or thunders, who do the mischief. They are like the young mischievous men who will not listen to good counsel.²

Nor is the redness of the bird without its parallel in the savage mythology. Thus among the Zulus, "it is said to have a red bill, red legs, and a short red tail like fire." It is not only often seen by the natives, but even killed and boiled, its fat being used to anoint lightning-rods.³

¹ Catlin, *North American Indians*, ii. 164.

² Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, iii. 233.

³ Callaway, *Unkulunkulu*.

For further authorities on the myth of the thunder-bird see Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, i. 362.

Those analogies from savage mythologies greatly strengthen the probability that in pagan times, not only in Germany, but in the other parts of Europe already noticed, the redbreast was regarded as a thunder-bird ; and that the vague feeling of awe or veneration with which he is now regarded in those places is a deposit left on the evaporation of the old pagan mythology.

Let us now return to the Breton legend connecting the redbreast with the Passion. How came this bird to exchange his original place in heathen mythology for this strange and beautiful one in Christian myth ?

When Christianity began to spread over heathen Europe, it had at first a hard battle to fight with the existing pagan religions. The original worship of Nature, which was wrapped up in the very being of the people, could not be entirely rooted out by the teaching of Christianity. Though the old edifice was demolished, some of the stones of which it had been built were sure to find their way into the structure of the new.

There are few parts of Europe where this tenacity of an ancient faith can be better observed than in Brittany. We constantly find Christianity mistaking the vague feeling of reverence still hovering round some of the Breton monoliths, once sacred to paganism, for something of her own, and stamping them with her symbol, the crucifix. Many are the sacred wells and sacred trees that have been annexed bodily, along with all the weird traditions that attached to them, by some Christian tutelary saint.

Among the other survivals of the pagan religion which Christianity found in Brittany was the widely prevalent belief that there was something mysteriously sacred about the redbreast. The mythology which connected him with the thunder-god would soon be broken down, but it would leave behind it a whole series of apparently meaningless superstitions circling round this bird. Now, as Dr. Tylor tells us, "when the attention of a man in the myth-making stage is drawn to any phenomenon or custom which has to him no obvious reason, he invents and tells a story to account for it."¹ This is what the Bretons did to account for the mysterious sacredness of the redbreast. They invented a story—the one which we are now discussing.

This process of religious myth-making is not at all unusual, and has been observed in operation in our own times among the most superstitious and at the same time most religious ~~the~~ Spanish peasantry, who fulfil both those

¹ Tylor, *Primitive*

rich in the myth making faculty. The following instance recorded by Fernan Caballero, among many others, will serve as an illustration. In the churches of some of the remote hamlets of Spain, there are often hung round the altar large ostrich eggs, probably placed there as votive offerings by early Spanish travellers. The presence of those large eggs in so sacred a place puzzled the peasants, who insisted on accounting for it by connecting them in some way with religious symbolism. To do this they invented a myth, just as the early Bretons had done to account for the reverence in which the redbreast was held. "Those eggs," they say, "are laid by a very small bird, who, on account of their great size and thickness of shell, is unable to hatch her young in the ordinary way. But such power has the fire of her eye, kindled by the keenness of her maternal love, that by dint of her constant and fervid regards, she at length brings forth her young from the egg. That is why they hang those eggs before the altar—to teach us to look to the altar with the same love and the same unflagging devotion."¹

One of the characteristic features of myths is the frequent recurrence of the same idea, with certain modifications, in different localities. The explanations of similar phenomena by minds in the same stage of culture will always be similar. Hence we find several legends in other parts of Europe resembling this legend of the redbreast.

Although we have been dealing exclusively with one bird, the redbreast, the attendant of Thor the thunder god, there were many other birds connected with the pagan mythology and worshipped as much, or even more, than it. Feelings of vague reverence for those birds would also survive the decadence of the heathen mythology, and call for some Christian explanation. The swallow is a conspicuous case. The esteem in which the early Christians found this bird held, led them to surround it with a variety of legends. In Norway the swallow is believed to have been a faithless attendant of the Virgin, transformed for her sins into a bird, and still carrying on her plumage and in her note the tokens of her past delinquencies. But it is the Spanish legend of the swallow which interests us most in the present investigation. The Spaniards and Portuguese accounted for the mysterious sacredness of the swallow in the very same way as the Bretons did for that of the redbreast. They believed she had removed one of the spines from the crown of thorns; but the incident of the blood stained breast is omitted. The Germans, too, have a similar story in which the crossbill figures as hero; the crossed form of his mandibles probably suggesting his connection with the

¹ Fernan Caballero, *Cuentos of Foesia*, p. 42.

Passion. It is a nail from the cross, however, and not a thorn from the crown, which he removes.¹

The legend of the redbreast is thus a typical member of a group of Christian myths. Myths they undoubtedly are; but, while most myths are called in to explain some natural phenomena, those have been created to account for the existence of older myths. They are Christian myths growing out of the ruins of pagan mythology.

J. W. CROMBIE.

¹ *Melusine*, p. 555. *El Folk-Lore Andaluz*, pp. 340-341. Wuttke, *Deutsch Volks Aberglaube der Gegenwart*, p. 91. Rolland's *Oiseaux Sauvages*, p. 320.

TOYNBEE HALL.

THERE is no city in the world where the contrasts between poverty and wealth are so sharply, cruelly marked as in London—no city where so much money is expended in charity, so little achieved to help the evil radically. Ever since the publication of the pamphlet, “The Bitter Cry of Outcast London,” the conscience of the West-End has become fully aroused, and it has learnt that to truly help the poor it must pay not only with its purse but with its person, that sympathy is a more potent factor than even dollars. In order to exert this influence, in order really to get to know the people, to obtain their confidence, to understand their needs, a number of thinking men and women have agreed that they must live among the poor, that the horrible abyss of space and thought that separates East and West London must be not merely bridged but removed. The idea first took practical shape in the University of Oxford, that university whence sprang the famous ‘Tractarian movement, which in its time had a certain regenerative power; and the prime mover of the idea was Mr. Arnold Toynbee, son of the famous aurist, a fine and ardent spirit burning to improve the condition of his outcast fellow-men. Professor Seeley narrates how, in a conversation he had with Toynbee, the latter told him that there were young men at Oxford now, as there have been in each generation, keenly desirous of throwing themselves into the work of the priesthood. But there were difficulties in the way, spiritual and intellectual, which had not been there in former generations. In thinking about all this they began to ask what a priesthood really meant, and it seemed to them to consist mainly of two things, teaching and sympathy. Then they talked of the “University Extension” movement, and of the new career of usefulness it opened up to young university men. And as they discussed it they asked themselves whether here there might not some day be found scope for that combination of teaching and sympathy for which they were looking.

Towards the realisation of this dream Toynbee Hall is a first attempt, being neither more nor less than a residence club of university

men in Whitechapel. The distinction of it is that its members desire to use the neighbourhood as a means of sharing the lives of their neighbours. People have asked what the residents are to do; the question proceeds on the fallacy which has frustrated so many efforts to do good, and so often rendered religion "suspect" in the eyes of the poor, that they are only objects for district visiting, preaching, improving. As has been well said by Mr. Barnett, the head of this new house, "If a man settles in Belgravia, he does not hope to get into society at the back door by offering to inspect the drains, nor at the front door by leaving a tract. He simply takes the opportunities which offer in the natural course of life. And why not so in what Mr. Gilbert calls 'the lowly air of Seven Dials'?" The university settlers want simply to make use of their opportunities to get to know their neighbours, by chance meetings about common business, by common concern in the removal of nuisances, common work on committees, and all the other opportunities that a common life offers for forming acquaintances and ripening friendships." There is to be no ostentation of charity, still less of patronage, about the whole concern.

It had always been intended that Arnold Toynbee should be the head of this university colony in East London. His early death, the result of his too ardent philanthropic labours, made this impossible; it bears instead his name and keeps his memory green. The Hall itself only exists since last January, and both Mr. Barnett and his staff of workers wish it to be distinctly understood that the movement is a purely tentative one, on which account they are anxious not to attract too much attention. They want to work to find out how their plan will answer before they get talked about. They do not shirk publicity, but they wish to avoid notoriety. "Let us have done something," a resident said to our party, "before we get written and talked about." But the mere fact that such work has been undertaken is interesting, and for this reason I feel that some account of their labours is worth giving, if only as a stimulus to others to go and do likewise.

The residence house, as I have said, exists only since last January, and as the object of living there is to understand the poorest of our population by dwelling in their midst, the site has been well chosen. To begin with, it is next door to Mr. Barnett's church, so well known for its Sunday music, lectures, and art exhibitions—its practical teaching that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Then it is in the very heart of Whitechapel. To name this district to the Londoner is

enough ; to the non-Londoner, how can Whitechapel be described ? It is the abode of all misery, sin, dirt, squalor, coarseness, and vice. Dante, in the lowest depths of his "Inferno," knows no horrors equal to these. And, oh ! the pathos of it ! The little children, with the old, old faces, their troubles and wants so much the greater and more pathetic because that they are children ; the boys and girls, with the look that says so plainly, "We have known no youth" ; the old men and women, combining in themselves all the suffering and wrongdoing, wrong inflicted, of childhood and youth—the helpless pain, shame, and woe ! We must have seen it all to understand it. It is a strange, almost painful, contrast to turn from these sorrow and sin-burdened streets with their noisy crowd to the quiet, peaceful building where the residents of Toynbee Hall have their quarters. We find ourselves suddenly, without any preparatory transition, in a courtyard that does its best to look like a university quadrangle. It seems almost incredible that within a stone's throw of Commercial Road a student should sit here reading quietly. Hence we enter the Hall, and it is a still stranger transition after the brutal ugliness of the streets to find ourselves in a cosy drawing-room, artistic in the best sense of the word. Here many pleasant, cheerful gatherings take place ; but here, "for the sake of the furniture," the very poorest Whitechapel people cannot as yet be admitted. On the walls hang some fine engravings and pictures, and a large photograph of that most exquisite of all pictures, the glorious Madonna di San Sisto. There is also a grand piano, low, comfortable chairs, small tables conveniently disposed, the whole having that air of being daily used which gives character to an apartment. At present, as the experiment is tentative, all is on a small scale. The number of residents that can be received is about seventeen. These, who must be university men, do not pledge themselves to remain more than three months. They first enter the Hall on a visit extending from a week to a fortnight. If they then feel that they are fit to do the work demanded, and willing to accept the conditions imposed, they may become residents. Mr. Barnett is in all senses the chief. One of the pleasantest things about Toynbee Hall is the manner in which all its little world feel and speak about their Warden. To say he is loved and honoured is to express very faintly the feeling of the young men who work under him. While each and all would be horrified at the idea of a Catholic director of conscience, yet one and all are equally willing to place their conscience in Mr. Barnett's keeping, where we readily admit it is in good hands. His chief gift is to discern at once wherein lies the speciality of a new-comer. Thus one young fellow

is at once recognised as an athlete, and told off to superintend the athletics of the various boys' schools which the Toynbee Hall residents visit. Another is told off for entertainments, another to foster emigration, and so forth. Each is allowed to work freely as he thinks best, but at the same time Mr. Barnett helps all by his long experience and counsel, and all go to him for encouragement. He does not actually live in the Hall, but is constantly there, dines in the common dining-room at least twice a week, and sees the residents as often as they like.

The work done by these young men, who are many of them prosecuting their own studies while thus widening their human sympathies, covers a wide field. It includes social and musical gatherings and lectures, besides special invitation evenings (for the evening is the chief time for working among the leisureless poor) to the male residents of the district, among whom the men work, and with whom they attempt to enter into intimate social relations. At the same time may be going on in some private sitting-room a reading party on history or any other theme of interest selected by a certain number of willing students. In the day various schools and clubs are visited by the Toynbee Hall residents. Thus, for example, my informant has charge of a club for boys, and he related a most curious fact in connection with the lads. When first told off to visit them he found the task of superintendence during play hours almost impossible. The boys were hopelessly rough, rude, and unmanageable. Finally, some one suggested that as most of the lads were Irish, home rule should be tried. The suggestion was acted upon. The hundreds of lads were told to elect a certain number from among themselves, whom by their vote they would invest with authority over them, and who should be answerable for the conduct and behaviour of the whole. The plan has answered admirably. Here is the literal account of the young Oxonian: "I now never have the slightest trouble. The boys are perfectly manageable, and there is no need for friction of any kind. If any boys behave badly, are rude or noisy, their elected captains see to it, and quietly, supported by all the rest of the boys, simply turn out the offenders. For months now I have not needed even to speak to the lads on the subject of behaviour; they are as well bred a set as I have seen in any of our large aristocratic public schools, and this only since the boys literally have home rule, and manage their own affairs." Such a fact is interesting and significant. I should add that this club is open day and night, and that visitors from Toynbee Hall attendance.

Besides the drawing-room already referred to, there is at Toynbee Hall a pleasant dining-room, a class-room, common-room, and five little halls used for lectures and concerts. These are the common property of all inmates, and it has been striven after to give to them all the usual requirements of civilised existence without seeking undue luxury. Toynbee Hall is to be neither a Sybaris nor a hermitage. Then there are further some thirty other rooms capable of receiving from fifteen to seventeen men, to be had at rents varying from 22s. a week for a furnished sitting-room and bedroom, to 10s. 6d. for a single bedroom. The domestic arrangements are in the hands of a house committee.

As to the nature of the entertainments, some idea of their variety and scope will be gained by the following list, which covers a month's space. It may be added that they were attended by no fewer than 4,000 persons. Concert by Popular Ballad Concert Society; Dr. Waghorn, lectures on "Light"; Professor Gardiner, lectures on "History"; Conversazione for pupil-teachers; W. Pye, lectures on "Physiology"; Lecture on "Antiquities of Whitechapel"; Concert; Professor Seeley, on "The Growth of the Empire"; Lecture by Professor Burdon-Sanderson on "Cholera"; Students' Union Conversazione; Opening of St. Jude's Picture Exhibition; Concert by Popular Ballad Concert Society; Professor Seeley, on "The Growth of the Empire"; Lecture by H. B. Dixon on "Explosions"; Leslie Stephen, lectures on the "Life of Professor Fawcett"; Concert; Professor Seeley on "The Growth of the Empire"; Lecture by Y. W. Mackail on "Keats"; Lecture on "Emigration," with lantern illustrations; Concert, "Acis and Galatea," by Popular Ballad Concert Society; Lecture by the Master of University.

Mr. Barnett being the leading spirit, it is almost needless to say that Toynbee Hall is absolutely unsectarian. There are prayers every morning, but attendance is not compulsory, and the Catholic and Agnostic who does not attend is as much respected as the orthodox Church of England man. In Toynbee Hall the hardest and best worker is considered the best man—he whose life is pure and good, he whose work is noble, rather than he who professes with his lips.

That the scheme has its detractors as well as its friends it is almost needless to say. The large body of the socialist school decline to believe in the efficacy of what they call tinkering and patching up the present condition of society, and say that, while some few individuals may be benefited by such work, the mass of misery will not be lessened. Whether they be right or no, who shall say?

but until more light comes to us as to how best to reform our cankered social conditions, surely whatever helps even a few should be welcomed and supported.

Toynbee Hall is, of course, a bachelor residence. But many ladies work in concert with the men, not the least of these being Mrs. Barnett herself.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DUST.

NOTHING is too large, nothing too small, nothing too dignified, nothing too humble, for scientific investigation. The small may be magnified, and the humble may be exalted by scientific research. The latter operation, the exaltation of the humble, has been recently exemplified by a number of interesting researches on dust.

By burning magnesium wire a cloud of dust particles is easily produced, each particle being so small as to be quite invisible to the naked eye. Ordinary smoke, as that from a cigar, consists of millions of similarly small particles. If these be confined in a glass box free from air currents and of uniform temperature, they may be seen to fall steadily by the subsidence of the whole cloud, this subsidence taking place slowly in dense air, and with greater and greater rapidity in air that is more and more rare.

This proceeding of the dust particles shows that they have not had the advantage of a mathematical education, eminent mathematicians having demonstrated that the viscosity of gases does not vary with their density.

If one side of the box is made warmer than the other sides, the dust is driven from the warmer side to settle on the cooler. If a heated wire is passed through the box, and the experimenter looks *along* the wire, he will see that it is surrounded by a dust-free atmosphere, due to the repulsive action of the radiant heat. Any other heated body similarly repels the dust.

This repulsive action is evidently the same as that which produces the movements of the radiometer. Certain modern representatives of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, who love to obscure the simplicities of nature, have struggled to attribute this simple act of repulsion to complex molecular "bombardments"; they pretend to measure the diameter of molecules, "their mean free paths," the frequency of their collision, and other imaginary proceedings, just as the schoolmen discussed the diameter of human souls and estimated

the number that could stand on the point of a needle. It would extend this note too much were I now to discuss these molecular superstitions any further, but as regards the force that moves the unequally heated vanes of the radiometer, I may refer the reader to an essay on the subject reprinted in "Science in Short Chapters."

These recent experimental studies of the movements of dust have emphatically confirmed my simple and direct explanation of the radiometer movements, have demonstrated the prophetic accuracy of the inferences concerning the action of solar radiation on cosmic or meteoric dust. We are now in possession of simple experimental facts which show how extravagantly gratuitous are the tennis-court hypotheses, according to which the vanes of the radiometer are racquets or battledores, banging hundreds of thousands of millions of molecules against the walls of the glass bulb, the which hundreds of thousands of millions of molecules then rebound and bang the battledores back again.

We now know that minute particles *are* directly repelled as I then said they *should be*, and this repulsion is now proved to operate in the open air and confined spaces alike. Larger bodies are similarly repelled by the same force, but as the repulsion acts only superficially, and the inertia of a mass of given matter increases with the cube of its through dimension, and its surface only with the square of the same, the repulsion of such masses demands special and delicate arrangements to render it visible.

DUST AND HEALTH.

WHEN a room is heated by an ordinary open fireplace the walls receiving the radiations from the fire are warmer than the air in the room; when the room is heated by a stove standing out in the room, or by hot water, steam, or hot-air pumps, the air is warmer than the walls. In the first case, the portion of the air which is directly heated by the fire, goes up the chimney; in the latter case the air of the room itself is warmed by direct contact with the source of heat.

This is now so well understood that I need not explain it in further detail. The question I propose to discuss is the comparative action of these modes of heating upon the dust contained in the room.

The experimental investigations referred to in the preceding note have proved that dust is repelled from warmer to cooler bodies be those bodies solid or gaseous. Therefore, if the wall-

ceiling, and furniture of a room, be warmer than the air of the room, the dust will be repelled from the walls, &c., to the air; if the air be warmer than the walls, &c., it will be projected from the air to the walls, &c.

Which of these is to be preferred? From the housemaid's point of view the answer is given at once. Let the walls, the pictures, the furniture and ornaments be spared, and let the air retain the condition temporarily conferred upon it by the housemaid's duster.

But what are we to say when pleading for the lungs of those who breathe the air of the room? Are the walls and the furniture more sensitive to mechanical irritation, or more worthy of consideration than these organs? I think not, and therefore add the testimony of the dust to the other condemnations of our national devices for coal-wasting.

The evil is the greater, seeing that an open fire is itself a source of dust, especially where the propensity to poke it is strongly developed. Every time the fire is disturbed a fresh supply of fine dust is provided, and the finest of this is repelled along with the radiant heat from the coals.

If I mistake not, more than half of the bronchial and lung diseases that shorten life and render it miserable while it lasts, are due to the irritant action of solid particles acting on the delicate membrane of air-tubes and air-cells when that membrane is constitutionally delicate, or rendered abnormally sensitive by a common cold. Physicians send their sensitive patients far away to the seaside, to the Engadine, &c., in search of clean air, *i.e.*, of air that is free from solid particles. The wisdom of this is proved by results, but we must not forget that we all, and especially invalids, spend the larger part of our lives in an artificial indoor climate, and therefore the purification of the air indoors is of greater importance than the selection of outside climate.

These considerations suggest an admirable field for medical enterprise, *viz.*, the devising and carrying out arrangements for filtering and otherwise rendering clean and transparent the atmosphere of a chamber for the sick, supplying it with air that shall display no motes in an entering sunbeam, and keeping the air free from internal supply of solid particles. Tyndall has done this in his experimental chambers, and has demonstrated the wonderful difference between ordinary and filtered air. It must be possible to do so in larger habitable chambers.

THE PRECOCITY OF SAVAGES.

IN a recently published work "On the Aboriginal Inhabitants of the Andaman Islands," by Edward Horace Mann, we are told that when the native children are put to school they learn as well as the children of civilised races up to the age of ten or eleven, but after this they make little or no progress. This early aptitude for school-work and subsequent decline has been observed in the school education of most of the lower races of man. It is commonly ascribed (as by the Editor, in the August number of the *Journal of Science*, page 483) to "nature gaining and keeping the upper hand over nurture."

Without denying the auxiliary operation of some such innate tendency to reversion, I think that a further explanation may be found in the character of the so-called "education" usually supplied in primary schools.

It mainly consists in "learning lessons," mechanical practice in writing, and the mechanical use of the rote-learned addition and multiplication tables. So far, mere verbal memory, finger moving, and repetition-gabble of numbers, does all the work. The higher intelligence of the child contributes little or no aid in the performance of such tasks, it rather stands in the way by inducing thought, *i.e.*, distracting the child's attention from the mechanical drudgery demanded.

The child endowed with faculties of the Fijian or Andaman type when set to learn such a rule as that which most of us will remember in the syntax of the old school abridgment of Lindley Murray's Grammar, stating that "Two negatives in English destroy one another, or are equivalent to an affirmative," simply "commits to memory" the required words, comes up to the master, "says his lesson right off" without fault or hesitation, and obtains the best of good marks.

The child who is addicted to thinking, instead of doing as he is told, learning his lesson like a good boy, is guilty of trying to understand what it all means: loses his time and distracts his attention by wondering how both these creatures can destroy the other. He can understand two things fighting and one thrashing the other, or that one may eat the other and thus destroy it, but how both can eat or otherwise destroy each other, or become equivalent to something else in consequence of their antagonism, puzzles his poor brain, and proves to the pedagogue that he is a dull, stupid boy who will earn

no "results" at the examinations, and therefore need not be pushed forward.

This, of course, only applies up to a certain stage. When work demanding thought is required, whether it be higher school-work or the business of practical life, the difference between the Caucasian and the lower races comes out : not because there is an arrest of development in the lower, but because the higher demand displays the working of the higher faculties.

A glib aptitude for learning foreign languages is, generally speaking, an indication of intellectual inferiority, a simple result of the lower intellectual faculties being concentrated upon such mechanical effort without the distracting influence of the higher reasoning powers. Hotel waiters and *valets de place* are the greatest of experts in such "learning."

DO PLANTS OBTAIN NITROGEN FROM THE AIR?

PLANTS contain nitrogenous compounds, and nitrogen is the chief constituent of the air they breathe. Carbonic acid also exists in the air, but in very small quantity, so little that the bulk of the nitrogen is nearly 2,000 times greater than that of the carbonic acid. Such being the case, those who determine facts by *à priori* mathematical reasoning would at once answer the question whether plants derive their carbon or their nitrogen from the atmosphere, by assuming that the probabilities are two thousand to one in favour of the nitrogen.

Instead of this it has been proved by direct experiment that plants certainly do derive the bulk of the carbon they contain—and this far exceeds that of their nitrogen—from the atmosphere, and probably none of their nitrogen.

The evidence against the assimilation of any atmospheric nitrogen is very strong ; the facts brought in favour of it are very questionable; the discussion which has prevailed for a long time being generally regarded as closed, and a nearly unanimous verdict pronounced against.

In the *American Chemical Journal*, vol. 6, p. 365, is a paper by W. O. Atwater, in which he expresses his doubts concerning the generally accepted conclusion, and bases this doubt on experiments he describes.

Peas were grown in sand that had been purified by ignition and washing, the plants being nourished with solutions containing known quantities of nitrogen. At the end of the experiment the whole was analysed and the amount of nitrogen was found to exceed that in the

seed and the supplied liquid manure. This excess came from somewhere, not from the sand, as it contains none, and therefore Mr. Atwater assumes that the plant must have assimilated atmospheric nitrogen.

Other experiments very similar to Mr. Atwater's have been made by Lawes, Gilbert, Pugh, and Boussingault, with opposite results. They found, when all precautions for excluding extraneous nitrogenous compounds were taken, that no nitrogen was gained by the plants beyond that which was lost by the soil and the applied manure. Upon which experiments are we to rely?

ANOTHER SOURCE OF NITROGEN IN SOILS.

THE contradictory results described in the foregoing note appear to me to be due to the simple fact that the experiments of Lawes, Gilbert, and Pugh—and if I remember rightly also those of Boussingault—were made under cover, while the pots in which Atwater grew his peas were exposed to the open air, but protected from dew and rain by being put under cover at night and in rainy weather. Mr. Atwater shows fairly and satisfactorily enough that the free ammonia in the air will not account for the excess of nitrogen he found.

But there is another possible, or I should rather say certain source of organic and easily assimilable nitrogen compounds, which has been overlooked. In making the experiments described in my notes of February, 1884, page 201, I found that the sheets of paper smeared with glycerine and vaseline received from the atmosphere a considerable amount of solid organic matter besides the gritty particles and soot. Similar experiments made in the summer showed a still larger proportion, including the dead bodies of insects. During the dry weather of July and August last, the downfall of minute flies, aphides, &c., has been very great, quite sufficient to supply by their decomposition an appreciable amount of nitrogenous manure.

In order to render Mr. Atwater's experiments conclusive, other pots containing corresponding quantities of the calcined sand should be similarly exposed, but supplied with distilled water instead of the liquid manure supplied to the peas. I have little doubt that in this case nitrogen, due to organic matter washed into the sand, would be found there.

Besides the dead insects and the excretions of living insects, there are invisible spores, and particles of organic fluff, such as

wool-fibres and epithelium scales, always floating in the air, and liable to adhere to the moistened surface, not only of the sand, but of the leaves of the growing plants. That from the leaves of the plants exposed like the peas in Mr. Atwater's experiments would be more or less washed down to the soil by watering.

To prove the existence of such deposits on leaves, moisten a white pocket-handkerchief and gently rub it over the surface of the leaf of any growing plant in dry weather. No matter how far from the smoke of towns, the soiling of the handkerchief will show a deposit of solid matter, of which a considerable proportion is organic.

The motes in a sunbeam are some of these particles visibly displayed.

WHY UNCOMBINED NITROGEN IS NOT ASSIMILATED.

NITROGEN is one of the most inert of the elements. It requires an exceptional amount of chemical coaxing to induce it to combine with any other element. It exists in the atmosphere mixed with oxygen but not combined, in spite of the great combining energy of the oxygen itself. If it were combined we could not live, as the compounds of nitrogen with oxygen are all poisonous, the mildest being "laughing gas," which, like alcohol, produces temporary effects that are pleasant enough, but is deadly if freely used. Southey, when he inhaled it shortly after its discovery, suggested that the air of heaven must be composed of this gas, but in doing so he lost sight of the question of immortality. Half an hour's immersion in such an atmosphere would be fatal. The higher oxides are acrid violent poisons.

We obtain our nitrogenous food supplies from compounds of vegetable origin either directly from vegetable food, or indirectly through animals that prepare the vegetables for us by digesting and assimilating them into their bodies which we eat. The vegetables derive their nitrogen from decomposing animal and vegetable substances. The nitrogenous compounds in the sea, those in the soil, and in rocks, are chiefly, some say entirely, derived from organic matter.

These facts suggest the question of whence came the nitrogen compounds that fed the primitive vegetables, which formed the food of the primitive animals and manured the soil for their successors? They must have either assimilated the simple nitrogen of the atmosphere, or there must have existed mineral nitrogenous com-

pounds anterior to the beginning of organic life. What were these compounds, and how were they formed? Are they still in progress of formation?

This is a fair subject for speculation, and one that has occupied the attention of the thinking minority of chemists.

The best solution of the problem is supplied by the fact that although we cannot induce simple nitrogen to combine spontaneously with any other element by simple contact, whether hot or cold, or in solution, or under mechanical pressure, we can force it into union with oxygen by passing through a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases a succession of electric discharges. Lightning being an electric discharge through such a mixture, we are justified in supposing *a priori* that it effects such combination. In order to test this hypothesis, analyses of the rain which has fallen during thunderstorms have been made, and it has been found to contain the same compound as we obtain artificially—nitric acid.

A very small contribution of this acid from each thunderstorm would ultimately supply nitrogenous manure in sufficient quantity to give the vegetable world a fair start, and the continuance of this through countless ages must have formed a large sum total.

Another question now comes forth: Is the sum total of the nitrogenous compounds upon which the fertility of the soil so largely depends, perpetually increasing by the action of the electric machinery for the production of nitric acid?

The answer to this is determined by that to another question, viz.: Whether the dissociation of organic nitro-compounds is proceeding more or less abundantly than the combination of nitrogen and oxygen effected by atmospheric electric discharges? This is a large question that I will not attempt to answer: a mere statement of the data would demand a fairly long essay. I merely suggest that a time has arrived, or will arrive, when the quantity of organic nitro-compounds on the earth is, or will be, sufficient to balance by their dissociation the quantity of nitric acid and consequent nitrates formed by electric agency.

When this equilibrium is attained, the fertility of the earth, due to this manure, will neither increase nor diminish.

SCHWEDOFF'S "MANIFEST ABSURDITY."

I N a note, January, 1881, I described Schwedoff's theory of the origin of hailstones, and in October, 1882, showed the "manifest absurdity" of the arguments by which he attempted to

prove the "manifest absurdity" of Schwedoff's hypothesis, which was ridiculously ridiculed at a meeting of the British Association by men who were obviously ignorant of its bearings upon great physical and cosmical problems.

The Russian professor regards these particles of solid water as companions to the meteoric particles that reach our earth from spaces beyond our atmosphere. At a superficial glance such a theory may appear startling, but when thoughtfully regarded it assumes quite a different aspect.

The spectroscope tells us that our sun is constantly ejecting enormous volumes of incandescent combining hydrogen into space far beyond the limits of his atmosphere ; and actual measurements of the velocity of these ejections show that in some cases it is sufficient to fling the erupted material far beyond the earth's orbit, and even beyond the limits of the solar system and the sun's reclaiming power. The flashing stars display similar ejections of vastly greater magnitude ; volleys of gaseous water comparable in bulk to a shower of such worlds as ours flung into the cold regions of interstellar space.

What must become of this water? Evidently it must condense into solid masses, into hailstones of various magnitudes ; and these, according to the velocity and other conditions of ejection, must either return at once from whence they came, or leave their parent orb entirely, or, in case of the violent lateral expansion so commonly observed in the upper part of solar prominences, travel in orbits around him.

That we should, in the course of our journey in space, meet some of these solidified volleys is as probable as that we should meet other solidified meteoric matter, the only difference being that the quantities of cosmic water should exceed that of the other solids in something like the proportion of its excess and universality displayed by the spectroscope.

Mr. Proctor has suggested that some of the strange "cold snaps" that we experience at certain intervals may be due to the shadow of a cloud of meteoric particles, but does not say what particles. I suggest ice particles, cosmic hail.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE IN ENGLAND.

NOW that fear of sickness has, partially at least, closed Southern Europe to the English traveller, and that the ordinary summer playgrounds of Englishmen are deprived of half their visitors, it seems a time when home scenery might with advantage put forward its claims. For one southern Englishman who has seen Chester, a score probably know Nuremberg. Arcachon is as familiar to the average pleasure-seeker as Bournemouth, and Lake Lucerne is more familiar than Wastwater. To beguile the English traveller, however, into exploring his own country, some inducements should be held forth by railway companies and hotels. The latter, which have shown themselves docile in regard to wines, and now supply the traveller with a respectable growth of Medoc or Burgundy at a moderate price, should attend to the general *cuisine*, and bring their charges to the level of those in the principal European cities, putting aside the great capitals. The railway companies, meanwhile, should, by arrangement with each other, supply tickets for circular tours, so that the man who goes for a trip to the Highlands by Berwick and Edinburgh, may return by Glasgow and Carlisle. At present the chief objection to travel in England is that it costs at least fifty per cent. more than on the Continent.

SMUGGLING FRAUDS.

WITH the decay of smuggling an element of romance disappears from English life. With no appreciable gain on the score of honesty, the days are over when cargoes were run on dark nights, when almost every house on our southern coast had cellaring accommodation fit for a building of five times its pretensions, and when the magistrate upon finding in his stables an anker of Cognac, the source of which no one could explain, made no indiscreet inquiries. Ingenuity rather than enterprise is
 Majesty's Customs. Some

in a privately printed book by Mr. W. D. Chester, entitled "Chronicles of the Customs Department." The author, who is obviously in the Custom House, and, with a full *esprit de corps*, seems rather to regret the days of wholesale smuggling and wholesale detection and capture, has some good stories to tell of more or less recent frauds. Two instances seem worth mentioning. In a case so recent as 1881 the officers, put on the track by a would-be informer, sent a detective to Rotterdam, and saw a large quantity of tobacco packed by hydraulic pressure into marine boilers which were subsequently despatched to a northern port in England. No less than £4,824 penalty was demanded. This could not be paid, the recipients of the boilers were sent to prison, the boilers were seized, and the tobacco, according to the iniquitous system still in vogue, was burned. In another case it was discovered that silver plate coated with a green compound was constantly brought into London as bronze, which paid no duty, then re-shipped as silver for the sake of the drawback from the home duty on plate when exported. By the simple process of washing off and reapplying the green compound accordingly a source of constant income was supplied. It is creditable to British astuteness, if not to English honesty, that the device said to be employed in America of shipping a cargo of right-hand gloves to New York, and a second of left-hand gloves to New Orleans, allowing them to be seized for non-payment of duty, and then purchasing them for a trifle and reuniting the temporarily divorced pairs, was of English invention.

THE LONGEST EXISTING WORD.

FAR behind most foreign languages, ancient and modern, comes the English language as regards length of words. Except in the word "Honorificabilitudinity"—which, though it exists in literature, is, of course, a mere manufactured piece of absurdity—we have, I believe, no word extending beyond seven syllables. To some European nations this may appear contemptible enough. In this respect, however, the old world can teach a lesson to the new. In a work to which I hope some time to make a more direct reference, I have met with an Aztec word of thirty-two letters, "Amatlacuilolilitquitcatlaxlahuilli." It is satisfactory to learn that the signification of the word is worthy of its proportions. It means, "payment received for having been bearer of a paper with writing on it." So far as regards the number of letters employed accordingly, we are far more extravagant than the Aztecs. Gallatin, in the "Transactions of the American Ethnological Society," supplies from the Cherokee language

a word even more portentous. This is "Winitawtgeginalkawlung-tanawnelitisesti," which means, "They will by that time have nearly done granting (favours) from a distance to them and to me." With a vocabulary of this kind a perfect command of speech and writing must be a matter of some difficulty.

PROPOSED CONNECTION OF CHARING CROSS WITH THE MALL.

ONE step towards that enlargement of the Strand on which, as indispensable, I have long insisted, is now contemplated. This is the opening out westward of a continuation of Charing Cross into the Mall, so as to supply one unbroken line of communication between St. Paul's and Buckingham Palace. Against this I have little to urge. A few pleasant associations will be swept away. The Stuart monarchs were in the habit of frequenting the bowling-green at Spring Gardens. Warwick Street is supposed to be named after Sir Philip Warwick of the "Memoirs." Prince Rupert, Colley Cibber, and George Canning dwelt in Spring Gardens, and Evelyn and the great Duchess of Newcastle are amongst those who have commemorated them. So crowded with places of interest and with quiet nooks—into which a man may step from the whirl of traffic and find himself, with no great exercise of imagination, in the last century—is London, that too tender a regard for such things would prove a barrier to needful improvement. All the fault I have to find is that the measure is painfully inadequate, and will tend to crowd rather than relieve the long throat of the Strand, at which is the real difficulty. By the time Charing Cross is reached the tide of life is broken in two, half going to Westminster and the other half to Pall Mall and Piccadilly. The proposed road will bring the trees of St. James's Park in sight of Charing Cross, but the only street it will relieve is Pall Mall, which is not exceptionally crowded. The sooner the fact is realised that the Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill have to be doubled in size, and that the horse traffic has to be divided into two streams going respectively westward and eastward, the better it will be for the pockets of those who have ultimately to pay for improvements.

STREET NOMENCLATURE.

IN almost every conceivable way is the English language ~~degraded~~ and derided. The desire for gentility over-considerations, and the style which stand

borrowed from the language of auctioneers such as the late George Robins. In a letter to a daily newspaper a writer draws attention to a process of vulgarization which is at present in full swing. "Street" or "lane" is no longer in fashion as the name of a thoroughfare, which now must always be called a "terrace," a "place," or a "road," if it is not even misdescribed as "gardens." In earlier days the use of these names was appropriate. Uxbridge Road conveys an intelligible meaning, and Waterloo Place has width enough almost to justify the appellation assigned to it. At the present moment I can see from my windows a "terrace" which has no more claim to the name than has Gower Street, and a "place" which is scarcely half the width of Pall Mall. Now "terrace," originally from the Latin *terra*, through the Italian *terrazzo*, and the French *terrasse*, means a raised platform of earth or masonry for promenade or prospect; and "place," originally from the Greek *πλατεῖα*, signifies a broad way or open space. In the Piazza di San Marco at Venice, and the Place de la Concorde, the Italian and French forms are properly used. In England alone is the jobbing builder allowed to employ words regardless of their signification, while—most hopeless sign of all!—our parish authorities are not only too ignorant to interfere, but stupid enough to lend their sanction to error, or even originate it. Very few months have elapsed since, as the correspondent I mention pointed out, Coleshill Street, S.W., was deliberately altered by the authorities into Eaton Terrace. In dealing with this special folly I do not meddle with other similar abuses, the flunkeyism which gives us scores of Queen's Roads and Wellington Streets, or the miserable pretence that assigns every semi-detached house in a row of villas some high-sounding name befitting only a country mansion. Verily we are, as Thackeray asserts, a nation of "snobs."

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THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XLI.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAMS.

LADY BRENTWOOD'S cook had been up all night. She had roasted chicken and grouse; she had manufactured game pies and pigeon pies; she had tossed up all sorts of dainty trifles in the shape of sweets and confectionery. These tempting comestibles, the result of unflagging labour since nine of the previous evening, were all spread out, shortly after daybreak, on a long white dresser. When the other servants came down in the morning, they found the kitchen very hot, and the cook likewise. Nevertheless, although not remarkable for sweet temper in a general way, Mrs. Ashley, as her wondering sympathisers noted, had not, this morning, a grumble in her! In spite of all that "slavish work" (and it was "my lady" herself who had made out the list which demanded it) she was "just as amiable as you please."

The phenomenon had a very simple explanation, if Mrs. Ashley had but chosen to give it. She had been put on her mettle by her mistress, and her mistress had amply rewarded her efforts and success. Before her fellow-servants had risen, her ladyship had visited the kitchen in her dressing-gown; and the generous meed of praise, the little smile, and the large *douceur* which she had left behind, had set cook's heart in a glow as bright as that on her face.

In the absence, for the moment, of more weighty occupation, even the management of a little picnic had been hailed by Marie as a godsend, especially since the haste wherewith it had been planned had necessitated faculty and energy in the matter of preparation. For, as has already been stated, although she had not ori-

notion of the picnic, Madame had at once taken the reins of the expedition into her own hands. Yet Mr. George Stenhouse was actually under the impression that he and the other young men were in command of the affair.

"You leave it all to us, Mrs. Featherstone," he had observed on the previous evening, with the easy assurance of youth—"we'll boss you through the thing all right, you'll see. Now, there'll be the waggonette," he had gone on, with the same innocent confidence in his own plans—"and Rose and Madeline, Claude, Louis, and I" (seven weeks' constant companionship had brought about this free use of Christian names), "*we* shall go in that, with the hampers and things. Then you four elders, you will come on comfortably in a carriage, you know, and play propriety just as hard as you choose—only at a little distance, d'ye see? That's the notion."

Yes, that, no doubt, was Mr. George's notion; and as the young people accorded therewith, he considered the matter quite settled. George was used to having his own way, and to meeting with passive submission on the part of "elders." Madeline and he could both twist their mother—a gentle, lazy, weak-willed woman—round their little fingers without the slightest difficulty, whilst Rose Featherstone (their only child) found her parents almost equally pliant. Lady Brentwood, howbeit, as George had already begun to surmise, in view of her sons' constant reference to her wishes, was a somewhat different personage. He was now to prove that surmise correct.

When her ladyship came out to inspect the waggonette, which had been brought round to Norbreck Towers by eleven in the morning (that hour, on mature consideration, having been deemed early enough for the start), she decided that this vehicle would be amply large enough to contain the party.

"Why, here is sufficient room for five on each side!" she exclaimed, "and altogether we are but nine. Decidedly we must go all in this.—Take out those hampers, Briggs, immediately.—One of you young men shall sit on the box; then we shall not in the least be crushed. *Mon Dieu!* to divide the party would be simply ridiculous!"

Thus, in the twinkling of an eye, Mr. George's little plans were overturned. The order for the carriage was countermanded, and an old-fashioned sociable, which my lady directed to be brought forth in its place, was laden with the displaced hampers.

"And now, if any one is a little naughty or ill-humoured," she subjoined, smiling affably upon young Stenhouse, "we shall just banish him, don't you see, to keep company with the provisions."

No one, however, proved to be in the least ill-humoured. Conquered either by the smile or the threat, George pocketed at once all signs of vexation or incipient rebellion; and before long he would have been quite willing to own that, instead of being a restraint upon their juvenile gaiety, the company of the seniors rather added to it. Lady Brentwood, in fact, turned out to be the life and soul of the party. Even with Rose Featherstone by his side, George felt quite fascinated by her vivacity and beauty. Further, he felt grateful to her for having arranged that his place during the drive should be by the vicar's daughter; and, his interest on this cardinal point considered, he ceased to trouble himself any longer over his deposition from the dignity of "boss."

That Rose Featherstone was that "she" about whom Mr. George Stenhouse had waxed so enthusiastic on the occasion of their journey from Oxford, the brothers Vandeleur had long ago discovered. In the beginning, too, they had laughed together over the stipulation which their new friend had thought necessary to make with them, *i.e.* that they should not attempt to "cut him out" in that direction. How absurd it seemed, both to Claude and Louis, that George should not have understood how impossible it would be for any one to look at Rose Featherstone whilst Madeline Stenhouse was by! To be sure, Rose was a very nice little girl—high-spirited, good-tempered, obliging, and even pretty, in her rosy-cheeked, bread-and-butter style. But to compare her with Madeline! To fancy—and George evidently did entertain that utterly preposterous notion—that *she* was the better looking of the two! What a taste the fellow must have! Were brothers, they wondered a little contemptuously, always so blind to the attractions of their own sisters?

But it had been only during the first week or so after their arrival at Longenvale that Claude and Louis Vandeleur had exchanged with each other such comparisons respecting the merits of the two young ladies, or such ridicule as to George's indiscriminative preference. Of late Miss Stenhouse's name had never been mentioned between the brothers, nor, unless unavoidably, had any reference whatever been made to her in their private conversations. And this circumstance was all the more singular, considering that scarcely a day had passed without their spending more or less of it in her society. Truly, the parents of these young people had been allowing a very unconventional freedom of association betwixt them. At the most impressionable stage of existence, dawning man and womanhood, the three youths and two maidens had been enjoying,

for now nearly seven weeks, an intercourse as close and unchecked, almost, as though they had been brothers and sisters.

Without chaperon or supervision, they had taken long rides together down sun-chequered rural lanes, with high hedges and luxuriantly overhanging vegetation, where only two could ride closely abreast, or over moors bright with the golden gorse. They had climbed together on foot the sweet breezy uplands, covered with heather and bracken, startling the rabbits and pheasants, or occasionally rousing a little covey of grouse, to set the fingers of the young sportsmen tingling for a gun.

Then, again, in the evening, as though the morning's ride or the afternoon's stroll had not been sufficient, the five "inseparables," as Mrs. Featherstone had called them, had met for archery practice in the grounds of Norbreck Towers, or for croquet at the Vicarage.

No wonder that mischief had been the result! What else could have been expected, but that the ubiquitous little god of love should have been busy shooting his arrows at such tempting targets as those five innocent young hearts? And, as a matter of fact, there was not a heart amongst them wherein a golden-headed barb did not now rankle, kindling love's fire, that potential passion which

Sweetens, in the suffering pang it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Alas! however, since the hearts were not even in number, it follows that, in one case at least, that wicked, zephyr-winged Frodo had been playing a cruel game. In whose case was it? Certainly not that of George Stenhouse. His glances of admiration, as ardent as they were pure, met always, from the object to which they were directed, answering glances of coy satisfaction and delight; his lover-like sighs and boyish compliments (beyond this stage the courtship had not yet advanced) never failed to cover Miss Rose's dimpled cheek with a tell-tale blush. So far, then, as reciprocity of sentiment was concerned, the course of love was running smoothly enough with this very juvenile pair. Neither was it Miss Madeline Stenhouse who had to know in vain the "ecstasy of love," that mysterious, all-conquering power which had changed her, in the space of a few brief weeks, from a child into a woman.

The victim of Cupid's cruelty was, of course, one of the young Vandeleurs. Both were in love with Madeline; and, as yet, neither of them knew (with certainty) which she preferred, although Madeline herself knew it very well. The reason for this ignorance was, not that Miss Stenhouse was a coquette, who desired to keep both her

lovers under thralldom, but that neither of them had ventured to put the question of her preference to the test. With each of these young men love had proved itself to be great by being modest. Neither could believe that he was favoured above the other. Neither could credit himself with worth or attractiveness sufficient to entitle him to aspire to Madeline Stenhouse's hand.

But this was not all. Neither brother could bear that the other should suffer disappointment and pain. Neither could endure to seek his own happiness at the expense of the other's. The position was, indeed, a most painful one. For the first time in their lives a chill of restraint had come over their intercourse, and there were moments when the "green-eyed monster" Jealousy threatened to breed mischief between them. But those moments were rare, and the mischief did not progress. No, even rivalry in love—even the force of the great master passion, which is supposed, when it takes possession of a man, to overwhelm all considerations of friendship or justice—not even *that* could triumph over the long-trying, beautiful, unselfish devotion which bound these two young men together. There are other loves, whatever the poets may sing, as holy and, where they truly exist, even as potent as that which, *par excellence*, bears the name. In the case of Claude and Louis Vandeleur this truth had found illustration. Even in the matter of their lovesuit they could not seek each his own. Tacitly they had given each other the strictest fair play. They had taken it by turns (though never a word had been spoken on the subject) to enjoy such privileges as having Madeline for a partner in their games, or such opportunities as presented themselves for solitary intercourse during their walks or rides. Now, this morning of the picnic, by all reasonable reckoning, it was Louis' turn to take what gifts the gods might offer. Claude, on the morning of the day before, had walked with Madeline for fully half an hour alone, whilst his brother had fallen back under pretence of botanising along the edges of the lane they were following, and again in the evening he had had Miss Stenhouse for partner at croquet. Accordingly, when it was found that one of the young men was to occupy the box seat of the waggonette Claude had been on the point of mounting thereto, but his mother had called him back, and, in that gracefully imperious manner which neither son had ever yet dared to disobey, had ordered Louis to take the place. Sitting there now, the poor young fellow knew that Madeline and Claude were side by side at the further end of the carriage.

Were they talking to each other much? he wondered. Were they sitting very close together? Was Madeline pleased that Claude

he, was her companion? Sometimes Louis had thought—had fancied—but no, he would not indulge that idea. He would not even look round to see how they were getting on. He would not make poor Claude uncomfortable by letting him suppose that he himself was envious or unhappy. But how was the thing to end? What were they to do in face of this miserable dilemma? Looking straight before him with an expression of pain in his dark, handsome eyes, Louis revolved the question in his mind—little dreaming how soon and in what manner circumstances were to decide it for him.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN EVENING THUNDERSTORM.

"Excuse me, Mr. Featherstone," said Sir John, interrupting that gentleman in a remark, "but is not that the way to Fernbrook's Folly?"

The Vicar turned to look behind him in the direction indicated. "Yes," he replied, "it is. Has Lady Brentwood seen the place, or heard the story?"

"No, I believe not; nor, I think, have the boys.—Hold on a minute, Briggs!" Sir John called to his coachman. "I don't know, my dear, whether you would be interested to see a curious monument of folly and superstition? But, if you would, we could walk there in about four minutes, and I might tell you the history on the spot."

"To be sure," acquiesced Marie, "I am ready always to see what is curious; and a history on the spot will, no doubt, be effective. Most certainly let us go."

They did not, however, all go. Mrs. Featherstone and both the girls had seen what there was to see more than once, and they elected to remain in the waggonette. Escorted, therefore, by the gentlemen alone, Lady Brentwood proceeded down a narrow, grass-grown lane which ran off the road at this point—some five miles from Longenvale.

Winding round to the right, the lane brought them, at the end of a few minutes, to a diminutive valley, surrounded by low, mound-like hills. In the centre of the open space, on a slight conical elevation, appeared a mass of broken down machinery, a large iron wheel leaning out of the perpendicular, some upright posts supporting a pulley, over which depended a fragment of rusty chain. To the left

of the elevation, as the visitors approached it, stood a row of cottages.

"Why, it is a village!" exclaimed Madame. "But," she added the next minute, "a deserted one!"

This was true. The cottages, eight or ten in number, were all uninhabited and fast falling to ruin. From one the chimney stack was gone; the door of a second hung loose from its hinges; from each roof slates were missing, whilst the window-frames of all yawned vacant of glass. It was a picture of dilapidation and desolation.

"But what does it all mean?" queried Louis Vandeleur. "That looks like the shaft of a pit—a coal-pit."

"It looks like what it is, then, exactly," rejoined his step-father.

"But is there coal in the neighbourhood?" continued the young man in surprise.

"Not a fraction. All this, Marie, my love"—the baronet stood still, and waved his hand around with a comprehensive sweep—"all this is the fruit of a dream."

"How? Naturally, I do not understand," she inquired.

Sir John smiled at her air of astonishment, and proceeded to explain:—

"It will be between sixty and seventy years ago now, I should think, since the madness was perpetrated," he began. "Mr. John Fernbrook (my father knew the man well, and we shall pass his house—a fine old place—a mile or so further up the road), he was the doer of it. The fellow must have been cracked all along, I should say. . . . However, the story of this affair is that he, this John Fernbrook, dreamt six nights running that he saw a pit in this identical spot, turning out mounds of coal every few minutes. Well, the dream impressed him to that extent that he felt certain it was a revelation, and he determined to act up to it. The ground was his own—a little slice out of the Stenhouse property, you know, George—and he would listen to no one's advice. My father was a bit of a geologist. . . . I remember him telling the whole story many a time when I was a boy, and he not only tried to show Fernbrook, from his own knowledge, that there could be no stratum of coal here, but he sent for an eminent scientist to prove the same. But their arguments were of no avail. Superstition triumphed over reason. Poor Fernbrook got down a lot of miners, and began to sink his shaft. These cottages had to be built for the accommodation of the workmen; and, as you may imagine, even the preliminaries of the business cost a fortune. Then, just as fast as the shaft was sunk, it had to be bricked round because of the water coming in. However, go on he would, though

of course there was no sign of coal, until he had got about five hundred feet deep. That is said to be the depth of the shaft. Then, all at once, the poor wretch gave in, and went home and hanged himself."

"Shot himself, I was told, Sir John," interposed George Stenhouse; "but it comes to the same thing, of course."

"Only I believe that the other is the correct version," resumed the Baronet. "A cousin of his came into the estate. But there was no money to keep it up, and he had to let the house. The cousin, whose name, too, was Fernbrook, is dead now also. He died intestate, and as there are two rival claimants whose rights cannot be decided, the property has been in chancery for the last ten years."

"But could not some of these cottages have been let?" questioned Claude; "such utter reckless waste of labour and cost seems pitiable."

"One or two of them *were* let in the beginning," put in Mr. Featherstone; "a family of broom-makers, for instance, who now live at Longenvale, occupied one for some time. They had the right to gather heather from the hill above there, so they ought to have found the place very convenient. You know, Lady Brentwood, that has been the chief industry of the poor around these parts until lately—making whisks and brooms of heather twigs by hand. But machinery is superseding the hand-work now, and there's not much to be made of the business. The cottages, however, as I was going to say, might have been utilised years ago for this purpose, but for another superstition as bad, or worse than Fernbrook's dream to wit, that the spot is haunted by Fernbrook's ghost. You've heard the ghost tale, I suppose, Sir John? If not, let me refer you for particulars to old Cranstone and his wife."

"Oh, I know!" laughed the Baronet; "I don't suppose, Marie, that you could bribe a soul in Longenvale to walk through this little valley after sundown for a thousand pounds."

"Bah! ignorance and superstition, they go always together; and your English country people, they are as stupid as the oxen and sheep," protested her ladyship. "Let me look down the pit—what you call the shaft, John. Is it really so deep as they say?"

"I believe it really is nearly five hundred feet to the bottom, and it is about two-thirds full of water, like a great well, you see," answered her husband, holding the little woman's hand very tight, as, after climbing the grassy slope that led up to it, she stooped to peer downwards. There was no water to be seen, only perpendicular walls of brick, with ferns and grass growing in crevices near the top, but which seemed gradually to narrow, like a reversed mill chimney,

and to grow darker and darker until it ended in impenetrable blackness below.

"*Mon Dieu !* it is a terrible place," cried Marie, drawing suddenly back, and clutching at her husband's arm with a shudder of horror. "Let us go away. I could almost figure to myself that there could come a ghost here"—she laughed, but with rather forced merriment ; "all looks so weird, so grim, so deserted ; this machinery all wrecked, those cottages crumbling to ruins."

"Yes, it is a dismal sort of spectacle, truly," said Sir John, "and the name it goes by was well earned. But you are not really upset with looking down there, I hope, my dear Marie ? It is not like *you* to be nervous."

Lady Brentwood assured her husband that she felt neither nervous nor upset, and the party now returned to the waggonette.

"We must come and have another look at this spot some time," said Louis, as the three young men followed behind. "I wonder you never brought us here before, George."

"Why, the fact is, I had forgotten all about the place," returned George. "I have only seen it once before myself, and until to-day I never heard that history so fully. Whew, how dreadfully hot it is ! the hottest day we have had this summer, don't you think ?"

The day was, in truth, oppressively warm, and its heat now appeared to increase with steady intensity ; for the road, from this point, lay quite unsheltered from the sun's vertical rays. It was, moreover, a very bad road for the horses, being all up and down hill ; and although only fifteen miles from Longenvale, it was nearly two o'clock before the little company of pleasure-seekers reached its destination. This was a secluded little dale in the border-land of another county. A sheet of water, a mile in length and about a fourth part that width, followed the windings of the small, well-wooded valley in a tortuous shape resembling the letter S. At one end of the lake stood a rustic sort of inn, which was likewise a farmhouse, whilst, at a short distance beyond, a tiny hamlet nestled among the trees.

Horses and carriages having been put up at the inn, the first business naturally was to eat. An appropriate situation being found, accordingly Lady Brentwood's capital luncheon was spread out upon the ground, to the eliciting of many exclamations of surprise from Mrs. Featherstone. "How upon earth you have managed to do the thing in this first rate style, on so short a notice, my dear Lady Brentwood, I really cannot conceive," she protested. "If there had been a week for preparation *my* cook could not have come up to

"Oh, mother always does whatever she undertakes in the best possible fashion," exclaimed Louis, regarding her with affectionate admiration, "and there is no limit to her capacity. If she were commissioned to provision the British army for a month's campaign at a single day's notice, you might depend upon it that the commissariat waggons would be up to time, and not a single thing miscalculated or forgotten."

"Chut, chut, my Louis, you are absurd!" said Madame, turning from him a little impatiently. She did not dislike his compliment, which, indeed, was of the sort she best appreciated; but of late, though she struggled to prevent any exhibition of the sentiment, Marie often felt unreasonably irritated against this clever, handsome, and attractive younger son of hers.

"Do you young people really mean to stick to your notion of a row?" inquired Mr. Featherstone by-and-by; "you'd find it hotter on the water than under this shade, a vast deal. If I were you, I wouldn't try it."

Not try it! when the row had been the chief event towards which the picnic had been planned? The elderly Vicar's advice was hailed with a chorus of reprobation.

"Well, I shall be out of it, at any rate, if you will excuse me," said Sir John. "I hardly like to own to such an unmanly complaint, but the truth of the matter is that this heat is giving me a violent headache."

This acknowledgment drew forth, of course, the expression of much kindly sympathy, in which his wife took the lead.

"Stay here and rest under the trees, by all means, *mon ami*," she concluded. "I leave you in the charge of our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone. For my part, I can bear very well the heat, and I shall accompany the water expedition, and watch how our young Oxonians row."

To watch *something* in reference to the young people was certainly Madame's object in thus assuming for the time the responsibility of chaperon, but that something was not the young men's proficiency with their oars. And, indeed, in weather like the present, and with such a tub to manage as that in which alone they could all find accommodation together, any feats of aquatic skill would have been impossible.

Before they had reached the opposite end of the lake, even the stroke of the Oxford eight was mopping the perspiration from his light brown curls and rather freckled brow. Very willingly, therefore, at Madame's suggestion, the young men brought the boat round

under the shadow of an overhanging cliff, and there rested upon their oars. It was a delightful spot to rest in. On the low cliff above grew a cluster of trees, amongst them a large drooping elm, the graceful branches of which stretched over and dipped towards the water, forming the most delicious of natural bowers. The placid lake was green with the reflection of bank and foliage, and it was at once agreed that if a cool nook could be found anywhere within an area of ten miles on this broiling afternoon, this was it. The girls took off hats and gloves and paddled their fingers in the water. The young men shipped their oars crosswise in front of them, and leaned over them chatting in contented idleness. Marie, with her usual tact, had managed to put her young companions entirely at their ease with her; and when once she had started the ball of conversation between them, she took little part in it herself, and appeared neither to be observing nor listening.

It was not a very profound conversation to listen to, but what depth and meaning the commonplace remarks lacked was amply supplied to the recipients thereof by certain telltale glances whereby they were accompanied. "There's nothing half so sweet as love's young dream;" and to those who were dreaming that sweet dream, in a spot so ideally appropriate to it, time sped swiftly this summer's afternoon. No one—not even Madame, who, though she had not been dreaming love-dreams, had been engaged with "thick-coming fancies" of her own—guessed how long they had been gently rocking in that big clumsy boat, under the refreshing shade of the greenery above.

No one seemed to have noticed either how, gradually, that green seemed to have grown more vivid, and the shadows deeper, or how the songs of the birds in the branches overhead had sunk first into a low twittering, and then into complete silence.

Suddenly a dull, rumbling sound was heard.

"Oh, Lady Brentwood, I am sure that is thunder!" cried Madeline Stenhouse, whose one weakness was an unreasonable and unconquerable dread of a thunderstorm.

There was no doubt that it *was* thunder. In another moment oars were in the rowlocks, and the boat was shooting out into the open lake. Then it was seen that in the direction whence they had come the sky was one mass of opacity, and that the black clouds—*pall* would have been the more descriptive term—were sweeping rapidly over what remained of the clear blue above.

"We must land quickly," said Madame. "See, there is a church!" She pointed towards a low square tower, just visible

round a bend of the lake at a short distance. "Doubtless there will be houses near, where we can find shelter. *Now* show us how you can row!"

The young fellows bent their backs to the oars, but it was not easy to find a place along the shelving margin of the lake where the boat could be drawn up. Meanwhile that black pail drew nearer and nearer, eclipsing the light and changing the bright day almost into the darkness of night. As yet, however, not a drop of rain had fallen, nor had the ominous rumbling been repeated. The storm burst all at once, just as the boat had, at length, been pulled ashore, in a vivid flash and a simultaneous roar, like the sound of a thousand wild beasts let loose.

"Run, Louis; run with Miss Stenhouse!" exclaimed Claude (Madeline had been the first lady to be lifted from the boat), "I'll look after mother."

"Oh yes, come!" cried Madeline, holding out her hand to him like a child in her terror.

Louis took the hand, and the two ran together (the girl proving nearly as fleet of foot as the youth), making for the porch of the church, which was the nearest, and, so far as they could see, the only promise of shelter that offered itself. Arrived there, they found, however, to their satisfaction, that the church itself was open. A woman, with a bucket of water by her side, was kneeling on the pavement near the entrance, engaged in scrubbing the flags. She glanced up on their appearance, with a countenance of such dense stolidity that it seemed doubtful whether the crack of doom could have startled her, and, rubbing the soap on her brush, placidly observed, "Storm's come on sudden, haven't it? You be stepped in for shelter likely?" and without waiting for an answer, resumed her work in the midst of another deafening crash.

"Oh, don't stand near the door!" entreated poor frightened Madeline, still clinging to Louis' hand, and drawing him after her down the aisle until they reached a pew in the furthest corner, into which she dived. The pew was one of those old-fashioned boxes, like sheep-pens, which are fast becoming extinct even in the most out-of-the-way country churches. It was boarded round to the height of five feet, so that a male sheep might slumber there peaceably, disturbed by no fear of that shame which follows detection from the shepherd's eye, whilst his partner could amuse herself in any way she chose, excepting in studying the fashion of her neighbour's bonnet.

"You are not wet, are you, Madeline?" asked Louis, seating

himself by her as she crouched in a corner, and venturing to touch her dress. No, she was not wet to speak of; for only a few great drops, the size of half-a-crown, had fallen before they gained the church. Now, however, just as he put the question, the floodgates of heaven were opened, and down poured the loosened torrent, pelting upon the roof, sweeping like a deluge past the windows, and deepening the gloomy obscurity which filled the building. In concern for his mother and the rest Louis sprang to his feet again, and peered over the pew door to see whether they had arrived. As if to aid his search, the church was instantly lit up with a lambent flame more vivid than sunlight, in which every object stood out with a clear, preternatural distinctness, the painted windows, the old three-decked pulpit, the worn matting on the aisle, the harmonium in the gallery; and along with that brilliant electric light came the explosion as of a terrific bomb-shell right overhead. The sound really was appalling. Miss Stenhouse uttered a cry of terror; and, turning, Louis saw that her face had grown ashen white. Before he knew what he was doing, he had thrown both arms round the girl, as though to protect her from her own fears. Madeline did not repulse him. On the contrary, she nestled tremulously but confidently closer in his embrace. Louis began to tremble himself, but not with fear. Madeline's golden head was close to his shoulder (her hat had come loose, and she had laid it on the seat by her side); and when the next blinding flash came, with its accompanying discharge of elemental cannon, she turned her face and buried it against his coat. Then, how could the boy help it? Claude, everybody, everything else in the world was forgotten! His dark head stooped until it rested against her golden one. His lips slipped a little lower and touched her cheek.

"Madeline! Madeline!" he whispered. "My love! my darling!"

There was no answer to the passionate invocation; but neither was there any movement of shrinking or displeasure.

"Madeline, I love you!" he repeated; "I love you!"

"Yes, I know," she said simply.

"And you? Oh, Madeline, you?"

"*I love you,*" she confessed.

What more was needed? The whole tale was told. That story which is as old as the hills, but as fresh as each new-born day. Those three words, the sweetest, the most potent in the language, had been spoken, and had thrilled through the listeners with just as soul-stirring an effect as though they had never been uttered or heard before. And to the end of time—so long as the earth or the race

shall last -must not their deathless significance, their unfading originality, their inexhaustible power continue, the strongest force in human experience?

To the pair who had exchanged them now, those wondrous monosyllables appeared doubly solemn and doubly sweet, by reason of the impressive surroundings amidst which they had found articulation, which, indeed, had been the means of forcing them forth. For half an hour the storm continued unabated in violence, an aerial carnival of the wildest and maddest description. Still nervous and trembling, but comforted by the sense of protection and refuge afforded by those strong encompassing arms, Madeline sat alternately listening to the boisterous riot of the tempest and to the assurances of her lover that there was little or no danger to be apprehended from the warfare of the cloud giants, the blazing and discharge of those long-reverberating and fearsome-sounding volleys. For one person killed by a thunderbolt in Great Britain, *fifty*, he declared, met their deaths through ordinary street accidents, and *five* through sun-strokes. And yet Madeline was not afraid, was she, either of the sun or the streets? These statistics, which Madeline could not contradict, but which it is to be feared the young Oxonian (in lack of any positive knowledge on the subject) had invented upon the spot, were certainly very reassuring. Nevertheless the girl could not rid herself of the awe, or even, altogether, of the terror inspired by phenomena which, despite all explanations of science, will continue to inspire such feelings so long as certain emotions, the basis of the religious sentiment, remain, as they bid fair to do, an ineradicable part of man's nature.

But at the end of half an hour it became evident that the storm was beginning to wear itself out. Already, for some time, Louis had heard sounds in the church which betokened that the rest of the party had found refuge here, and each moment he had been in fear lest their privacy should be invaded. Not another word had yet been added to that sudden mutual confession. The little love scene had begun and ended, so far as speech was concerned, with those few sentences. Now, however, as he heard footsteps approaching, Louis stooped to snatch his first kiss from Madeline's lips. The next instant the high door of the pew was pushed gently open the lovers started apart—and Lady Brentwood entered, followed by Claude. Upon neither of the intruders was that sudden movement nor the telltale confusion visible upon both young faces lost. Poor Claude cast a quick, inquiring glance from one to the other. Then his own colour went and came, and his eyes sought the ground

Lady Brentwood also, for one moment, lost her composure ; her lips pursed themselves tightly, and her eyes flashed wrathfully. But before Louis had time to perceive, or, at all events, to comprehend those signs, they had vanished, and his mother was explaining how Rose Featherstone in alighting from the boat had contrived to turn her ankle, and how, in consequence, they had been delayed in gaining shelter, and had got rather wet. *Very* wet would have been nearer the truth, but Marie always put the best face on such matters. She put the best face, too, on the inevitable delay of another hour before it was considered possible for one of the young men to be despatched in quest of the waggonette, by which, on account of Rose's accident, they all returned to the inn and the anxious friends who awaited them there. At the inn, tea was partaken of, and Lady Brentwood and Rose provided with such dry garments as they needed. The evening turned out gloriously fine, and on the return journey Louis occupied again the box-seat. But he did not mind it now. He was thankful, rather, for the comparative solitude which gave him an opportunity of thinking over the unexpected issue of the day—of trying to realise this new happiness which had fallen to his own lot, and which would have been so unspeakably rapturous but for the one sad drawback that *his* joy would involve his brother's grief.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THREATENINGS OF THE UNFORESEEN.

"You will not sleep much to-night, I am afraid, my darling?" It was this same night after the picnic. Lady Brentwood had been in her elder son's chamber two full hours. The clock had just struck twelve, and she had risen at length to leave him.

She had been telling him a story—a story so strange, so romantic, so incredible, that Claude Vandeleur had listened almost dumb with amazement. "I cannot believe it! I cannot believe it!" he had cried several times in the beginning. But as proofs of the narrative had been piled up for his conviction he had grown silent—a sort of petrification stealing over his mind and senses—as he sat gazing at the little woman who was detailing to him those circumstantial particulars in a calm voice, but with eyes aglow with excitement.

"Now I must leave you, my Claude ; I must say good night. Read again your father's diary when I am gone. Then you will

realise all this better. But take care of the papers, Claude. Recollect what your poor father said when he was dying : ' They are worth millions of dollars to my boy.' I leave you the case for this night."

"It will be quite safe," he replied.

"But to-morrow morning bring it to my boudoir. Go there directly after breakfast, and wait until I join you. Then we will arrange our plans ; and to-morrow, to-morrow, my Claude, you shall claim your rights."

"Mother !" ejaculated the young man, extending his hands towards her, and repeating the word with a curious quiver in his voice—"mother !"

Marie threw herself into his embrace. "My child, my beloved, how divine to hear you call me still by that name ! You will love me always, Claude, will you not ? as if I was truly your mother ?"

"You *are* truly my mother. You *must* be !" he murmured.

"Ah ! it is hard to believe otherwise, no doubt, for you ; but for me, I have known it, you see, always. But what matters it, after all, my Claude, that there exists not the ties of blood so long as one loves as deeply, as intensely without them ? I have felt inconsolable to reflect that some time I must tell you the truth. But now the time has come I will distress myself no longer for a reason so selfish. You will be a peer of England, Claude ; and I—I shall see you happy ; that is enough !"

Claude did not speak.

"Yes, you shall be happy. You shall be great, rich, prosperous !" continued the little woman, still grasping his hands, but drawing a little away to contemplate him. "And, Claude, listen—you shall marry your cousin !"

"My cousin ?" he gasped.

"But yes. *Madeline Stenhouse*. She is your cousin. And it will serve to reconcile the mother. It will make matters more pleasant altogether for the family. Yes, you shall marry Miss Madeline. And now, my boy, good night."

Claude returned her embrace and her "good night." Then, without another word, he accompanied her to the door, closed it after her, and softly turned the key in the lock. For a few moments afterwards he stood leaning against the wall close by, looking round the room with the bewildered air of a man awakening from a dream. Going back then to the table where Madame and he had been seated with a lamp between them, he took up one by one those important documents which she had left for him to study, and carefully

read them through. After that, he folded his arms in front of him and began to think—to think with such intentness, such eager fixity of reflection, as he had never exercised in his life before. And the longer he thought, the more was his absorption and strain of mind evidenced by expression and action, by the knitted brows, the wide-open eyes fixed on vacancy, the long spells of almost breathless immobility, the sudden starts and apparently unconscious movements which would follow upon the occurrence of some new idea or, perhaps, some fresh recollection. Once or twice the young man rose and paced the room with fitful, uncertain steps, to return again to his seat by the table and his statue like attitude of engrossed meditation.

All at once Claude Vandeleur awoke from his musings to find, with something of a shock, that it was broad daylight—actually seven o'clock! Dressed as he was, he threw himself upon the bed, but only to toss and turn in a vain attempt to secure a few minutes' sleep. In less than an hour he rose, telling himself that a bath would be as refreshing as a sleep; and having performed a rather deliberate toilet, and lingered for a time inhaling the fresh air from his open window, Claude stepped quietly across the corridor and entered his brother's room. Louis, who, though from a very different cause, had likewise passed the greater part of the night awake, proved to be in a sound slumber. He started, however, when Claude touched his shoulder, and sprang to a sitting posture.

"Hallo! old fellow, what's the matter?" he demanded. "Is it late?"

"Not particularly," answered the other. "No, it wants an hour yet to breakfast-time. But, Louis, I came to say something to you. I want you for a very special reason to go with me to some quiet spot—say Dunlop Moor—immediately after breakfast."

"All right, my boy. But you look very grave and mysterious," said Louis, smiling, but feeling somewhat uneasy the while. "Is it a secret you wish to impart? By the way, I was reading in some book the other day that if you want to talk secrets you should choose the middle of a plain as the safest place. I suppose that is your idea?"

Claude nodded. "Your guess is correct," he rejoined. "It is something of the extremest importance that I have to communicate to you, Louis; and I wish to do so where there will be no chance of our being interrupted or overheard."

"Dear me!" interjected Louis. "I feel rather queer. Couldn't you give us a hint?"

"I cannot," said Claude, getting off the bed where he had seated himself. "Not a word until we are alone. And, Louis, mother must not know that we are going out together. She must not see us leave the house."

"Gracious heaven!" Louis stared at his brother now in unaffected amazement. "Are we going to hatch a conspiracy?"

Claude smiled faintly. "Mother is expecting me in her sitting-room this morning. She told me to be there directly after breakfast. But I must speak to you first, Louis; I *must* speak to you first."

"So you shall, old fellow. I can see that it is something of consequence," answered Louis. "We'll say nothing about the arrangement—but I shall slip out of the side door as soon as I have swallowed my coffee, and wait in the lane until you join me there. And now I'll get up; for, by George! you have effectually murdered sleep."

The post-bag, which, as a rule, arrived just as the family finished their first meal, proved this morning to be unusually well filled. There were two or three letters for Lady Brentwood, from aristocratic acquaintances with whom she kept up epistolary communication, and a good number for Sir John—some of them referring to business matters. Since his marriage the Baronet had insisted upon sharing all his correspondence with his wife, a proceeding in which she judiciously encouraged him. According to custom, therefore, Madame read over his letters, with appropriate comments and advice as to the replies. Leaving him, then, to answer such as required immediate attention, she betook herself above stairs to the daintily appointed boudoir which formed one of her own suite of apartments. A bright fire (the thunderstorm of yesterday had lowered the temperature considerably) was burning in the grate, and the room looked luxuriously comfortable. But Claude was not, as she had expected, awaiting her there. Madame repaired to his chamber in search of him. He was not there either. She peeped into Louis' room. That, likewise, was vacant. Puzzled, and a little angry, she returned to her boudoir and waited for half an hour. Then she rang the bell, and inquired where Mr. Vandeleur was. The servant was "not quite sure, but she believed that he had gone out with Mr. Louis." Madame sent her to make "quite sure." The answer was, "Yes, your ladyship, the young gentlemen went out together, by the side door, about an hour ago."

"With their guns?" demanded Lady Brentwood.

"No, my lady. It was Giles saw them; and he noticed that

Mr. Vandeleur had something in his hand like a leathern case, he said. But no, my lady, they hadn't neither fishing-rods nor guns."

"Thank you, Maria, that will do," said her ladyship, calmly. "It is of no consequence. What I required will do perfectly well when Mr. Vandeleur returns."

If this were so, however—if her son's unwonted disobedience—this disregard, for the first time in his life, of her expressed command, were of no consequence—Madame's change of aspect, after the maid had left her, was somewhat unaccountable.

Standing in the middle of the room, her hands clasped together and pressed against her breast, the little woman's face suddenly assumed that set and stony expression which has already been described as coming over it on one or two rare occasions of her life. It was a look that had hitherto been called forth only by the presence of some imminent danger—some supreme difficulty—some threatening obstruction in her adventurous career. It was the sort of look which a man's face might wear when he sets his back against a wall, clenches his teeth and fists, and prepares to do battle against terrible odds. Certainly there was alarm in Madame's air, as well as dogged resolution and courage. But of what was she afraid? She hardly knew yet. But her instinct—that keen intuition which had never deceived her—warned her of quicksands ahead. And she had thought the road so plain before her—she had hoped it was so safe!

What was the meaning of Claude's conduct? How had he dared to show such flagrant disrespect as to break this appointment with her, and to do it without so much as an apology? How had he dared, moreover, to go out with Louis, and to take that case with him, evidently with the object of showing him its contents, and of communicating the secret which she had urgently begged him *not* to speak of to a soul until after their interview of this morning? This behaviour was so extraordinary, so exceptional, that Madame felt it must be significant. But of what? Of danger from an utterly unforeseen quarter. Of danger from Claude himself. Could it be possible? That indeed would be an irony of fate—if *he* for whose sake she had been willing to risk and to dare everything—for whose exaltation in life she had schemed and laboured and yearned as ardently as for her own—if *he* should be the one to thwart her long-treasured project, and at the moment when it was ripe for success! No, it could not be! The idea was untenable, preposterous. The good genius who had befriended her all her days was not going to turn round suddenly now and write "Ichabod" upon . . . She was alarming herself unnecessarily at a foolish

sentiment. Thus encouraging herself, Madame sat down to reflect. What did the boy remember of his early life? Nothing of moment. She had tested his recollection many times, though cautiously, and had found that it carried him no further back than the voyage from Canada. As for Louis, he was two years younger, and Madame had reason to believe that he remembered little or nothing of their first days at the restaurant. What, then, could this sickening premonition of ill mean? It could mean nothing. She must shake it off, and wait; Claude would return soon and explain himself; and, in the mean time, she would go to his room and see whether he had really taken those precious documents out of doors with him. How Marie regretted now that she had allowed them to pass, even for one night, out of her own keeping! Yes, they were gone, clearly enough. Claude had not a single drawer or repository in his apartment that was locked, but the case was nowhere to be found.

Lady Brentwood had just concluded her careful research, when word was brought to her that Mr. George Stenhouse was below. Happy thought! she would despatch the young man in search of her sons, with such a message as would ensure their swift return. The morning passed, however, without bringing them. At luncheon-time George looked in, for a moment, to report, with evident disappointment, that he had not come across his friends anywhere. Sir John and Lady Brentwood lunched alone.

Afterwards, doing violence to her own inclinations, and still struggling to keep at bay the wolves of fear that were howling within, the valorous little woman accompanied her husband for a long drive, with the object of paying a distant call. It was growing late when they returned; but the young gentlemen, her ladyship was informed, had not yet come in. Marie heard them do so, however, just as she was completing her toilet for the evening, one which she had purposely made as regal and imposing as possible. They had gone straight to their rooms, and it was not until the gong had sounded for dinner, and Sir John and she were seated at table, that they made their appearance. Sir John began at once to ply them with good-natured queries as to their truant-like absence of the day. But the young men parried his interrogations with such evident embarrassment and distress, that the kindly Baronet presently desisted in some astonishment, and changed the subject. As for Madame, she did not, for a considerable time, address a syllable to either. But she observed them closely. She noted that Claude looked pale, jaded, worn, and so much older, as the effect of it, that he might almost have passed for thirty. Louis' face, on the contrary,

was flushed, and his eyes were feverishly bright, but not with a pleasurable excitement. Both youths were grave, and very plainly unhappy. Both, also, as their mother observed, carefully avoided meeting her eye, even when speaking with her.

Of the fact that *something* was amiss there could no longer be any question. What that something was, Madame was soon to learn. "Mother," whispered Claude, opening the door for her when dinner was at an end, "may Louis and I come up to you—to your sitting-room?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I shall expect you in five minutes."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE THUNDERBOLT FALLS.

It was not three minutes before a knock came to the door of her dainty little sanctum, but Madame was already prepared to receive her visitors. In silence she motioned them, with an imperious wave of the hand, towards two low chairs standing on either side the fireplace. She had chosen a higher chair for herself, so that, when they were seated, her face might be a little above the level of theirs. The youths placed themselves, in passive submission, where she indicated; but they appeared at a loss how to open the conversation, and for several moments a painful stillness reigned in the room. It was Madame who broke it at length.

"*Eh bien*, Mr. Claude Stenhouse!" she began, with a satirical inflection of voice, "one must confess that the knowledge of your rank has already worked marvels. Truly, I did not expect to be so very quickly made to understand that I had no longer any authority over my adopted child. However, one must learn, I suppose, not to dictate to a lord."

Claude hung his head, a hot crimson flush spreading over brow and neck. "I have disobeyed you to-day, I know, mother," he answered; "but I hope I may never need to do so again."

"Oh, as for that, I abandon henceforth all claim to obedience. Naturally, that is at an end. I only ask a little courtesy, my friend. Even an earl, you know, is bound to behave with deference to a lady," she added, smiling, "and not to break his appointments with her—is it not so?"

Claude glanced up swiftly, but his eyes fell again beneath the steadfast gaze he encountered, and he made no reply.

"I presume," continued Lady Brentwood, fingering, with apparent nonchalance, a magnificent diamond cross which glittered on the bosom of her black velvet gown, "that, since you have wished my son Louis to be present at this interview, you have confided to him your secret?"

"I have told him everything. Yes, mother, I was obliged to tell him," faltered the young man; "he was obliged to know."

"To be sure; it goes without saying that the boy should be obliged to know what all the world must know immediately. Only, my dear Claude, you were just a little too impatient, if I may venture to say so, to communicate your honours. Your eagerness but I will not reproach you again. Under the circumstances one can pardon a little rudeness or forgetfulness. And what do you think of it all, my Louis? You will be inconsolable, I am afraid, to discover that Claude is not, as you have always thought, your brother."

"He *is* my brother—a dearer brother than ever!" cried Louis.

"If he allows it, you should say. My dear child, you and I, we must be a little humble with this future peer."

"Oh, mother," broke out Claude, "please don't! please don't! You cover us both with shame, because—*because we both know.*"

Marie grew pale as death, but she rallied her forces bravely. "Shame? You both know?" she repeated, slowly and interrogatively. "May one inquire what this riddle means?"

Claude gulped down a choking sensation in his throat. Despite the fact that he had detected her in an attempt to commit a glaring fraud—a terrible crime—it was like marching up to the cannon's mouth to be compelled to defy this redoubtable little mother of his. But Claude Vandeleur was capable of marching up to the cannon's mouth.

"Mother," he said, "I will begin by telling you something which I hope may prevent our having to dwell very long on this—this distressingly painful subject. I will tell you something that my father said to me when he was dying."

"Your father? *Mon Dieu!* You were asleep when he died. Do you mean——" Madame paused to moisten her lips, which had grown as pallid as her cheeks. "Do you mean my husband and Louis' father?"

"I mean your husband, mother, and *my* father," was the courageous reply. "Listen, mother. Until last night I thought he had died, poor fellow, in a state of intoxication. That is the reason why I have never repeated either to you or to Lou to my brother,

the strange things he said. I thought it was all the madness of drink, and I did not wish to distress you."

"*Well?*" The monosyllable was not spoken in a loud or intimidating key, yet there was something in the sound of it that made Claude shudder.

Nevertheless he went on. "But he was *not* intoxicated, mother. Either the cold water, or the conviction that death was approaching, must have sobered him. It is true that, at the moment when I first reached him, his faculties were confused, and that he seemed to be labouring under a very awful delusion as to what had caused his fall from the bridge. That part of what he said I will never allow to pass my lips. It was a shocking fancy; but he knew it was a fancy—he recognised it as a delusion, and he contradicted it eagerly. Unfortunately, however," the young man pursued, still avoiding to look in his mother's face, "the knowledge that he had been wandering in the beginning caused me to conclude that the rest of what he said, after I had drawn him out of the water, was also the result of aberration. But it was not so, and *now* I know it!"

"*Well?*" This time the interrogation came in a whisper.

"Mother, I can repeat his very words. They were not many, for the whole dreadful scene, you know, was over in a few minutes. I had only just managed to draw him up against that rock, where you remember you found us, when he caught hold of my arm, and gasped out, 'Louis, I am dying! Listen, listen. You are Louis *Louis*, not *Claude*. Remember, remember, you are my son and Marie's son, Louis Vandeleur. Do not take his property, Claude's. If you do, God will curse you, as he has cursed me and Marie. Poor Marie! poor Marie!' Mother, those were my father's last words. But, until last night, I had no key to interpret them. I did not even know, as you are aware, anything about the conditions of that trust money in Canada. I understood that the property was yours. Therefore it is no wonder that all these years I should have done my poor father so much injustice."

"Holy Virgin! You have not done him the injustice that *I* have done him." Madame had risen from her chair whilst her son had been speaking, her dark eyes glittering fiercely in the white countenance which she bent over him. Now, however, her expression softened a little, and she threw up her hands, laughing. "No, my faith, you have not done him so great injustice as I. Why, I thought him a stupid man—actually a little bit of a fool! Yet see how clever he was! Imagine to yourselves that, even in the moment of death, he should thus have concocted a plan for providing his own son with

inheritance so valuable. And think, Louis, how he must have loved you, since he dared absolutely to perjure his soul for your sake. And he so superstitious, too. *Mon Dieu !* it seems incredible !” Madame reseated herself, and added, laughing again, “ But it is well, perhaps, that you did not tell me this before, for who knows, Claude, but that I might have been tempted by the suggestion to try likewise to secure the good things for my Louis ? ”

The two young men glanced at each other across the hearth-rug, staggered for a moment by the audacity, the dashing courage where-with the mettlesome little woman thus attempted to turn the tables. But the next instant Claude had recovered himself.

“ Ah, mother, if that were all ! ” he exclaimed, a vivid blush once more suffusing his face. “ But it is not all.”

“ Then let me hear all,” she demanded calmly.

“ I will,” he replied, compelling himself to look at her now with a brave front, but with sorrow in each manly feature. “ I will tell you everything I have to tell, as plainly and briefly as possible. When you came into my room last evening, mother, and made that extraordinary revelation, I felt too astonished and bewildered to think clearly. Yet, all the time you were speaking, I knew that something was wrong ; I felt that there was a mistake somewhere, though I could not see where. Directly you had left me, however, those dying words of my poor father flashed back upon my recollection. I need not tell you how shocked I felt ; or how, at first, I refused to credit the conclusion they seemed to point to. But, mother, I spent the whole night thinking—trying to look back into the chambers of memory.”

He paused, hoping that this hint would suffice to draw forth some acknowledgment of the truth. But Madame only smiled, with a composure strangely belying the tumultuous seething of passion and terror within her breast, and asked quietly in French, “ *Après ?* ”

Claude stifled a groan and resumed. “ I have always been an easy-going, lazy fellow—taking things as they came, and never troubling myself to do much thinking of any sort,” he said. “ Especially, I have neither worried about the future nor been given to retrospect concerning the past. But it is surprising how, when you set yourself seriously to the task of looking back, mother, things come gradually to remembrance—long-forgotten incidents, which at first seem like dreams, and then, if you keep on steadfastly thinking of them, begin to stand out more clearly like pictures. Dear mother, in the silent watches of last night one or two significant pictures returned to my memory.”

"As, for instance?" queried Madame.

"The most important began to grow upon me just after I had finished reading that manuscript again, mother—Hubert Stenhouse's history," answered her son. "It is the picture of a man with dark hair, curly like my brother's, sitting, with a little boy upon his knee, by the side of a fire with great logs burning on it, and talking to him in a language which sounded to another little boy like gibberish. If I had never heard of your lodger in the backwoods, mother, if I had not read his sad story, I dare say that picture would have remained, as if drawn with invisible ink, on the tablets of a mind that is too heedless to be very retentive of impressions. But the fire of circumstances has brought it forth, and—I appreciate its significance."

"Humph! My poor Claude, you are evidently losing your senses. This sudden news has affected your brain. But continue, if you have further imbecility to utter. I listen."

"Oh, mother, why do you force me to go on? And why—why . . . Mother, it is of no use. I *know* that I am Louis Vandeleur, and that he is Claude Stenhouse. He knows it too. Mother, *we remember changing names.*"

"What?" cried Marie, losing her self-possession at length, and quivering from head to foot as if from a galvanic shock. "What?"

"Perhaps that is rather too strong a form to put it in," pursued her son, "but we remember the time when it must have been done. I recollect playing on board the ship in which we came over from Canada, and stopping suddenly in our childish game to hold out my forefinger for Louis to bite because I had called him *Clayde* instead of Louis. And when I reminded him of it, mother, Louis remembered doing the same thing with me, holding out *his* forefinger to be bitten; and we have made it out that this was a punishment we had devised for mutually correcting a habit we had of confusing each other's names. Mother, do children, under ordinary circumstances, make mistakes about their own or their brothers' names? Do they need to resort to such curious expedients for correcting those mistakes?"

Madame returned to this interrogation no direct reply. During the course of her son's remarks, however, she had found time to conquer that sudden panic, and to take herself once more under control of her iron will. "Well," she asked, ignoring his question, and putting one in her turn, "have we got to an end of the folly now, or is there more?"

"There is more, mother, if you insist upon it. He—how am I to speak of him? . . . My brother recalls also something

now that we understand it, is as full of meaning, more so, indeed, than either of the circumstances I have just mentioned."

"Ah! Louis, likewise, has his interesting reminiscences? Well?"

"It is Claude who has compelled me to look back as far as I could to the beginning of my life," put in the younger of the two youths, with a deprecating glance at his questioner. "And . . . this is my earliest recollection. A large bare kitchen, with two doors opposite to each other, and you coming in at one of them, mother, and taking me away from a lady on whose knee I was seated, and who had been *crying over me*. The lady was very beautiful, and she wore a grey hat, with a long drooping feather. I cried, too, when you took me from her arms, I recollect, and I wanted to go back, because her lovely face had captivated my young heart. I don't know where that kitchen could have been; and I used to fancy I had either dreamed about the pretty lady, or that she must have been some one we had met in that boarding-house where you once told us we had gone on our arrival in England. But now I believe that the lady who cried over me was my mother. Claude has shown me her likeness, and I seem to recognise it."

"No doubt you do!" burst forth Madame, turning upon him a scathing glance of concentrated rage and aversion, "no doubt you do! Louis Vandeleur, you are a knave.—Claude Stenhouse, you are a fool," she went on, her unraised voice full of withering scorn. "You have always been a fool where he was concerned. As a child you would have given him your head to make a football of. Now you wish to relinquish everything to him. You let him carry away all the honours at college; you let him take from you the girl you both love; and, to crown all, you design to load him with your fortune, to abandon to him your rank and your title! It is all a wicked plot. You have devised it between you, between a simpleton who has no soul, no ambition for himself, and a selfish sneak who would willingly grasp all. But it shall not be! I tell you, it shall not be!"

Neither of the young men spoke as this war-cry was delivered, this gauntlet of defiance flung down at their unwilling feet.

"And what do you make of *me*?" resumed the little woman, in the same low but terrible tone. "Am *I*, Lady Brentwood, to be proved an impostor, a liar? Did you propose to yourselves, my brave young friends, to ruin my reputation? to blow up a mine under my feet? And, *Grand Dieu!* did you suppose that I should amely submit to it? Did you suppose that, even if your reminis-

cences had any value—which I deny—I should permit myself to be conquered by them? Bah! you are making a mistake, my boys, with your dreams and your recollections. But granting, for an instant, that what you fancy could be true, would you dare to oppose me? Attend now to what I say. Right or wrong, I stand to my word and my purpose, like a rock. Do not, my children, beat yourselves, as silly birds, against that rock."

The young men still remained silent. Marie glanced from one to the other. Then, in imperative accents, she commanded,—

"Claude, fetch me instantly those papers which I entrusted to you yesterday. You are not yet of age, and for the present they belong to me."

Claude did not stir. Louis, however (we speak of them still by the names they had respectively borne so many years), rose from his chair and flung himself eagerly at her feet.

"Mother," he implored, "let the whole thing drop, *do* let it drop! Claude will never take the Westaxon title or estates, because he knows they do not belong to him. I wish they did, with all my heart! He is worthy of them, or of anything in the way of position, though nothing of that sort could make him a greater or nobler fellow than he is. Ha! how glad I am that I know any one so true, so honest and good! I can never think badly of human nature whilst *he* lives to redeem it in my eyes, however shocked, or . . ." he paused abruptly, and resumed in confused haste: "But *I* do not want the earldom either. I could not claim it, because . . . because, as you say, it would involve injury to you, mother. So let me call you 'mother' still, and let us all try to forget this unfortunate affair. I wish to Heaven, as I said before, that the rights were Claude's. (Oh! how could you think that I should have wished to rob him of them if they had been?) But since they are not, I know that no earthly power can compel him to assume them. If you do not understand that, mother, you do not know him as well as I do." The young fellow looked up at the white averted face, with its mask of imperturbable composure, and went on with an effort,—

"Therefore there is nothing for it, you see, but to drop this revelation into the well of oblivion. *I* remain Louis Vandeleur to the end of the chapter, Claude keeps his name; and George Stenhouse succeeds to the title. (Poor boy, it would have been a shame to rob him of it!) Then there is no trouble, nor . . . nor exposure for any one. As for the property in Canada, mother, if Claude will not take that, I shall make it all over to you by a deed of gift, and then you can do as you please with it; and, of course, you will remember t

he is your elder son. Oh, mother, will you not consent to this arrangement?" he urged, extending his hands to her with a pleading gesture. "For all our sakes?"

By nature Madame was neither a vindictive nor a cruel woman. If she hated any one in the world, it was this youth, whom she had planned to defraud almost from his cradle. But even against him, so long as he had not presented himself in the light of an intractable obstacle in her path, she had nourished no positive malice. This evening, however, her latent aversion had developed into active enmity, and she had resolved that it should be "war to the knife" between them. Nevertheless she felt a little touched by his present generous outburst. She turned to regard him with a somewhat softened countenance, whilst taking a rapid mental review of his proposals. If the worst came to the worst, by accepting those proposals (she knew them to be perfectly sincere) she could, at all events, place herself in safety from the storm of wholly unexpected danger which was lowering so darkly overhead. As a matter of course, she would not give up until the last moment; but if in the end she should be compelled to relinquish her long-cherished designs (which would be like tearing the heart out of her bosom), if she must abandon her proud dreams of securing a coronet for her son, at least she would be saved the double defeat of seeing that coronet on the head of this boy, whom she hated for outrivalling him. At least, again, she would be saved from that other almost inconceivable horror which seemed to menace her, that something that meant disgrace and ruin to herself, Marie, Lady Brentwood! Ah! surely that was an incredible, an impossible contingency?

"Louis," she said at the end of a few seconds, during which these reflections had passed through her mind, "you are a good boy, you mean well. Rise and resume your seat; then I will speak to you."

"Yes, Louis, get up!" broke in Claude, rising at the same moment from his own chair. "But, mother, let *me* speak. I have that to say which will settle this matter once for all." As he spoke, he planted himself full in front of her, on the skin mat, with his back to the fire, and folded his arms. Lady Brentwood stared at him, and, for the first time in her life, she quailed beneath the power of a human eye, as she had so often seen others quail beneath the power of hers. Standing there, drawn to his full height, her son seemed to have grown taller as well as older. His attitude had a dauntless, though not aggressive aspect, and his face was as full of dogged

resolution, indomitable courage as ever his mother's had been. All at once the lioness recognised that her cub partook of her own nature, in one respect at least.

"Look here, this is what I have to say," he resumed: "at whatever hazard, at whatever issue as respects consequences, *right shall be done*. The Westaxon title and estate and the Canadian property all belong to Claude Stenhouse, and Claude Stenhouse shall have them. We will not accept his quixotic offer of self-sacrifice, mother; you and I, his chivalrous renunciation of his own claims on our behalf. That point is settled. If I die for it, the truth shall be told. But, mother, if possible, *you* must be spared," he went on in a different tone, and with the hot colour of honest shame again mounting to the very roots of his hair. "You are clever and inventive, and perhaps you can find a way of accounting for the fact that you have changed our names and misled us about our ages. For Louis (I must keep on calling you so at present, old fellow) Louis, of course, mother, must be the age you have caused me to believe myself to be. If you can see a way out of this difficulty, I shall be unutterably thankful. But to me . . . to me it seems as if there *could* be no way."

"And in that case," panted Marie, "you sacrifice *me* to *him*—eh?"

"I sacrifice everything, no matter what, to the right, mother—to justice and honour," rejoined her son.

Lady Brentwood covered her face with her hands to think for a moment.

When she dropped them she had regained her nerve, and something of her wonted dignity.

"My children," she said, "you have taken up a false idea; but I see that you are so madly possessed by it, that, for this evening at any rate, it would be useless for me to attempt to prove its falsity. I *shall* prove it, however, and I only ask you to give me time to do so. I ask you to promise solemnly that for one week—just one week from to-night—you will do nothing and say nothing about this affair—that you will not even speak of it between yourselves. Will you promise me that?"

"I will, certainly!" exclaimed Louis. "And I hope—I hope, from the bottom of my soul, that you may hit upon some plan for getting us all out of this miserable hobble."

"I promise also, mother," added the other, after a short pause devoted to reflection. "A week will not signify, one way or other, in Louis' interests."

"Then leave me now," she commanded. "Go down to Sir Job"

and make some excuse for my absence. I will follow you very shortly—in a few minutes."

"Merciful Heaven!" Directly she was alone Marie threw herself upon a couch and pressed her hands with a wild, despairing gesture against her temples. "Merciful Heaven, help me!" she murmured. "Unless I find a way of escape from this gulf of horror, I must go mad! If I could have foreseen it—if only I could have foreseen it! That *he* should be the one to defeat me—he, my son, for whom I have done it all! Truly, this is a thunderbolt from the clouds. But I will *not* lose my senses. I will *not* be defeated. I will discover a way to conquer *yet*!"

That night Claude Vandeleur awoke from his first sleep to find a small figure in a dressing-gown standing by his bedside with a light in her hand. "Claude, my darling, where are those papers?" demanded a gentle voice.

"Under my pillow, mother," answered a firm one. "And to-morrow they will be taken out of the house and deposited in a place of safety."

"Claude, is it possible that you mean to resist your mother?"

It *was* possible, for he did it. Poor Madame, driven to desperation, tried, by turns, temptations glowing and sweet, smiles and flatteries, cajoleries and threats. All to no purpose. It was an hour of terrible trial—so terrible that through all his future life the young man never lost the bitter memory of it—that midnight hour when the mother whom he had so deeply loved, as well as feared, sat on his bed and tempted him with visions of wealth, honour, power, *love*; tempted him through his ambition and his passion for Madeline Stenhouse, and through his consideration for herself, his mother, to join in the conspiracy which, with his co-operation, might still be sure of success. But the temptation did not prevail. Claude Vandeleur proved incorruptible.

Mother and son desisted at length from the combat, both utterly exhausted, and the former went away conscious that she had played the only trump-card that remained in her hand, and had lost it!

But there was still a week. What would that week bring forth? And how, if defeat were indeed to be her doom—defeat at this moment, when victory had seemed so assured—how would Madame meet it?

(To be continued.)

SOCIALISM AND ITS DIVERSIONS.

SOcialism is neither a new craze, as some of its opponents assert, nor a new revelation, as some of its apostles would have us believe. It is, if not as old as the hills, or even as old as mankind, at least as old as civilisation. So soon as any group of men in remote ages, outgrowing the limits of family life, learnt the expediency of living together in friendship, the need arose of rules for social organisation and mutual subjection to the common interest. The need was, to some extent, met by those communal institutions among primitive races about which Sir Henry Maine and others have written very learnedly and instructively, and of which traces—more or less confused and perverted—exist nearly everywhere to this day. And if, from the earliest times of which we have record, the boldest and most aggressive tribes and races were so busy in extending their sway over other tribes and races that the necessity for developing schemes of peaceable and orderly living among themselves was postponed, the necessity still existed, and efforts to meet it were not wanting. We find indications of this inevitable tendency in the traditions and literature of every ancient community about which we know anything, and Plato's "Republic," though the completest, is but one among many of old-world socialistic plans. With whatever notions of interdependent life among its members the bolder and more aggressive tribes or races that forced their ways through regions and centuries may have started, and however they may seem to have strayed from the original simplicity with which they began, yet this original simplicity, or some expansion or distortion of it, became an ideal, and thoughtful men, like Plato and a crowd of others, did little more than strive to bring back and build up again the old ideal.

The history of all civilisation, then, includes, as an essential item, the history of Socialism, and this is especially the case with the various nations that have come under the influence of Christianity. Apart from its theological tenets, the whole genius of Christianity is socialistic or communistic, and not a few of those theological tenets mainly served to emphasise the socialistic or communistic

of the early Christians. Into the Church, becoming militant and tyrannical perforce, and making many compromises with the militant and tyrannical organisations that it encountered, divers abuses crept. But there has been no age of the Church in which some of its worthiest men have not sought, by reverting to the ideal, to crush or check those abuses. "The rich are robbers," wrote St. Chrysostom; "all things should be in common." "Nature created community," wrote St. Ambrose; "private property is the offspring of usurpation." "In strict justice everything should belong to all," wrote St. Clement; "iniquity alone has created private property." And so all through the generations, and with popular as well as with sacerdotal reformers. The Jacquerie in France and Lollardism in England, such writings as "The Vision of Piers the Plowman," and such preachings as John Bale's, are but efforts, vague enough and faulty enough without doubt, but real and earnest, to bring back and build up again the Socialist ideal.

"God made man upright; but they sought out many inventions." Modern intelligence has given to the text a new reading, which neither the most bigoted theologian nor the most rigid Socialist attempts to controvert. Most of the inventions that mankind has sought out have been vastly to its advantage, even though some, or many, or all of them, may have brought harm as well as benefit in their train; and although not a few—from the invention of darts and arrows down to the invention of dynamite—may, for some time after their disclosure, have seemed to be overwhelmingly mischievous. None of us would like to go back to the rude savage life of our remote forefathers, or to the Garden of Eden—if we could find it. We should feel ourselves poor indeed without our steam-engines, and other appliances of civilisation; and we should be very uncomfortable indeed if we were as devoid of clothing as were our "first parents," or even if we had nothing warmer and seemlier to cover us than the fig-leaves that Eve was prompted by the serpent to string together. The processes of evolution—whether we start from such very crude beginnings as Darwin indicated, or whether we date our researches only from the primitive bases of human development to which Mr. Herbert Spencer and others refer us—are of a nature that Socialists have as little reason to complain of as to refuse credence to; and the author of "The Earthly Paradise," who spent much of his early leisure in sweet singing about Greek myths and those phases of old-world life in which he then delighted, and who now devotes the leisure of middle age to the writing of Socialist chants and to fierce advocacy of Socialism, as he understands it—

would be no more willing than any one else to have us thrown back into the age of unæsthetic barbarism, or even into the æsthetic surroundings of Mediterranean existence as it is imagined to have been some two dozen centuries ago.

The avowed Socialists are, for the most part, evolutionists like the rest of us. They accept all that they find good in the triumphs slowly and laboriously won by civilisation from the first ages till now, and they adapt their socialistic ideal thereto. No one can blame them for that. Such blame as they seem fairly open to will be stated presently.

It was said in the commencement of this paper that Socialism is as old as civilisation. It may also be said that its complete ideal, rightly set forth, is one that all who enjoy the fruits of civilisation, and who desire those fruits to issue in seeds and blossoms and other fruits, must be substantially agreed about. All poets, all philosophers, all men of science, and all whose sympathies with humanity at large are real, however faulty may be their utterance of them, are substantially of one mind here. The ideal is nothing more nor less than the perfection of civilisation, the realisation of a heaven upon earth which, whether or not any other heaven can be reached hereafter, will be as heavenly as any earthlings can hope for.

According to this ideal, which all of us may share and few can quarrel with, the time will come, and must be striven after till it does come, when every living person will be as happy as it is possible for him or her to be; when every child born into the world will be healthy in mind and body, and will have healthy and ennobling surroundings all through the years of up-bringing, all the mental and bodily faculties being developed to the utmost, and an in every way auspicious training time being followed by a no less auspicious start in the serious work of life, when that work in life will be never too serious and never irksome, men and women alike taking the shares they are best fitted for, and contributing no more toil than is necessary for the enjoyment of each and all under the simplest conditions of refined happiness and in a perfect harmony of individual independence with mutual combination for the good of all; when there will be no capitalists, no middlemen, no rent-taking, and no interest-drawing, and if there is any wage paying, only such wage as is a due and full equivalent for the portion of work done, which shall be measured by the exigencies of the community, and shall be so assessed and paid for as to leave no margin of profit to any but the actual workers; when all tasks, the most menial and the most dignified, will be so agreeable and so cheerfully undertaken as to be no tasks at all, or, if

still irksome in any way, so evenly distributed that none can be aggrieved at having to do his share ; when, evil being eradicated along with every other disease, by proper nurture and education, there will be no crime, no need for harsh administration of justice, and no other machinery of government than that which is voluntarily and gladly appointed in the truest democracy that can be devised ; when, purity and honesty being the universal rule, there will be no occasion for marriage laws or any interference with altogether natural developments of family life ; and, finally, when the old and infirm will be cared for, like the young and feeble, by the community at large, and death will be as entirely freed from its terrors as birth was freed from its risks. Truly a millennium, or something better than any millennium ever portrayed for us in any inspired apocalypse ! Yet a dream worth dreaming, and an ideal worth aiming at.

Modern Socialists, of course, differ from one another as to particular details in the future they look forward to, just as they differ from older Socialists, and as those older Socialists also differed from one another. Fancies can only be elaborated out of facts, and, though our imagination is not bounded by our knowledge, it is limited to its radiations. To-day's ideal cannot be the same as yesterday's, nor can mine be identical with yours. This reflection should make both you and me tolerant of other people's disagreements with us, and should warn all of us that fresh ideals, to-morrow and afterwards, may supersede to-day's, just as to-day's have superseded yesterday's. But, broadly stated, the views epitomised above are the views of most modern Socialists, and few enthusiastic schemers after the perfection of humanity will materially dissent from them. Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Swinburne substantially endorse them, as well as Mr. William Morris, among the poets, and political economists of the school of Mill and Cairnes, and disciples of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Carlyle, and George Eliot, no less than Mr. Ruskin and his followers. How, then, is it that any one can have much or anything to say against the Socialists ?

That question brings us to the considerations which it is the purpose of this paper briefly to point out. There are hundreds of persons who are Socialists, so far as the adoption or toleration of the Socialistic ideal is concerned, for every one who consents to join with the avowed Socialists in their plans or professions for aiming at their ideal. Why so ? Because, however excellent their ideal, and however worthy their intentions may be, the avowed Socialists seem to outsiders to go quite astray in their projects for realising it. Socialism is a beautiful thing, but the methods chosen for making

the ideal a reality, or in any way approaching thereto, appear to be for the most part unwise diversions, often amiable, but oftener mischievous, and always illogical.

Modern Socialism—or Communism as it then usually called itself, and as that form of it is still styled, in order to separate it from the younger and more vigorous growth—began to be a creed or a religion in France barely a century ago. Rousseau, and the other intellectual rebels who helped on the Revolution of 1789, by their words, if not by their acts, were its pioneers, and it took shape, albeit vague and various, under the guidance of men like the Abbé Fauchet, Saint-Just, and Joubert. The downfall of the First Republic wrecked the schemes of those who hoped to raise France by one jerk from the degradation of an effete feudalism into a paradise of "liberty, equality, and fraternity"; but it left many heroic malcontents to work out divers schemes of social regeneration, whence ensued phalansteries and experiments of all sorts, not only in France, but in England, and yet more in the United States. Robert Owen's Harmony Hall furnishes an example with which many Englishmen are familiar; and though Harmony Hall soon failed, and Owen's "Book of the New Moral World" has hardly any readers now, the wisdom involved in his fallacies has largely influenced not a few of the philanthropic movements of the past half century.

Neither Robert Owen, nor such French prophets and apostles of Socialism as Proudhon, Saint Simon, and Fourier, nor such German imitators of them as Weitling and Albrecht, however, are recognised as leaders of the Socialistic movement which, in separate and often conflicting currents, is now in progress. "Socialism is dead," wrote Louis Reybaud in 1853. "To speak of it is to pronounce its funeral oration." It had to be revived by Rodbertus-Jagetzow and his famous interpreters and continuators, Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle. It is to these two chief exponents of German Socialism that the various English schools look for guidance and inspiration, though many of them, unable to read the German texts, and not enlightened by such hazy paraphrases and commentaries as Mr. Hyndman and others offer them, are now welcoming the lucid boldness of the newest and cleverest treatise within their reach, "The Co-operative Commonwealth" of Mr. Laurence Gronlund, an American Socialist. Mr. Gronlund takes his political economy, such as it is, chiefly from Marx's development of the teachings of Rodbertus, and joins with it much ethical speculation, such as it is, drawn from Lassalle, who was much more than a theoriser in economics, as well as from other precursors.

But this brief reference to the literature of Socialism is by the way. It would be idle here, and foreign to the purpose of this paper, to attempt any detailed review of it. All that need be attempted is to specify roughly, but it is to be hoped not unfairly, some of the most notable diversions of the new religion—using the term “diversions” in both its dictionary senses. A diversion may be either a serious, and perhaps mischievous, turning aside from the safe and proper pathway between a beautiful ideal and its realisation; or it may be mere playing with a subject, more or less harmless, and perhaps even commendable, but only pastime for all that.

It is not too much to say that, in England at any rate, the vast majority of people who call themselves Socialists make little more than a plaything of their Socialism. Whether the avowed English Socialists number ten or fifty or a hundred thousand—and even friendly estimates vary between these figures—it may be safely asserted that not more than a hundred of them have ever read a line of Karl Marx's “*Das Kapital*,” that being a very heavy piece of reading with which the critics who condemn it are much more familiar than the disciples who claim it as their gospel; while the great bulk of them know hardly anything more of Ferdinand Lassalle than is contained in the pathetic record of his blighted life, or in the somewhat cruel exaggeration of it in Mr. George Meredith's “*Tragic Comedians*.” Mr. Hyndman, of course, they try to understand through his books and pamphlets, and they obtain weekly or monthly doses of diluted Socialism from *Justice*, the *Commonweal*, *To-day*, and other periodicals. Moreover, there are plenty of other volumes besides Mr. Gronlund's “*Co-operative Commonwealth*” for them to study if they choose; but most of them do not choose. They find it easier to talk Socialism, more or less prettily, or more or less angrily, but always vaguely, in drawing-rooms, public house parlours, and elsewhere, and to make it the pastime of their spare week-day evenings and Sunday afternoons, than to adopt it as their study or the business of their lives.

These English players with Socialism are too closely mixed up with one another, either as friends or as foes, or as both by turns, to be separated into distinct classes or clusters; but they may for convenience be spoken of under four groups, as the Scientific Socialists, the Christian Socialists, the *Æsthetic* Socialists, and the Anarchic Socialists.

The Scientific Socialists are those who regard Karl Marx, whether they have ever read him or not, as the greatest political economist who ever lived. Karl Marx, of course, is a guide and prophet to a

great many, in and out of England, who do not follow him in some respects, and who go beyond him in others ; but "Das Kapital" is especially the text-book of those who claim to discuss and to develop scientifically the principles of Socialism. "Das Kapital" is a treatise not easy to refute. Starting with the economical truths or truisms propounded by Adam Smith, Ricardo, and other approved economists, Marx insisted that, labour being the only standard of value, all the produce of labour ought to belong to the labourer. There should be no "surplus value" taken, under the guise of interest, rent, profit, or what not, from its rightful owner the labourer, and wrongfully appropriated by any one else known as a capitalist. Capital is but the accumulation of so much wealth as has been filched or forced by fraud or tyranny from the inadequately paid labourer, "it is dead labour, which can revive only by sucking, vampire-like, the blood of living labour, which lives and thrives with all the more vigour the more blood it absorbs." "Hence we find," said Marx, "that the accumulation of wealth at one pole of society advances step by step with an accumulation at the other pole of poverty, servitude, and moral degradation of the class which, out of its produce, brings capital into existence."

Marx was fond of spicing his logic with bold rhetoric, and in his efforts to give mathematical precision to his scheme, he assumed as fact much that cannot be proved ; and more than that, he vitiated his whole problem for practical purposes by shutting his eyes to realities which, however obnoxious they may be, must be dealt with as realities until they can be abolished. It may be that, in an ideal state of society, there will and should be no class of capitalists opposed to the class of labourers—no classes at all, indeed ; and if capital of any sort, only such capital as is worthily applied by the community at large for the joint benefit of all its individuals. But the whole ideal must be achieved before any portion of it can be other than visionary and untrustworthy. Marx's contention that the capitalist *régime* has only existed in Europe for some three hundred years is in the nature of a quibble, for the feudal landlords, the trading guilds, the monastic organisations, the courtly sycophants, and so forth of the middle ages were, in truth, quite as much capitalists as are the great merchants and manufacturers, the wealthy bondholders, and the prosperous middlemen of the present day ; and however unjust may be the treatment of the labouring classes now, they fare much better than did their predecessors in former centuries. Capital may or may not be a curse to be got rid of hereafter, but it has been a blessing as well as a curse hitherto ; and in any case the only

possible method of getting rid of it or of making it solely a blessing to profit by experience, and, step by step, to work out the reforms by which, if anyhow, our ideal is to be reached. Even Socialists must take the world as they find it, if they really want to mend it; and Marx, in his calm moments, freely acknowledged this. "From my point of view," he said, "according to which the evolution of the economic system of society may be likened to the evolution of nature, the individual cannot be held responsible for social conditions, whose creature he must remain, however he may strive to free himself from them." Again, "Even when a community has succeeded in discovering the course of the natural law that regulates its advance, it can neither avoid the phases of its natural development nor abolish them by decree, but it can somewhat abridge their periods and diminish the evils that come in their train."

If Karl Marx had always held the discreet opinion just quoted, and if his followers would now abide by it, the Marxian school would have few opponents, and might count its adherents by hundreds of thousands. But the Scientific Socialists are not satisfied with doctrines and propagandist methods in which there would be no fundamental difference, whatever might be the divergencies in detail, between them and the pupils of such other pioneers of social reform, themselves widely divergent in detail, as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. In their ostensible anxiety to rush at once towards their ideal, they stumble and fall grotesquely and pitifully in their everyday occupations.

To those who apprehend the wisdom that was combined with the errors in Karl Marx's teaching, it is a spectacle too sad for laughter which is offered nowadays by the Scientific Socialists in their frivolous quarrelling with one another, as well as with all who stand aside from the quarrel. The comical conditions under which, less than a year ago, the Socialist League broke off from the Social Democratic Federation that till then had been the acknowledged representative of Marx's policy in England, are known to many. Before that, however, the Social Democratic Federation had quarrelled with Mr. Henry George and other more or less violent champions of land nationalisation and other projects, wise or foolish, practicable or impracticable, for approaching the end which all the agitators were presumably anxious to reach. Had Mr. Hyndman and his friends understood their opportunity, and been as competent as we must suppose that they were anxious, to make Scientific Socialism a power in England, they might have made, two or three years ago, a start in a crusade which, thus started and prudently carried out, would even already have been formidable instead of contemptible.

But a more notable instance and warning occurred a few years earlier. The International Working Men's Association, crudely projected by Karl Marx and others as far back as 1847, first took shape in London in 1864, when George Odger and many other prominent champions of working class interests, and Professor Beesly and other influential outsiders, joined with delegates from France, Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries, in planning an organisation, thoroughly socialistic in its tendencies, for revolutionising the whole of Europe. The International was never strong enough to justify the alarm that its name stirred up; but, had it worked in the lines on which it started, it might have secured for millions of foreign working men similar benefits to those that English working men had gained by their trades unions, and might have anticipated and greatly surpassed the work that is now being done by its modest offshoot, the Workmen's Peace Association, whose secretary and moving spirit is Mr. Cremer, the original secretary of the International. But Karl Marx was the moving spirit of the International, and under his guidance—social reformer and economist though he was—it was quickly diverted from economical into political channels, and made an instrument for abortive revolutionary efforts instead of fruitful schemes of reformation. Sober Englishmen, and many foreigners as well, had withdrawn from it, but Karl Marx had continued and came to be more than ever its leader, before its exploits culminated in the Paris Commune of 1871—an outburst of lawless patriotism which diverse critics will judge diversely, though there cannot be much difference of opinion as to the merits or demerits of the cold, calculating theorist who managed or mismanaged it from his cosy study on Haverstock Hill.

As I saw a good deal of Karl Marx about that time, and had somewhat exceptional opportunities for checking his theories by his practice, I may be allowed here to interpolate a small anecdote, which seems to illustrate not only his character but much of the infirmity of the school of Scientific Socialists founded by him. On my asking him one day why he had sent to me, with a very complimentary letter of introduction, one of his hangers-on, who may be called Mr. Blank, he frankly replied, "Mr. Blank is a very great fool, but he is a very good tool." Whether fool or not, Mr. Blank, when he ceased to have employment as Karl Marx's tool, passed into the employment of other politicians, first Whigs and afterwards Tories.

The Christian Socialists have some excuse for standing aloof from, or not fraternising very closely with, the Scientific Socialists,

especially as they claim to be an older organisation. Christian Socialism, as a distinct movement in England, dates from 1848, when Charles Kingsley, Frederick Denison Maurice, and others, started a newspaper organ, began to issue tracts, and did other useful and useless work, being prompted thereto partly by sympathy with the Chartists and partly by hatred of what Kingsley called the "narrow, conceited, hypocritical, anarchic, and atheistic scheme of the universe," put forward or implied in the policy of the Manchester School. "*Alton Locke*" was a vigorous presentment, in the form of fiction, of the views of these Christian Socialists; and if they failed to take the world by storm, it was not through lack of eloquent literature or forcible preaching. Their influence has not died out, though the body which now purports to represent them is only an insignificant and pretentious clique, styling itself the Guild of St. Matthew, with about half a hundred clerical and about a hundred lay members. The views put forward by Kingsley and Maurice are held, with more or less clearness and more or less zeal, by vast numbers of the clergy, whether of the Broad Church or of the High Church, and by not a few Nonconformist ministers and their flocks. They have issued in a distinct cult at the universities, and find practical expression in such schemes as that of Toynbee Hall, in Whitechapel.

Whether we think them overwise or not, we have no right to speak disrespectfully of the Christian Socialists, and of the multitude of zealous or well-meaning men and women who, not calling themselves by that name, are more or less guided by the sentiments or convictions of which the Guild of St. Matthew now undertakes to be the chief interpreter. Whether or not they accept the teachings of Karl Marx as scientifically true, and of solid value, they base their creed on something more than science, and, in their opinion, of far greater importance than any scientific deductions. They point to the precept and example of the Founder of Christianity, who denounced the money-changers in the Temple, and rich and greedy people everywhere, who taught communism in its simplest form, and, while bidding His followers "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and when smitten on the one cheek, turn the other cheek also to the smiter, laid down clear broad rules of justice for the mutual advantage of all persons alike. Having actual experience to quote—that is, on the assumption that the records of early Christianity are authentic history—the Christian Socialists are on smoother ground of argument than the Scientific Socialists; and to those who question the possibility of a heaven on earth or anywhere else being attained by natural processes, they are able to suggest supernatural

expedients. This makes the work of proselytising easier for the Christian Socialists than for some others, and, with all respect for its apostles and their mission, it must be avowed that their doctrines are in as convenient agreement with the sacerdotalism that some people regard as a pernicious outgrowth of Christianity, as with the communistic ideas that were part of its conception. The Christian Socialists condemn hierarchies—only the other day I heard a clergyman of the Church of England sneer at his bishops and archbishops in terms that made me wonder how he could reconcile it with his conscience to wear the same cloth with them—and promise a revival of the unofficial pastorates of the first Christian generation; but they assume a spiritual supremacy, which is the kernel of sacerdotalism, and in these days of threatened disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, those who desire its maintenance as a beneficent and powerful institution may well encourage the development of Christian Socialism on the score of worldly prudence no less than of ideal justice.

The exact position and limits of Christian Socialism are hard to define, but it is yet harder to give a definition of *Æsthetic Socialism*. That the thing exists, however, and is a distinct and active force in modern opinion, especially in England, must be apparent to every one. It may be said to have begun, at any rate in its modern shape, with Mr. Ruskin, though in Mr. William Morris it has its foremost exponent. In his graceful and seductive essay or lecture, "Art and Socialism," Mr. Morris says, "It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious." That is an aspiration after something nobler and happier than the lotus-eater's dream, more exalted than the Nirvana of Buddha. To the prosaic ideal of the Scientific Socialists it adds a poetic charm, and there is a refinement about it which is wanting in the Christian Socialist's scheme of rigid duty. It is easy to see how this *Æsthetic Socialism*, if so it may be termed, has branched off from Christian Socialism and allied itself, without subservience or agreement in all respects, with Scientific Socialism. Poets and painters, and many of like mind with them who know not how to string rhymes or to handle a brush, instinct with love and longing for beauty in all its forms and hues, resent the ugliness in the world, and in a mood of "divine discontent" seek to make things better. It is one token out of many that the world is mending more than they think, that, with the spread of æsthetic tastes, and of the dainty judgment

attempt to suggest remedies for the evils of society, they show that they are only visionary theorists whose nostrums are altogether unworkable. Mr. Morris, or at any rate the Socialist League of which he is the founder and leader, is of opinion that if the whole existing arrangements of "so called civilisation" can be overturned if "the land, the capital, the machinery, factories, workshops, stores, means of transit, mines, banking, all means of production and distribution of wealth," can be made "the common property of all"—"every man will then receive the full value of his labour without deduction for the profit of a master, and, as all will have to work, and the work now incurred by the pursuit of profit will be at an end, the amount of labour necessary for every individual to perform, in order to carry on the essential work of the world, will be reduced to something like two or three hours daily, so that every one will have abundant leisure for following intellectual or other pursuits congenial to his nature." But we are not told how that wonderful result is to be achieved; what grounds there are for supposing that—in such a crowded country as England, for instance—two or three hours' work a day by each person will suffice for his maintenance; what method shall be adopted in a community without rulers for obliging each person to do his fair share of work, or to make no pernicious use of his "abundant leisure," or anything else that can induce reasonable men and women to give a moment's serious thought to their project. The *Æsthetic Socialists* are amiable enthusiasts and beautiful dreamers, but towards the realisation of their dream they offer us nothing better than a ladder of cobwebs.

In truth, however, in so far as there is any logic in *Æsthetic Socialism*, it is the logic of *Anarchic Socialism*. The Socialist League, which has Mr. Morris at its head and some prominent disciples of Karl Marx on its council of twenty, appears to affect rather the policy of Michael Bakounin, Marx's sometime comrade and afterwards great rival, than that of Marx himself; while the Social-Democratic Federation, which still accepts the leadership of Mr. Hyndman, its founder, has taken a good deal more than its name from Bakounin, who organised the Alliance of Socialist Democracy in 1869, and who is regarded as the great apostle of Russian Nihilism, and of the less formidable Anarchism of France and other continental countries. There is, of course, no counterpart in England to the Nihilist or Anarchist movements in Russia or other parts of Europe. A very few Englishmen, associated with foreign refugees in England, call themselves Anarchists, and there are not many English Socialists who are not sympathisers with, and

apologists for, the Nihilists ; but, happily, the conditions of political life in our country, as well as the temperaments of even the boldest revolutionists among us, afford little room here even for burlesquing the incendiary violence which frightens despots and disturbs autocratic governments abroad. For all that, there is a phase of Socialism in England, neither trivial nor merely ludicrous, which may be called anarchical. The whole purpose and effort of Socialism, indeed, in England as well as elsewhere, whenever it goes beyond peaceable argument, or appeal without argument, for a reform of existing laws and social institutions, is essentially anarchical; every intentional breaking of the laws of the land or wilful violation of its social institutions, however slight or, it may be, justifiable, being a step in the direction of anarchy.

A memorable instance of this has occurred within the past few weeks, when, after a series of harsh dealings by the police and one of the magistrâtes in the East end of London with certain members of the Social Democratic Federation, all the schools of Socialists forgot their jealousies for the moment and banded together in forcible assertion of their claim to convene and address public meetings in the open street. "The Dod Street victory," as it was called, was a real and praiseworthy victory, won by Radical working men as well as by Socialists, in the interests of the public at large, over reckless or malicious officials who had stretched too far their authority, and thus perpetrated some paltry tyranny, which, had it been allowed to become a precedent instead of being promptly and effectively rebuked, might have had serious consequences ; but none the less was it anarchist in its character, and of a sort that, if it had happened in Moscow or St. Petersburg, or even in Lyons or Paris, might have caused some hundreds of victims to be imprisoned for years.

There is no risk of Anarchical Socialism ever becoming a serious danger in England. The Socialists are not numerous enough to indulge in perilous law-breaking, and the temptations to law-breaking by any but offenders who will deserve and will obtain ready punishment for their offences, are too few and slight. So it is, at any rate, as regards political affairs. Whatever may be the extent and strength of Socialism in this country, it has not many followers among the "workers" to whom its apostles appeal in fervid prose and verse. The great body of the English working classes have found that, by means of trades-unionism and the like, they can so much better promote their individual and class interests than by accepting as guides Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Morris, or any of the other champions of Socialism, that almost to a man they hold aloof from the movement. Its rank

and file, as well as its commanding officers, are drawn almost entirely from the middle classes, and consist of men and women of high culture or of little or no culture, who may be in earnest, or may think themselves in earnest, about it, but to whom, as I have already said, it is seldom much more than a pastime. If such people choose to be law-breakers at all, their law-breaking is generally of a sort with which it is not easy or may not be wise to interfere, and which is generally best dealt with by being let alone, so as not to afford them the notoriety they covet.

Of the few members of the working classes who profess themselves Socialists it cannot be denied that the majority do so because, through misfortunes for which they may or may not be responsible, they have not prospered as well as their fellows in the struggle for existence. It is the same with a good many of the middle-class Socialists. Lord Beaconsfield's description of critics as "men who have failed in literature or art," may be paraphrased as regards some enterprising Socialists. They have not succeeded so well as they hoped as merchants or shopkeepers, lawyers or clergymen, school-teachers, journalists, political agitators, or what not; so they have taken to Socialism as a line of business in which they can get themselves talked about, if nothing else. This much can be said without in any way disparaging the great number of honest enthusiasts and estimable men and women who belong to or are in sympathy with the various Socialist cliques; nor is there any harm in calling attention to a significant item in the programme of Mr. Morris's League, as it is pertinent to a noteworthy form of law-breaking which many Socialists—in this, if in no other particular, anarchists of a kind take credit for. As one of the great benefits to society that would come from "the complete social revolution" to be aimed at, we are told, "our modern bourgeois property-marriage, maintained as it is by its necessary complement, universal venal prostitution, would give place to kindly and human relations." Some of the Socialists, who at present only offer a theoretical opposition to the accumulation of capital, the earning of wage, the receiving of rent, and other vices now sanctioned by the law, anticipate the millennium they look for by setting up a law for themselves as regards "kindly and human relations between the sexes." In all such concerns the public has no right to pry into private arrangements, but Socialists should remember that they thus discredit the cause they champion. Would-be reformers, like *Cæsar's wife*, should be above suspicion.

Phalansteries are now out of vogue. Every phalanstery ever started has failed ignominiously, and the Socialists have wisely

refrained from making fresh experiments in that way. The proved futility of any efforts of a small body of enthusiasts, like the associates in Robert Owen's Harmony Hall, to live together in a compact colony or conventual arrangement, where they could frame rules for themselves in accordance with the principles they all professed, and where they might be expected to work amicably and without hindrance for their mutual advantage and the common good, may be taken as evidence that, however admirable may be the Socialist ideal, its attainment is not easy, and, at best, can only be reached by slow stages. The Socialists themselves, on all hands, now admit that they must temporise, and content themselves with securing, step by step, if they can, the objects they have at heart. This is prudent, if somewhat undignified ; but the lack of dignity is chiefly shown in the uncertainties and contradictions of their action and teaching. No one can blame Socialists of different schools for pursuing methods different from one another—some for making whatever they can of Karl Marx's economic theories, others for attempting to revive the original plan of Christianity, others for indulging in æsthetic dreams and hopes, and others, again, if their anarchism is kept under restraint, for being simply rebels against the existing order of things. But they should be consistent, whatever they are, and within whatever opportunist limits they think right and expedient. In other words, assuming that they know what sort of an ideal they set before themselves, they should adopt systematic and coherent ways and means for approaching it.

This they hardly do. Though they profess to follow, in the main, the economic guidance of Karl Marx, with more or less addition or alteration, there are wide divergencies of opinion and interminable quarrels among them about details, and much more than details. Their great theoretical controversy is as to the relative merits or demerits, practicabilities or impracticabilities, of collectivism and individualism ; the individualists barely admitting that any check whatever should be put, for the protection or assistance of his neighbours, upon each individual's claim to do just as he likes ; the collectivists barely denying that the ideal state they propose to set up will be a despotism more overwhelming and comprehensive than any autocrat or knot of bureaucrats has ever been able to procure or maintain. And, in England if not abroad, the collectivists being by far the more numerous and influential of the two factions, their chief occupation is in disputing as to the attitude to be taken up towards such collectivist machinery as already is in existence. Here, for the most part, their attitude is antagonism to everything that might help

on their movement. They reject trades unionism as an "aristocracy of labour," which, subservient now to the capitalist, is considered to aim at nothing but the aggrandisement of its fortunate and selfish members at the expense of the great mass of the labouring population. They regard such an advanced plan of land nationalisation as is advocated in "Progress and Poverty" as "tilting at windmills," and sneer at Mr. Henry George as "a typical middle-class reformer, believing in the virtues of free contract and competition." All schemes of co-operation among working men, or between workmen and employers, for production and distribution, they treat with scorn; and nearly all other practical efforts that are being made for the amelioration of society under its present conditions are condemned by them as so many pernicious schemes for diverting public attention from the real work of revolution to be done. Revolution, in fact, not reformation, is what they insist upon; and, zealous as they are in the presentment of their ideals, they trouble themselves little or not at all with thought as to whether any solid good, or anything but general disturbance, is to come of the revolution they talk glibly about.

It cannot be said, however, that the Socialists are doing no good work. They are few in numbers and vague of purpose, but they are an outgrowth of the general social movement that is now in progress, and much more important than the proverbial fly on the wheel. They render service to the community by opening the eyes of many who are not misled by their extravagancies to the existence of great evils in society, and to the need of redressing them. Let this be set to their credit. On the other hand, those who gladly honour all that is honest in their enthusiasm must not forget that they are assisting in a political game with which, when it is ended, and if it is ended as its chief players wish, neither they nor other Radicals are likely to be pleased. We saw not many years ago how a clever political adventurer like Louis Napoleon was able to divert or pervert the Socialistic tendencies of his day towards the building up of the Third Empire in France. We see how at the present time an astute statesman like Prince Bismarck is making use of German Socialism to prop up the huge despotism which he presides over. And those who are discerning may see through the lines of policy now adopted by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and those who with him are endeavouring to make the term Radicalism interchangeable with State Socialism, as well as by Lord Randolph Churchill and other orators of Tory Democracy, with a view to obtaining at the next general election the sanction of the n

projects which may have least welcome results to those who hope most from them, and may prove acceptable only to those who dread them. It is an infirmity of democracy that it sometimes encourages demagogues, and it is not a new thing in the history of Socialistic movements for them to issue in tyrannies.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

POETS' REPTILES.

A REPTILE is not, perhaps, an amiable thing. Its name—"that which creeps"—prejudices one against it. We would as soon make friends off-hand with a ghoul or vampire as with a reptile. Nor is there anything thoroughly unjustifiable in this sentiment. The necessities of speech require a word that shall compendiously express the idea of the contemptible and crawling, and at the same time potentially hurtful. And "reptile" fulfils this obnoxious duty. So when Beattie applies this term of reproach to a servile poet, or Byron to a mean critic, they are not to be found fault with. The sycophant in Shelley, the slave in Montgomery, even man—"the poor reptile man" himself—in loftily-moralising Groome, are metaphorically rendered, and not unfairly, by a term that zoologically implies either a turtle, a crocodile, a frog, a lizard, or a snake. Southey brings priests under the same category, and scattered up and down in verse will be found scores of individuals whom the poets, anxious to stigmatise as despicably base, denominate "reptiles."

Now all this is perfectly fair. We have attached to a certain word a certain metaphorical meaning, which is a very odious one. Thus, Bismarck calls the Secret Service Budget "the Reptile Fund," and the Man of Iron includes in it all such miserable creatures as venal editors and spies. The self-seeking parasite, the insidious hypocrite, the cringing slave, deserve the worst we can say of them, and as we have decided that there is nothing worse to be said of such than reptile—reptiles let them be.

But here we must stop. Even our prerogatives of humanity do not extend further. They cannot outrage the sacred laws of justice even towards reptiles. So we have no right whatever to make the name of a particular thing mean what it does not, and then to transfer the arbitrary character we have affixed to it back to the thing ~~whom~~ borrowed. We have absolutely no right ~~whatever~~ that sycophants, hypocrites, slaves, and then to say that reptiles are ~~sy~~

assassins. Merely as a logical syllogism it is absurd and untenable, leading either to the fallacy of equivocal terms, or to that of an undistributed middle. Here are the two premisses: Despicable men are reptiles; Reptiles are either turtles, crocodiles, lizards, frogs, or snakes. Work as you will with them, your conclusion must either be that no conclusion is possible, seeing there are no terms in common in the premisses, or else an absurd statement to the effect that a frog is a despicable man, or that sycophants, &c., are either turtles, crocodiles, etc.

But, setting logic aside, I contend that it is infinitely unjust to speak ill of an immense number of creatures, nearly all of which are either very beautiful, directly useful to man, or harmless, simply because, in our usual high-handed way of dealing with the helpless, we have borrowed their collective names as a figure of speech. Yet this is what most poets habitually do. Their toads are loathsome and their frogs obscene. Their chameleons are turn-coats, and scorpions traitors. Their snakes are utterly abominable. Now I fail to see any justification for this. It strikes me as thoroughly immoral. Even snakes, against which human prejudice cites Scriptural authority, are admirable. They are one of the most splendid parables in all nature. Nothing that breathes less deserves the title of reptile—meaning by that word a despicable cowardly thing—than the creature that stands in Holy Writ itself as the semblance of a power that could defy Heaven and challenge terms with Omnipotence. I would even go further and venture to say that this, the poet's treatment of a large order of creatures, shows a deficiency of sympathy with nature which is not in accordance with the poetical tradition. For example, take the following from Montgomery:—

Reptiles were quickened into various birth.
Loathsome, unsightly, swoln to obscene bulk,
Lurk'd the dark toad beneath the infected turf;
The slow-worm crawl'd, the light chameleon climb'd
And changed his colour as his place he changed;
The nimble lizard ran from bough to bough,
Glancing through light, in shadow disappearing;
The scorpion, many-eyed, with sting of fire,
Bred there, the legion-fiend of creeping things.

But worse than this, as expressing a wider range of unsympathetic prejudice, are such sweeping lines as these of Coleridge:—

What if one reptile sting another reptile?
Whose is the crime? the goodly face of nature
Hath one disfiguring stain the less upon it.

The philosophy here is thoroughly bad-hearted and reprehensible.

Another poetical liberty which I consider very indifferently justified is to call insects "reptiles." Thus Thomson, as usual "shagged with horrors," addresses such pretty things as may-flies and butterflies as a "reptile throng," and it is worth noting how with his usual infelicity he speaks of these *reptiles* as being "winged, and by the light air upborne."

To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout
Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade
Some love to stray ; there lodged, amus'd, and fed
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb.

Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight,
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

Wordsworth, again, calls the glow-worm "a very reptile," which is intolerable, seeing how he uses the word elsewhere. Eliza Cook, after her wont, speaks of cobwebs as

The bright slime that cunning reptiles spread
To catch their prey.

But her use of the reptile idea is always thoroughly in character. What can we say, for instance, of such a stanza as this where an unmasked villain is illustrated by a *skinned snake* :—

Why, why does Heaven bequeath such gifts
To fascinate all eyes, that mark
With magnet charm, till something lifts
The mask, and shows how foully dark
The dazzling reptile is within
Beneath its painted, shining skin ?

But Eliza Cook's definition of reptiles is, like most ladies', very vague. They consider the word synonymous with "vermin," under which title they include all the creatures they most object to, such as rats, mice, spiders, black-beetles, earwigs, and snails. The right of the sex to dislike what they choose is of course indisputable, and in the varying technical definitions of the word "vermin," they have a plausible pretext for ranging far. The "vermin-killer" is

rat- and mole-catcher. On the gamekeeper's table of the proscribed are the weasel kind, and many birds, such as the owl, jay, hawk, and hooded crow. On the Continent, beasts of prey, such as wolves and foxes, are so styled. In Australia a recent enactment calls rabbits and wild horses "vermin." In Western America the Red Indian goes under the same name.

Nor do poets of the more robust sex hesitate at the same licence. Man himself, as in Cowper, is "vermin"; lawyers in Somerville are "the vermin of debate"; and courtiers in Thomson are "vermin of state." Gutter-children have the same ill-sounding name :

Take them away ! Take them away
Out of the gutter, the ooze, and slime,
Where the little vermin paddle and crawl
Till they grow and ripen into crime.

Criminals and "parasites" too, and priests. Coming lower down, we find the polecat called vermin by Chaucer, the rat by many, the mole by Butler, the woodlouse, spider, housefly, and a number of insects by others. So that "reptile" and "vermin" are virtually interchangeable terms with the poets. Each means the meanest individuals of all classes of beings—what the poets individually consider the meanest ; and in either case they go so far wrong as to borrow a creature's name in order to convey an odious meaning, and then transfer the odium which they arbitrarily and capriciously attach to the word back to the creature.

A further curious complication in this high-handed confusion of terms is the use of the word "insect." It is employed as synonymous with reptile and vermin. Thus man generally is an insect, and so too are special classes of men, notably faithless friends, courtiers, all kinds of sycophants and parasites, and pleasure-seekers generally.

The insect tribes of humankind,
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,
Its subtle webwork, or its venom'd sting.

ROGERS.

All the vast stock of human progeny,
Which now, like swarms of insects, crawl
Upon the surface of earth's spacious ball,
Must quit this hillock of mortality
And in its bowels buried lie.

OLDHAM.

The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn.

GRAY.

Ye tinsel insects whom a court maintains,
That count your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day ;
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away.

POPE.

The nameless insects of a court.—THOMSON.

The pageant of a day, without one friend
To soothe his tortur'd mind ; all, all are fled,
For though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

SOMERVILE.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

THOMSON.

The snail, butterfly, spider, lizard, and the rest, addressed in some places as reptiles and vermin, are in others apostrophised as insects. Again, all are described as emanating alike from putrefying vegetable matter in hot weather, and especially from Nile mud.

Swampy fens
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads.

The hoary fen
In putrid streams emits the living cloud
Of pestilence.

THOMSON.

This prolific diluvion, indeed, produces a very large variety of zoological species, from the crocodile to the mosquito. About the hippopotamus I will not be certain. But it is remarkable how all the poets agree about Nile mud producing misshapen and monstrous forms. Thus, says Pope, "half-formed insects on the bank of Nile."

But, poetically speaking, insects differ from reptiles and vermin in this, that they are pitiably ephemeral. They are "a daily race." They live such a short time that it is generously excuse them, these "beings of a" ink. is

hardly called for. Thomson, for instance, is good enough to say that "the ceaseless hum" in the woods at noon is "not undelightful." He will not say outright that it is delightful, but to show what a large-hearted poet he is, how impressionable to the sounds of wild nature, vows half apologetically that, speaking for himself—he will not be answerable for other tastes: he does not wish to force his own upon his readers—speaking for himself, he does really, upon his honour, and all joking apart, find something almost agreeable in the humming of bees in summer woodlands! What a generous admission! How such a confession draws the hearts of all lovers of nature to the poet! But let us hear him again:—

Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer race
Live in her lay, or flutter through her song.

What a beautiful condescension have we here! How exquisitely tender! He, Thomson—do not laugh at him, ladies and gentlemen; it is his gentle nature makes him do it—will positively and of his own accord mention in his beautiful poems such vermin as honey-bees and crickets. "The muse," forsooth! I do not know what forsooth means. But what I mean is that Thomson is scarcely a poet.

Or take Cowper's lines in the "Task":—

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileged, and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.

That a man living in the country should be so indifferently informed, and though of a poetical turn of mind so unsympathetic, is almost un-

intelligible. What manner of thing does Cowper mean by "creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight, and charged perhaps with venom"? I suppose a toad, which "the vulgar" believe to be poisonous. But every gardener knows that it is a most useful little creature, and it is not "vermin" in any sense of that word. Anyhow, I cannot admire the "sensibility" of the poet who confesses that he approves of killing toads because they come into "the alcove," nor the "humanity" that draws a line between the needful and the needless treading on worms. Gardeners are compelled to destroy them wholesale. But Cowper is not speaking of gardeners, and need hardly therefore have gone about with such sententiousness to say that he could not like those who did it needlessly.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

SOME ASPECTS OF EMERSON.

"PLATO is philosophy, and philosophy Plato," says Emerson in "Representative Men"; and viewed from the standpoint of the school to which he himself belonged (the Idealistic or Transcendental), we might not inaptly say in similar words, Emerson is thought, and thought Emerson; for there are few subjects within his own mental horizon upon which he has not flashed the light of his intuitions in that electric, penetrative manner which is so distinctively Emersonian.

And yet he was no philosopher in the general acceptation of the term. He gave no new theory to the world; his writings bristle with no technical phrases or idioms. The philosophers proper write only for the philosophers. They speak the language of the schools—a language unintelligible to the great mass of the people, who know them only at second-hand as propounders of a theory, founders of a system, or discoverers of a law. But Emerson would have all men philosophers—nay, he believes that all men *are* philosophers, had they but the power of analysing and defining their thought. "Aristotle, or Bacon, or Kant," he says, "propound some maxim which is the keynote of philosophy thenceforward. But I am more interested to know, that when at last they have hurled out their grand word, it is only some familiar experience of every man in the street. If it be not, it will never be heard of again." Emerson, therefore, shuns the language of the schools; he speaks a tongue which all may understand, and in words with which all are familiar. His illustrations strike home to every reader. Sun, star, and sea bear witness to his intuitions, bees and birds confirm the truth of his sayings; and, like Plato of old, his great spiritual master, he does not disdain to call into requisition the very homeliest and commonest articles as symbols of his thoughts.

The first thing that strikes the student on his introduction to Emerson is his complete mastery of prose. His sharp, terse, compact sentences, and the power he has of making his thought stand out in light-and-shadow-like relief by the boldness of his imagery, and the

graphic force of his metaphors, are unique and singular. Every page sparkles and scintillates with beautiful reflections; every paragraph contains some gem of wisdom, and even the very sentences stand out repeatedly as axiomatic statements of truth.

Few modern writers can, in two or three words, so strike home to the heart of the subject as Emerson, or boast a richer command of noble symbols and exquisite comparisons. And with all this, there is no straining for effect, no attempt at fine writing. He uses always the simplest although the most telling words, yet they group and formulate themselves into images so sharp and vivid that the thought he is expressing stands out before us as if written in letters of fire. He has the capability, more than any other writer we can remember, of giving form and expression to our own unrecognised, undefined musings. Every sentence strikes an answering chord in our own breast. He does not so much tell us his thoughts as render clear and definite what was vague and cloudy in our own, so that they shine out from the dark background of the mind like stars.

But it is not Emerson's aim to act as the interpreter of our thought. He strives always to make us think for ourselves. He points out again and again that we should look into our own minds for Truth, not lazily wait for others to write it out for us. He would have us thinkers, not readers. "A man should learn," he says, "to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought because it is his. In every work of genius we recognise our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty." And this brings us to the consideration of Emerson's own mental processes, and to the doctrine so generally associated with his name, viz. the doctrine of the intuitional perception of truth.

As he believes that all minds are but manifestations of the Eternal Mind, that we conceive of God only because we are of God and His nature—so he points out that all perception must come to us through the same channel; that truth can only be arrived at by placing ourselves in communication with the Source of Truth. Every mind is an inlet into the Universal Mind; every soul touches upon the shores of the Infinite Soul, from whence we may survey and contemplate truth for ourselves. It cannot, he believes, be attained by the speculations of philosophy, nor by logical reasoning, nor is it in any way attributable to the understanding. Would we think aright, would we see the truth as it exists, pure and perfect, we can do nothing of ourselves save open the door—clear away all

impediments, so to speak, and then wait and watch what the Eternal Mind thinks in us. This belief that all writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and having ; that truth is a direct revelation of God to the soul ; that it is self-luminous, oracular, and cannot be proved by logical reasoning—this is the doctrine of intuition so generally associated in this century with the name of Emerson, but which can, however, be traced in different shapes and forms through Schelling, Eckhart, Plotinus, away back to Plato, of whose teaching much of it is the outcome. In some respects there is a slight suggestion of the inspiration doctrine of the prophets of the Old Testament and the evangelists of the New ; and many points of resemblance may be found in the views of Buddha, Proclus, Boehme, Spinoza, Swedenborg, Coleridge, Carlyle, and several of the German mystics. In a paper like the present, however, it is impossible to do more than merely glance at such a subject—a subject upon which volumes might be written without exhausting it.

As already said, Emerson was no philosopher in the general acceptance of the word. He was a seer and a poet, an idealist and a mystic. His mysticism at times, but only rarely, makes his meaning doubtful, if not unintelligible, to the ordinary reader ; but to those who read in the spirit of the man himself, these doubtful passages are often the most beautiful and suggestive—are often the witnesses of an approach to a still more lofty and exalted region of thought. Mysticism is, “to the people who do not understand such things,” says George Macdonald, “their name for a kind of spiritual ashpit, whither they consign dust and stones, never asking whether they may not be gold-dust and rubies all in a heap” ; and these words are true of much of Emerson’s so-called mysticism. “A mystical mind,” says Dr. Macdonald again, “is one which, having perceived that the highest expression of which the truth admits lies in the symbolism of nature and the human customs that result from human necessities, prosecutes thought about truth so embodied by dealing with the symbols themselves after logical forms. This is the highest mode of conveying the deepest truth ; and the Lord Himself often employed it, as, for instance, in the whole passage ending with the words, ‘ If therefore the light which is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness ! ’ ”

But with all Emerson’s tendency to mysticism, with all his Platonic reverence for mind, he never, for one moment, lets intellectual grandeur overshadow moral greatness. On the contrary, he declares that a decline in morality is inevitably a decline in intellect. “The foundation of culture, as of character,” he says, “is, at last, the moral sentiment.” Even the intuitional revelation of truth is not

vouchsafed to him whose life is unworthy. "If we live truly, we shall see truly." And again: "So to *be* is the sole inlet of so to *know*." None knew better than he that his *not-willing* but *willed-upon* doctrine of the perception of truth, with its dreamy absorption of the individual mind in the Universal, had its dangerous side, even for well-balanced intellects. He therefore counterpoised what was vague and inconclusive in his mental conceptions, by the uncompromising insistence upon the performance of every duty of daily life, and by rigid adherence to every law of moral obligation. None is more sternly practical or less self-sparing than he. So far from encouraging us to stand in dreamy abstraction, and with folded hands, gazing up into the heavens in search of the idealized truth and beauty, he would have us see that what we seek is lying close at hand, that though we search the wide world over, we shall find it not until we have learned to look into our own homes, and our own daily life—until we come to understand that

The life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

His works, instead of having any tendency (as have the works of many other transcendentalists) to lull the reader into a spiritual stupor with the anodyne of exalted thought and high-sounding sentiment, are veritable brain, nerve, and will tonics. They abound with precepts and admonitions which strike home to the heart with terrible earnestness. He is the most stimulative of writers. He drives us almost of dire necessity, from meanness to greatness, from indolence to action. His words sting and scourge us to such purpose that we are compelled (even be it against our inclinations) to arise from vain dreamings, and to grapple with the mighty present till we make its secret our own. "One of the illusions is," he says, "that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday."

To this he adds the loftiest optimism, the sublimest faith in God and in truth, and this optimism is borne witness to, not only by every word he spoke or penned, but by the whole glad, benignant, starlike life of the man himself. He would have all men know that they are of divine origin, would awaken them to the knowledge of the hidden Ideal within their own soul—the stamp which God set there when He made man in His own image; and would thus teach them calm self-reliance and lofty self-respect, so that they must turn with loathing and disgust from all that is mean, ignoble, or impure; must for ever strive and struggle to

godlike and divine.

But perhaps the most valuable and lasting of Emerson's characteristics is his intense suggestiveness. He strides across the field of our mind, scattering seeds of thought to right hand and to left. "The greatest poet," says Saint-Beuve, "is not he who has done the best: it is he who suggests the most; he, not all of whose meaning is at first obvious, and who leaves you much to desire, to explain, to study, much to complete in your turn." Judged by this standard, Emerson's influence upon his own generation, and upon generations to come, will be second to none. The late George Dawson once remarked to a relative of the writer that he could never sufficiently acknowledge his indebtedness to Emerson's suggestiveness. "If any one can be said to have given the impulse to my mind," said Professor Tyndall, "it is Emerson. Whatever I have done the world owes to him;" and he tells us how through three long dreary German winters he must needs get up at five in the morning to read his works. Carlyle writes that in Emerson's Poems he finds "some tone of the Eternal Melodies sounding, afar off, ever and anon, in my ear . . . which affects me like the light of the stars." Mr. Matthew Arnold, *the* critic of the day even in this age of critics, considers Emerson's "Essays" the most important prose production of the whole century, and we do not think future ages will reverse his verdict.

Although a religious and moral teacher of the loftiest and purest stamp, Emerson is no theologian. He is essentially the prophet of intellectual and moral greatness, and devotes all his energies thereto. "It is very certain," he writes, "that we ought not to be, and shall not be, contented with any goal we have reached. Our aim is no less than greatness; that which invites all belongs to us all—to which we are all sometimes untrue, cowardly, faithless, but of which we never quite despair, and which in every sane moment we resolve to make our own."

He therefore shuns all dogmas; he makes no attempt at proselytizing. His is an affirmative, not negative faith. Religion is to Emerson the bond between God and man; the union of the soul with its Creator in the deep heart of the man himself—a union direct and personal, and independent of all mediation. The universe is his temple, eternity his sabbath. His mind orbs from world to world, and from star to star, contemplating and worshipping the Universal Mind, which is to him visible everywhere. In his recoil from anything like an attempt to define the Indefinable or to limit the Unlimited, his thoughts, judged by the footrule of mathematical religionists, seem sometimes to verge and float away into a vague shadowy abstraction. To those who are incapable of entering into the spirit of

the seer himself, with his oriental mysticism and poetic imagery, much that he has written is open to the charge of pantheism—that sublime conception to which all such proud self-reliant intellects inevitably more or less tend. But Emerson was no pantheist, if by pantheism we are to understand disbelief in a personal God. Like Wordsworth, he finds in Nature

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

But Emerson does not lose God in nature : it is to him, as it was to Goethe, "the living, visible garment of God." "He has an absolute confidence in God," says Theodore Parker. "He has been foolishly accused of pantheism, which sinks God in nature ; but no man is further from it. He never sinks God in man ; he does not stop with the law, in matter or morals, but goes to the Law-giver ; yet, probably, it would not be so easy for him to give his definition of God as it would be for most graduates at Andover or Cambridge. . . . In God his trust is complete ; with the severest scrutiny he joins the highest reverence."

"Unlovely, nay frightful," says Emerson himself, "is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world. To wander all day in the sunlight among the tribes of animals, unrelated to anything better ; to behold the horse, cow, and bird, and to foresee an equal and speedy end to him and them,—no ; the bird, as it hurried by with its bold and perfect flight, would disclaim his sympathy and declare him an outcast. To see men pursuing in faith their varied action, warm-hearted, providing for their children, loving their friends, performing their promises, what are they to this chill, houseless, fatherless Cain, the man who hears only the sound of his own footsteps in God's resplendent creation ? To him it is no creation ; to him these fair creatures are hapless spectres, he knows not what to make of it ; to him heaven and earth have lost their beauty. How gloomy is the day, and upon yonder shining pond, what melancholy light ! I cannot keep the sun in heaven, if you take away the purpose that animates him. The ball, indeed, is there ; but his power to cheer, to illuminate the heart as well as the atmosphere, is gone for ever. It is a lamp-wick for meanest uses. The words *great*, *venerable* have lost their meaning ;

thought loses all its depth, and has become mere surface . . . Nature is too thin a screen ; the glory of the One breaks in everywhere."

None of the moulding-shells into which the beliefs of men have slowly shaped themselves can accurately fit or cover a faith so cosmopolitan and universal as Emerson's ; nor would it be fair to attempt to identify him with any sect or denomination. To those who must have some name wherewith to express to themselves a man's belief, the only term we dare apply to Emerson's is to speak of it as theism, somewhat tinged with pantheism to superficial readers,—but, nevertheless, theism distinct and undeniable. To historical Christianity, to creeds and dogmas, he is at all times sternly critical ; but to Christianity in its moral and spiritual aspects he yields his unhesitating homage, as the sublimest manifestation of God which the world has known, although the theistic ring is unmistakably audible throughout. "Christianity is rightly dear," he says, "to the best of mankind ; yet was there never a young philosopher whose breeding had fallen into the Christian Church, by whom that brave text of Paul's was not specially prized,—'Then shall also the Son be subject unto Him who put all things under him, that God may be all in all.'"

Mr. Joseph Cook tells us that, in a conversation with Mr. Alcott, Emerson once said : "My ancestry is made up of ministers. In my family the Bible is seen oftener than any other book in the hands of my wife and daughter. I think those facts tell my story. If you wish to call me a Christian theist, you have my authority to do so, and you must not leave out the word Christian, for to leave out that is to leave out everything." We quote Mr. Cook's words *verbatim*, as they appear in his "Boston Monday Lectures," but cannot, of course, answer for the accuracy of his information. Be that, however, as it may, it is certain that though Emerson's creed—if creed it can be called—was one too ethereal, too transcendental, to ever become general among the toiling, work-a-day millions on this planet, yet his life, his moral character, and his practical teachings were those of Him who said : "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "If he did not worship 'the man Christ Jesus,'" says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "as the Churches of Christendom have done, he followed His footsteps so nearly that our good Methodist, Father Taylor, spoke of him as more like Christ than any man he had known." When Christ comes to dwell within a man it is at the door of the heart, not the head, that He knocks, and Emerson was undeniably a heart-Christian, if not a brain one.

Imperfections of style and artistic blemishes are not wanting in Emerson. His discourse on any subject is not so much a complete demonstration of truth as a gathering together of innumerable thoughts and truths which bear upon the subject he is considering. He does not so much show us through the telescopic glass of his own genius the full orb'd image of a distant world, as lead us out under an open sky, sparkling and scintillating with myriad starry points, and bid us look up and behold for ourselves. As might be expected from this system of teaching, there are gaps and disconnections in his discourses. He wanders from truth to truth, as from star to star, heedless of intervening fissures and abysses. But there is, perhaps, no writer, excepting Shakespeare, whose every utterance is so packed and charged with wisdom, whose every sentence so teems with the fruit of matured thought. His mind is a standpoint from whence we may survey all minds that come within his own mental horizon. He assimilates and gathers to himself, as to one central focal point of light, the philosophy and culture of all ages and all nations. What he somewhere says of the great men of all ages that they sit apart upon their peaks, and converse one with another, unaffected by the lapse of time and the movements of mankind—is true of himself. He stands with Plato as upon “a tower of speculation,” and sweeps the whole horizon of thought with undazzled eye. He contemplates the Eternal Mind through the open window of his own soul as a Swedenborg alone could, and draws wisdom and light therefrom in an absorption lofty as a Buddha’s.

There have been some very able criticisms of Emerson lately, both in England and America; but the reader who is personally unacquainted with his works knows as little of the poet-seer himself after studying the most exhaustive criticism, as the traveller who reads the words “To London” upon the pointer of a sign-post knows of the capital of England. The real lover of the New England idealist cannot, however, fail to be amused at the ingenious way in which certain critics (generally clerical) have laboriously constructed imposing systems of philosophy which they choose to label “Emersonian,” and then as laboriously set to work to pull them down again, utterly forgetting or ignoring his own oft-repeated repudiation of all such claim to system-building. “Expect nothing more of my power of construction,” he writes, “no ship-building, smack, nor skiff even; only boards and logs tied together.” “Here I sit and read and write with very little system, and as far as regards composition with the most fragmentary result: paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle.” And, in reply to Carlyle, who

been urging him to give forth to the world something which should be distinctly Emersonian, he says : "Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature—the reporters, suburban men."

Emerson, undoubtedly, held views upon philosophical subjects which are justly open to the sternest criticism ; but to attempt, as many have done, to judge him solely as the would-be founder of a philosophical school or system, is as unfair as to criticise him purely in the light of a theoretical agriculturist because he had some rather original ideas on the subject of farming. Such a point of view gives but an impartial, obscured idea of the man, and is neither just nor generous. His lovers can afford, however, to smile at the way in which the freaks and eccentricities of transcendentalists of all sorts have been laid at his door, much in the same spirit in which some secularists point to the buffooneries of the Salvation Army as examples of Christianity.

The question as to whether the philosophical ideas associated with the name of Emerson will stand the test of time, whether his religious beliefs are destined to become general, or whether posterity will consider them erroneous, is one which we do not pretend to answer, one which time can alone decide. But this we do know, this we may with safety predict—that though the gentle, beauteous, benignant face of Ralph Waldo Emerson will be seen of men no more ; though the pure, prophetic, truth-entranced spirit of the poet-seer has returned whence it came, to the bosom of Him who is the home of all truth, all purity, and all poetry—yet in the minds of the noblest and best of the youths and maidens, the men and women of this and many succeeding generations, the starlike influence of his mind will kindle lofty thoughts and sublime aspirations, and will brace and stimulate every nerve towards enduring effort after spiritual and mental perfection.

And if, as the outward phases of things shift and change—and forms of thought and modes of expression shift and change with them—the time should ever come when his works, considered obsolete and superannuated, will be read no more ; yet, even then, the great tidal wave of awakened spirituality and ennobled thought, which it has been his mission to send sweeping round the world, will quiver and throb in many a soul (all unaware, perhaps, of the very name even of Emerson), and will be a living power of God in the hearts of men, to the end that nobility of spirit, truth, courage, honour, and purity shall abide and continue for ever.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE GREAT LAMA TEMPLE AT PEKING.

ONE of our most interesting expeditions in Peking was to visit the Yung-ko-kung, which is a very fine old Lama Temple, just within the wall at the north-eastern corner of the Tartar city. It contains about 1300 monks, of all ages, down to small boys six years old, under the headship of a Lama who assumes the title of the "Living Buddha."

These monks are Mongol Tartars of a very bad type, dirty and greedy of gain, and, moreover, are known to be grossly immoral. They are generally offensively insolent to all foreigners, many of whom have vainly endeavoured to obtain access to the monastery, even the silver key which is usually so powerful in China often failing to unlock the inhospitable gates.

That I had the privilege of entrance was solely due to the personal influence of Dr. Dudgeon, whose medical skill has happily proved so beneficial to the "Living Buddha" and several of the priests, as to insure him a welcome from these. It was not, however, an easy task to get at these men, as a particularly insolent monk was acting as doorkeeper, and attempted forcibly to prevent our entrance. That, however, was effected by the judicious pressure of a powerful shoulder, and, after a stormy argument, the wretch was at length over-awed, and finally reduced to abject humility by threats to report his rudeness to the head Lama.

At long last, after wearisome expostulation and altercation, every door was thrown open to us, but the priest in charge of each carefully locked it after us, lest we should avoid giving him an individual tip, or kum-sha—*i.e.* present—as it is here called. Happily I had a large supply of five and ten cent. silver pieces, which the doctor's knowledge of Chinese custom compelled our extortioners to accept. At the same time, neither of us could avoid a qualm as each successive door was securely locked, and a vision presented itself of possible traps into which we might be deceived

Every corner of the

brilliant yellow china tiles of the roof to the yellow carpet in the temple. The entrance is adorned with stone carvings of animals, and the interior is covered with a thousand fantastic figures carved in wood—birds, beasts, and serpents, flowers and monstrous human heads mingle in grotesque confusion. It is rich in silken hangings, gold embroidery, huge picturesque paper lanterns of quaint form covered with Chinese characters, and grotesque idols canopied by very ornamental baldachinos.

Conspicuous amongst these idols is Kwang-ti, who was a distinguished warrior at the beginning of the Christian era, and who about eight hundred years later was deified as the God of War, and state temples were erected in his honour in every city of the Empire. So his shrine is adorned with all manner of armour, especially bows and arrows, doubtless votive offerings. He is a very fierce-looking god, and is attended by two colossal companions, robed in the richest gold-embroidered silk. Another gigantic image is that of a fully armed warrior leading a horse. I believe he is Kwang-ti's armour-bearer. In various parts of the temple hang trophies of arms and military standards, which are singular decorations for a temple wherein the peaceful Buddha is the object of supreme worship.

But the fact is, that though Kwang-ti is the god of war, he is also emphatically "Protector of the Peace," and his aid is invoked in all manner of difficulties, domestic or national. For instance, when the great salt wells in the province of Shansi dried up, the sorely perplexed Emperor was recommended by the Taouist high-priest to lay the case before Kwang-ti. The Emperor, therefore, wrote an official despatch on the subject, which was solemnly burnt, and thus conveyed to the spirit world, when lo! in answer to the Son of Heaven, the warrior-god straightway appeared in the clouds mounted on his red war-horse, and directed the Emperor to erect a temple in his honour. This was done, and the salt-springs flowed as before.

Kwang-ti again appeared in 1855 during the Tai-ping rebellion, to aid the Imperial troops near Nankin, for which kind interposition Hien-feng, the reigning Emperor (whose honour-conferring power extends to the spirit-world), promoted him to an equal rank with Confucius! So here we find him revered alike by Taouists and Buddhists.

This is by no means a unique instance of the Imperial favour being thus shown to (doubtless appreciative) spirits. In 1725 the Emperor Yung Ching bestowed divers honours and new titles on four great dragons who dwell in the four seas. The *Peking* *ette* for July 28th, 1861, published the petition of the Director-

General of grain transport, praying the Emperor to reward the god Kwang-ti for his interposition on the 11th of March, whereby two cities were saved from the rebels. He states that such was the anxiety evinced by this guardian god, that his worshippers saw the perspiration trickle from his image in the temple. The Emperor duly acknowledged these good services, and desired that a tablet should be erected in memory thereof.

So recently as 1877 and 1878 the Emperor officially intimated that whereas the Empire had been sorely afflicted with drought, and now sufficient rain had fallen through the intervention of the dragon spirit of Han Tan Hien, in token of national gratitude the said spirit should henceforth be invested with the title of "Dragon Spirit of the Sacred Well."

All the altar vases in this Yung-ko-kung temple are of the finest Peking enamel—vases, candlesticks, and incense burners, from which filmy clouds of fragrant incense float upward to a ceiling panelled with green and gold. Fine large scroll paintings tempted me to linger at every turn, and the walls are encrusted with thousands of small porcelain images of Buddha.

In the main temple, which is called the Foo-koo, or Hall of Buddha, stands a cyclopean image of Matreya, the Buddha of Futurity. It is seventy feet in height, and is said to be carved from one solid block of wood, but it is coloured to look like bronze. Ascending a long flight of steps we reached a gallery running round the temple about the level of his shoulders. I found that this gallery led into two circular buildings, one on each side, constructed for the support of two immense rotating cylinders, about seventy feet in height, full of niches, each niche containing the image of a Buddhist saint. They are rickety old things, and thickly coated with dust, but on certain days worshippers come and stick on strips of paper bearing prayers.

To turn these cylinders is apparently an act of homage to the whole saintly family, and enlists the good-will of the whole lot. Some Lama monasteries deal thus with their 128 sacred books and 220 volumes of commentary, placing them in a huge cylindrical book-case, which they turn bodily to save the trouble of turning individual pages—the understanding having apparently small play in either case.

Dr. Edkins saw one of these in the Ling-Yin monastery at Hang-Chow, and another of octagonal form, and sixty feet in height, at the Poo-sa-ting pagoda in the Wootai Valley (a district in which there are perhaps two thousand Mongol Lamas). At the same monastery

where he saw this revolving library there were three hundred revolving prayer or praise wheels, and at another he observed a most ingenious arrangement, whereby the steam ascending from the great monastic kettle (which is kept ever boiling to supply the ceaseless demand for tea) does further duty by turning a praise wheel which is suspended from the ceiling. I myself have seen many revolving libraries at Buddhist temples in Japan, but this is the first thing of the same character that I have seen in China.

It was nearly 6 A.M. ere we reached the Lama temple, so that we were too late to see the grand morning service, as that commences at 4 A.M., when upwards of a hundred mats are spread in the temple, on each of which kneel ten of the subordinate Lamas, all wearing their yellow robes, and a sort of classical helmet of yellow felt with a very high crest, like that worn by Britannia. They possess red felt boots, but can only enter the temple barefooted. The Great Lama wears a violet-coloured robe and a yellow mitre. He bears a sort of crozier, and occupies a gilded throne before the altar; a cushion is provided for him to kneel upon. The whole temple is in darkness or dim twilight, save the altar, which is ablaze with many tapers.

When the great copper gong sounds its summons to worship they chant litanies in monotone, one of the priests reading prayers from a silken scroll, and all joining in a low murmur, while clouds of incense fill the temple. A peculiarity of this chant is that while a certain number of the brethren recite the words, the others sing a continuous deep bass accompaniment. Again, the gong marks the change from prayer to sacred chants, and after these comes a terrible din of instrumental music, a clatter of gongs, bells, conch shells, tambourines, and all manner of ear-splitting abominations. Then follows a silence which may be felt, so utter is the stillness and so intense the relief.

With regard to dress, this seems to vary in different regions, and perhaps may denote different sects. Here, and throughout Mongolia (where monasticism is in such repute that every family which possesses more than one son is obliged to devote one to the monastic life), every Lama wears the long yellow robe with yellow mantle and yellow helmet, the last two items being always worn during the services in the temple, whereas in Ceylon, though the priests are robed in yellow, all are bareheaded. On the other hand, those we saw in the northern Himalayas wore scarlet clothing and scarlet caps shaped like a crown.¹

[By the way, speaking of ecclesiastical head-gear, I am told that,

¹ See *In the Himalayas*, p. 437, 'C. F. Gordon Cumming. Chatto and dus.

throughout Thibet, Queen Victoria's effigy (current on the British-Indian rupee) is familiarly known as that of a wandeling Lama (*lama tob-du*), her royal crown being supposed to represent the head-dress of a religious mendicant !]

I would fain have spent hours in looking through the many interesting details of this place, and the priests, when once assured that they could extract nothing larger than ten-cent. pieces, became so eager to multiply those, that they volunteered to show us every nook and corner. But so much time had been wasted at first, and we were so disconcerted by the annoyance to which they had subjected us, that we were fairly tired out, and finally were compelled to decline further inspection. Of course now I regret that we did not further improve the unique occasion, and see everything we possibly could. But truly, in the matter of sight-seeing, flesh is sometimes weak.

Besides, as we had come such a long distance, it was well to secure this opportunity of seeing the Wen-Miao, the great Confucian Temple, which is very near. I have now seen a great many of these temples to the honour of Confucius, and practically they are all alike, the impression they convey being that of great mausoleums. They are in fact ancestral halls, containing only ornamental tablets bearing the names of noted saints. This, however, is an unusually fine specimen. It stands in shady silent grounds, and the funereal character of the place is happily suggested by groves of fine old cypress trees said to be five hundred years old, and by numerous large stone tablets resting on the backs of huge stone tortoises. Some of these stones occupy small shrines roofed with yellow porcelain tiles, and commemorate various learned men.

The exterior of the hall is handsome, though here, as in most other temples, the wire nettings which protect the fine carving beneath the eaves from the incursions of nesting swallows greatly detract from its effect.

The interior is severely simple. The huge solid pillars are of plain teak wood, and the floor is carpeted with camels'-hair matting. The tablet bearing the name of Confucius occupies a wooden recess coloured red, and at right angles to this are similar niches for the tablets of Mencius and the other greatest sages. In front of each is an altar with massive bronze candlesticks and vases. At the further end of the hall are ranged two rows of six tablets and altars to the twelve sages of China.

Being in Peking it is almost superfluous to say that this building seems like a survival of a nobler past, and is now somewhat dirty and neglected-looking, while the grounds are untidy and overgrown with

rank weeds. But, of course, it is cleaned up periodically on the occasions of the great spring and autumn services, when the Emperor in person, escorted by all the civil and military authorities, and the whole body of the literati, *i.e.* all men of letters, assemble here to present a solemn sacrifice (a funereal offering to the spirits of these immortal sages), consisting of every animal which can possibly be used for human food; and when classical hymns are sung—such as were approved by the great Koong-foo-tze himself.

The approach to this hall is by a triple gateway of the peculiar pai-low form, most beautifully decorated with green and yellow porcelain tiles, so that the whole appears to be made of china. A very ornamental pavilion decorated with gold dragons on a green ground stands in the centre of an ornamental tank, and is approached by several beautiful marble bridges.

But the objects of chief interest connected with this temple are some relics of a remote past, which in Chinese estimation are of inestimable value.

Chief among these are ten large cylindrical stones, shaped like gigantic cheeses, which for lack of a better name are called the Stone Drums. The Chinese believe them to have been respectively engraved in the days of Yaou and Shun, who lived B.C. 2357 and B.C. 2255. Reference is made to them, as objects worthy of reverence, in a classic bearing date about B.C. 500. Certain it is that such interest has ever attached to them that whenever the Emperors of China have changed their capital, these stone drums have also been removed. The story of their wanderings is as curious as the legendary history of our own much venerated Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey.¹ (But the fortunes of the present dynasty are specially connected with the six unhewn stones in the cypress-grove at the Temple of Heaven.)

Apparently these also were originally rude water-worn boulders, which were shaped and inscribed to commemorate certain Imperial hunting expeditions. When the fame of Confucius caused all literary interests to cluster around his name, they were deposited in one of his temples, where they were preserved for upwards of a thousand years.

Then came a period of wars and troubles, during which the great stones disappeared. They were, however, recovered A.D. 1052, and placed in the gateway of the Imperial College. Then the Tartars invaded Northern China, and the Imperial Court fled to Pien Ching,

¹ For legend of the Coronation Stone, see *In the Hebrides*, p. 83, C. F. Gordon Cumming. Chatto and Windus.

in the province of Honan, carrying with them these cumbersome great stones. In A.D. 1108 a decree was passed that the inscriptions should be filled in with gold in order to preserve them. In A.D. 1126 another Tartar tribe captured the city of Pien Ching and carried the ten stones back to Peking, where, for a while, even they shared the fate of all things in this city. They were allowed to fall into neglect, and sacrilegious hands removed the gold. Worse still, some vandal (of a class not peculiar to China) carried off one of the stones, and ruthlessly converted it into a drinking-trough for cattle! After many years, when antiquarian interest was re-awakened, it was found to be missing, and after long search its mutilated remains were discovered in a farm-yard and brought back, to be deposited with the others (A.D. 1307) in their present post of honour.

The stones derive additional interest from the fact that the character in which the poetic stanzas are inscribed is now obsolete. To avoid all danger of their ever again being lost, a set of exact copies have been made, by Imperial command.

Less venerable, but certainly more imposing to the outward eye, is another memorial in stone, which is stored in the corridors encircling the court of the Peking University, which adjoins the Confucian Temple. This is a series of no fewer than two hundred noble slabs of black marble, like upright gravestones, twelve feet in height, whereon are engraved the whole of the thirteen books of Confucius. It appears that by some extraordinary accident there was once upon a time (B.C. 212) an Emperor of China, by name Shi Hwang-ti, of the Ts'in Dynasty, so depraved as to endeavour to destroy every existing copy of this source of all wisdom. I have no doubt that his early years had been embittered by the study of these wearisome volumes, and when, on his accession to the throne, he was expected to expound their doctrine to all his officials and mandarins, his soul was filled with a wild desire to commit them once for all to the flames.

The ostensible reason, however, for his wholesale raid on the wise books was one of political expediency. He was a strong-handed ruler—the builder of the Great Wall of China—a man not easily turned from his purpose. At that time literary contests between the followers of Confucius and those of Laou-tsze ran high, and were doubtless blended with political intrigue. Consequently, Li Sze, the prime minister of the day, urged his Imperial master to secure his own position by utterly crushing these literary factions, and destroying an immense number of books which tended to keep up discussions; for whereas implicit obedience to the Emperor was the o

needful, these numerous scholars deemed it fine to have extraordinary views of their own ; even presuming to talk of them in the streets !

It was therefore decreed that all national records should at once be burnt, save those only which related to the Imperial house of Ts'in, and that all scholars possessing copies of the "Book of History," the "Book of Odes," and some other proscribed works, should bring them to the public officers to be burnt. That failing to do so within thirty days, they should be branded and sent to labour for four years on the Great Wall. That persons presuming to meet for discussion concerning these books should be put to death, and their bodies exposed in the market-place, the like fate being allotted to whosoever should venture to draw invidious contrasts between the good old times and the present ; and not only was this penalty to attach to the actual offenders, but to all their relations, extending even to Government officials who, knowing of such offenders, failed to report their crime.

Of course, many scholars endeavoured to evade compliance with this arbitrary decree of ruthless vandalism, and some succeeded in saving both their books and their lives. It is, however, recorded that upwards of four hundred and sixty were detected in this offence, and were buried alive, as a warning to whosoever should presume to disobey the Imperial mandate.

The only books spared in this general destruction were such as related to divination, husbandry, and medicine ; while all those bearing on science, art, or history, all records of primitive ages, and all manuscripts written in the earliest characters (which would now be of such priceless value) were ruthlessly destroyed.

Possibly, had Shi Hwang-ti succeeded in thus exterminating the Confucian books he might have delivered his country from its mental bondage to "The Example and Teacher of all Ages." He failed, however, for many men survived who were so deeply imbued with the letter of the classics, that the whole were soon faultlessly reproduced.

The way it came about was this.

A very few years elapsed ere the Ts'in Dynasty was overthrown by that of Han, and for the space of three months fighting and fire devastated the land, and especially the capital. When peace was restored, the new Emperor called upon all scholars to aid him in reconstructing the national libraries, and straightway from all manner of strange hiding-places the literary treasures were brought forth. From mountain caves, from niches and hollow places in old walls,

from the depths of the forest, the carefully concealed volumes were produced, while some, engraven on bamboo slips and wooden tablets, were rescued even from the beds of rivers, where they had been safely hidden.

From the lips of old men, and of learned women, portions of the missing books were re-written. A blind man was found to be able to repeat a large portion of the condemned "Book of History," and his words were taken down by scribes; and a young girl blessed with a marvellous memory was able to supply another portion.

So effectually was the literary restoration accomplished, that the most learned scholars were satisfied with its accuracy. But in case such another Herod should ever arise, it was decided that these words of wisdom should be preserved on imperishable marble, which, moreover, should for ever insure the Chinese character in which they are inscribed from any change. So round a great court, known as the Hall of the Classics, are ranged these tall solemn marble tablets, embodiments of the dead weight wherewith the present is here hampered by the past; and here once a year the Emperor is obliged to give that lecture, the very thought of which so distracted his ancestor!

This method of honouring sacred books has recently been imitated by the King of Burmah, who has had the sacred books of the "Beetigal" thus engraven on 728 slabs of alabaster, each about five feet in height by three feet six in width and four inches thick. The slabs are engraven on both sides, and over each is erected a miniature dome-shaped dagoba, surmounted by the golden symbol of the honorific umbrella. Hitherto the Burmese sacred books have been inscribed only on palm-leaves, therefore the King takes this means of preserving them, and of acquiring personal merit, at a cost of about £36,400, each slab costing about five hundred rupees. Before leaving this temple dedicated to the fossilised wisdom of Confucius, it may be interesting just to glance at a few details concerning Chinese literature.

It would seem to require a life's study to master the vast array of complicated characters which form the Chinese equivalent of our simple alphabet. Yet these are comparatively easy, compared with the far more complex systems used by scholars in the earlier ages of Chinese literature, and it was an Herculean task which was undertaken by the great Confucius (about the year B.C. 600), when, as keeper of the archives in the royal state of Chow, he resolved to inspect and classify the heterogeneous mass of manuscripts committed to his care, and dating from remotest ages. The earliest of these records

inscribed in a sort of hieroglyphic, generally described as "the tadpole character." Of later date was "the seal character," still used for certain classes of writing. The invention of the characters now in general use is attributed to the Emperor Fuh-hi, who lived B.C. 2852; so they possess whatever merit attaches to the antiquity of having existed for four thousand years !

Many of the documents examined and digested by Confucius had reference to early Chinese history, religious ceremonies, and scientific discoveries. Bitterly do learned men regret the strong national pride and prejudice which led Confucius to reject utterly, as unworthy of recognition, about three hundred manuscripts which seem to have had relation to barbarous states beyond the charmed circle of China proper, or rather of those north-eastern states which alone were recognised by the great philosopher.

From these ancient materials he compiled a hundred books, and whatever further knowledge he deemed worthy of preservation was incorporated in his own voluminous writings, which have ever since been recognised as the most sacred heritage of every Chinaman.

Many of these early records were inscribed on bamboo tablets, of which a very large number were deposited in the tomb of the Emperor Kiang Siang. The tomb was broken open by robbers about A.D. 250, and in order to obtain light to guide their plundering they burnt a considerable number of these precious relics of the past. The others were rescued and committed to the most learned antiquaries of the Empire to be deciphered. They were found to be treatises on history, divination, &c., &c., and are now known as "The Bamboo Book."

Of course in a country where literary distinction was the certain road to honour, books on every conceivable subject multiplied with incredible velocity, as we may judge from the records of those which on different occasions have been destroyed, either by accident, or by the deeds of ruthless men. Indeed, but for these periodical catastrophes, it might well seem as if "the world itself could not contain the books that had been written."

Thus within two centuries of the wholesale raid perpetrated by Shi Hwang-ti, the State libraries had recovered upwards of three thousand works on the classics, two thousand seven hundred on philosophy, two thousand five hundred on mathematics, one thousand three hundred on poetry, seven hundred on military matters, and eight hundred on medicine.

Ere many years had elapsed the Han Dynasty passed away and was succeeded by that of Wei, under whose auspices the catalogue of the Imperial library soon numbered thirty thousand volumes, all of

which were destroyed by fire in the course of a popular revolution, when the Wei Dynasty was overthrown to be succeeded by that of Liang. Again, with much care and toil, successive Emperors accumulated a new library, but this too was burnt towards the close of the fifth century. Phoenix-like, from the ashes of this conflagration arose yet another great collection of thirty-three thousand books, in addition to many works on Buddhism. Ere fifty years had elapsed these also were burnt in the course of another great rebellion.

About the year A.D. 618 the T'ang Dynasty was established, and the land had rest from its long internal wars. Under the peaceful sway of this Imperial house a new library of eighty thousand books was collected, and rightly to appreciate this statement it is necessary to remember that though the art of making paper from the inner bark of trees, fishing nets, and old rags had been discovered by the Marquis Ts'ai about a hundred years before the Christian era, that of printing was not known, or at least not generally adopted, till about the year A.D. 1000, under the patronage of the Emperors of the Sung Dynasty.

From that time to the present, each successive dynasty has done its part to encourage literature none more heartily than the Tartar race who now reign.

The Emperor Yunglo, of the Ming Dynasty, who ascended the throne A.D. 1403, resolved to have a vast Encyclopedia compiled which should embrace all desirable knowledge. For this purpose he appointed no less than two thousand commissioners, who, after toiling for four years, presented the Emperor with a nice handy book of reference in TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN VOLUMES! However valuable this work might have proved, it was decided that it was rather too voluminous for the printers, so the fruit of so much toil was stored in manuscript in the Imperial Palace at Peking, where its remains are still treasured.

The idea thus suggested was carried out three hundred years later by the Manchoo Emperor, K'ang-hi, who commissioned the wise men of the Empire to illustrate upwards of six thousand subjects, by collecting all allusions to them which might be scattered among existing books. This Encyclopedia of extracts was published in A.D. 1726, and consists of upwards of five thousand volumes containing the cream of Chinese literature.

A complete copy of this very comprehensive and valuable work has recently been secured for the British Museum, whose own amazing catalogue scarcely eclipses that of the Imperial library, published the close of the eighteenth century, and enumerating upw^d

hundred and seventy-three thousand volumes on all branches of literature, without including works of fiction, dramas, or any books relating to the Taouist or Buddhist religions. It is, however, necessary to add that the majority of these books are little more than mere commentaries, by intellectual pigmies of modern days, on the writings of men possessed of a far wider range of thought, and freer imagination, than these their cramped descendants.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THE STORY OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

IN 1765, Mr. James Payne, an architect, erected upon a piece of ground that formerly belonged to Exeter House a building—constructed for the exhibitions of “The Society of Artists”—which he christened the “Lyceum.” Three years later, divisions taking place among its members, certain of them went off to Somerset House, and there founded the Royal Academy, while the original body soon afterwards sank into oblivion. The premises were then purchased by Mr. Lingham, a breeches-maker in the Strand, who let them for exhibitions, or balls, or meetings, or any other purpose for which he could find a tenant.

About 1794 Dr. Arnold rebuilt the interior as a theatre, but being unable to obtain a licence through the strenuous opposition of the patentees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, he had at last to give Lingham back his lease and forfeit his improvements with it. By including a large saloon and several smaller rooms, as well as the theatre, in the building, it could accommodate several exhibitions at the same time. In 1789 and 1790 Charles Dibdin gave here his “Sans Souci,” a musical and variety entertainment; and when the Amphitheatre in Westminster Road was burnt down, it was here that Astley brought his circus. “The Musical Glasses” (without Shakespeare), phantasmagoria, panoramas made their home here. It was by turns a school of eloquence, a concert-room, a Roman Catholic chapel, the show-place of a white negro girl, and of a porcupine man; actors out of engagements gave entertainments here; and here it was that in 1802 Madame Tussaud, upon her arrival in England, first exhibited her collection of wax-work figures.

Not until 1809 did it become a regular theatre. In that year the burnt-out company of Drury Lane obtained a special licence from the Lord Chamberlain to give dramatic performances at the Lyceum until their new building should be ready. In 1811, after the retirement of Dr. Arnold, Dr. Arnold applied for a licence to give English opera, which was granted under the name of the “Lyceum Theatre.”

a nursery for English singers for the winter theatres. The name of the building was changed from the Lyceum to the English Opera House, and the season commenced in 1810, with Braham, Oxberry, and Harley among the company. The old ballad operas of the last century, musical farces, and melodramas were the kind of entertainment provided. In 1815, having obtained a 99-years' lease from the Marquis of Exeter, at a ground-rent of £700 per annum, Arnold purchased the whole block of buildings which now form a square between Wellington Street and Exeter Street, and rebuilt the houses, shops, and theatre, at a cost of £80,000. Very different was the appearance of the neighbourhood in those days from what it presents now. Where the northern half of Wellington Street, which was not made until 1829, debouches into the Strand, stood Exeter Change, projecting over the pavement, and narrowing the thoroughfare. This place was famous for its show of wild beasts and monsters, pictures of which, after the manner of the shows of a country fair, were daubed all over the frontage ; it was the Zoological Gardens of that day, and was considered by country cousins to be one of the sights of London.

The principal entrance to the theatre was beneath a small stone portico, supported by six Ionic columns, leading into a long, vaulted passage, upon which a door of the adjoining tavern opened, as it now does, into the pit passage. The entrances to pit and gallery were in Exeter Court. At prices ranging from five shillings to one, the house was computed to hold £350. The interior was handsomely decorated, but the great feature of the building was a saloon seventy-two feet long and forty wide, fitted up as a winter garden, with flowers and shrubs, and diversified in character each season : sometimes it represented an Italian terrace, then a Chinese pavilion, at another it was fitted up with pictures of ancient Egypt. This house was one of the first places of public amusement that adopted the use of gas, and in 1817 a great feature was made in the bills of the announcement that gas-lights were introduced over the whole stage. Later on in the same season this innovation was extended to the auditorium.

The new house commenced its career with a company among which we find Miss Kelly, Miss Poole, Mrs. Orger, Wallack, Harley, Dowton. Of these notable artistes, the first-named was destined for some years to be the bright particular star of the theatre. All readers of Charles Lamb will be acquainted with that charming story in which, under the name of Barbara S——, he has told something of the early life of that delightful actress. Fanny Kelly has been dead

only a year or two, and yet so long is it since she retired from the stage—it is fifty years ago—that few old playgoers can have seen her, and fewer still can have any distinct recollection of her acting. She was the niece of Michael Kelly, the composer, and half-sister of Mrs. Charles Mathews the elder. At nine years old she could read and sing at sight any piece of music put into her hand, and through the influence of her uncle was engaged as a chorister at Drury Lane; there she played the Duke of York to George Frederick Cooke's Richard, on his first appearance in London; and Prince Arthur to Mrs. Siddons' Constance. She remained some time at this house. She was afterwards engaged at the Haymarket, but was so timid and nervous that she made no mark in her profession until 1814, when her clever acting at the English Opera House secured the success of a pantomime called "Harlequin Hoax." In the first season of the new theatre "The Maid and the Magpie" was produced. It was just after the *cause célèbre* of Eliza Fenning, and a certain similarity between the two stories made the piece the sensation of the day; and this was greatly intensified by the exquisite acting of Miss Kelly as the falsely-accused servant, Annette. Memories of this old piece still survive in Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra," and in H. J. Byron's burlesque. From that time she became identified with the heroines of domestic drama, and in such parts as Phoebe in "The Miller's Maid," Lisette in "The Sergeant's Wife," and many others written expressly to suit her particular style; she had no rival in her own day, nor has she had a successor since. She was equally excellent in certain *soubrette* parts in farces, and while never lacking dramatic intensity or broad humour, her style was perfectly natural, no slight commendation in an age when stage art was generally stilted and artificial. Although very plain, she was twice in danger of her life from rejected lovers: one man fired at her from Drury Lane pit, and the bullet passed over her head; at Dublin another love-sick swain was so violent and threatening in his behaviour that she had to give him into custody. The ludicrous side of the story is that both were proved to be insane. "What can it mean?" she said very naively to the Dublin magistrate before whom the latter case was brought. "It can't be my beauty that drives these poor people mad!" After being for years the great attraction of the English Opera House, she built a small theatre in connection with her private house in Dean Street, Soho, now known as the Royalty, for the purpose of a dramatic school, but it proved a failure, and at forty-four years of age, although by no means in easy circumstances, she retired from the profession of which she was one of the brightest ornaments. Just before her death, through the

representations of some friends, she, then in her ninety-third year, was granted a pension of £150 from the Civil List.

The licence granted to the English Opera House extended from July 1 to October; but, except by special permission for some particular occasion, no play belonging to the *répertoire* of the winter theatres was allowed to be performed. Ballad operas of the "Love in a Village," "No Song, no Supper," and "Rosina" school; strong melodrama of the transpontine type, bearing such titles as "The Death Fetch"; musical farces; pantomimes; versions of German and Italian opera, cut down to a commonplace serious or comic drama, with songs and duets, most of the concerted pieces being omitted—in the first place, because the company could not sing them, and in the second, because the public would not have cared about them—this was the kind of fare provided for the patrons of this house. But it did not pay; and in 1817 the management resorted to the curious experiment of giving two performances a night, the one commencing at six, the other at half-past nine, at reduced prices, an experiment that was very speedily abandoned.

It was on this stage, in 1818, that Mathews the elder first appeared in his famous entertainment "Mathews at Home." His extraordinary powers of mimicry had for some time overshadowed his great abilities as an actor, so that, as he complained in his opening address, both managers and the press had fallen into the habit of regarding him as a mere mimic, and on the opening of the great theatres he occasionally found himself left out in the cold. Years before, as we have already stated, Charles Dibdin appeared in the old house in a musical and mimetic entertainment with great success, and this it was that suggested the idea to Mathews. Arnold, the manager, offered to engage him for seven years at a thousand a year, terms with which, never anticipating the enormous success that the entertainment would achieve, he at once closed. The "At Home" was to be given each year during April and May at the English Opera House, and in the provinces during the remaining months. In the life of her husband, Mrs. Mathews expressed herself so strongly upon what she considered this unjust bargain, that Arnold defended himself in a pamphlet in which he set forth that independent of the salary he had to risk £3,500 per annum upon an untried speculation, the failure of which would have been disastrous to him. When the success was assured, more favourable terms for the artist, however, were arranged. Here is a copy of the first bill:—

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, STRAND.

The public are respectfully informed that they will find Mr Mathews "At Home" this evening, Thursday, April 2nd, 1818; Saturday, the 4th, and on the Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday following, when he will have the honour of presenting his visitors with an entertainment called

MAIL COACH ADVENTURES;

Affording an introduction for various comic songs, imitations, etc. Previous to which he will address the company on the subject of his present attempt.

PART FIRST.

Recitation—Introductory address—General improvement in the conveyance of live lumber, as exemplified in the progress of heavy coach, light coach, caterpillar and mail—Whimsical description of an expedition to Brentford.

SONG—*Mail Coach.*

Recitation—Description of the Passengers—Lisping Lady and Critic in Black.

SONG—*Royal Visitors.*

Recitation—Breaking of a spring—Passengers at Highgate—Literary Butcher—Socrates in the Shambles—Definition of Belles-Lettres—French Poets—Rhyming Defended.

SONG—*Cobbler à la Française.*

Recitation—Theatrical Conversation—Dimensions of Drury Lane and Covent Garden stages—Matter-of-fact Conversation—Satire on Truisms.

SONG—*Incontrovertible Facts in various Branches of Knowledge.*

PART SECOND.

Mr. Mathews will deliver an experimental lecture on Ventriloquy.

PART THIRD.

Recitation—Digression on the Study of the Law; Whimsical Trial, Good Grim *versus* Lapstone—Scramble at Supper—Drunken Farmer—Extract from Hoppisly's Drunken Man.

SONG—*London Newspapers.*

Recitation—Imitation of Fond Barney of York—Arrival of a Scotch Lady—Long Story about Nothing.

SONG—*Bartholomew Fair.*

Recitation—A Quack Doctor—Mountebank's harangue—Anecdote of a Yorkshire man.

SONG—*Nightingale Club.*

The entertainment to conclude with novel specimens of Imitation, in which several tragic and comic performers will give their different ideas how "Hamlet's Advice to the Players" should be spoken.

Mathews has had many imitators in this kind of entertainment, his own son among the number, but never an equal. To judge by the stories related by Mrs. Mathews, his powers of mimicry, or rather of transformation, must have been nothing less than marvellous, for without make-up, change of dress, or any stage trickery, he could so change his personality as to deceive his most intimate friends. He was once expelled from behind the scenes of the V where he was actually playing at the time, as

and the next moment, after simply allowing his features and figure to assume their normal appearance, passed through the stage door again and was recognised as Mr. Mathews. In those days the *habitués* of the boxes had the *entrée* of the green-room of Drury Lane ; among those who availed themselves of the privilege was a curious old gentleman, whose name, it was understood, was Pennyman, and whose behaviour was so eccentric that he soon became a notorious character. "No one," to use Mrs. Mathews's words, "could tell how the gentleman got admittance, and therefore there was no mode of excluding him. Every night he attracted inconvenient numbers to the green-room ; and on the nights when my husband performed it was a matter of much regret to the performers that Mathews always came to the theatre too early or too late to see a subject whom he, of all others, ought to see. It was really surprising that no suspicion of the truth arose. How long this imposture lasted I forget, but it was at length revealed by the impostor himself. One night in the midst of a greater excitement than was usually created by him, he suddenly stood before the assembled crowd as Mr. Mathews." Nearly as remarkable is another tale told of this absolute power of changing his personality. When Godwin was writing "Cloudesley" he asked him to furnish him with some hints upon the possibilities of disguise. Mathews invited him to dinner, and after the meal was over gave him some ocular demonstrations upon the subject. Presently, while his guest was conversing with Mrs. Mathews, the host slipped out of the room, and almost immediately afterwards a servant entered to announce a Mr. Jenkins. Mrs. Mathews looked vexed, and had scarcely time to explain that it was a troublesome and eccentric neighbour, when the new visitor, not waiting for permission to enter, followed close at the servant's heels. He was introduced to Mr. Godwin, and began to talk so incessantly about his works, and make such impertinent inquiries about the forthcoming one, that the illustrious author, bored and annoyed, rose from his seat and went to the window that opened on to the lawn ; but Mr. Jenkins was not to be so easily evaded, he pushed before him and officiously offered to unfasten the window ; after fumbling a little he threw it open and turned round ; then, to his astonishment, Godwin saw another man,—not Mr. Jenkins, but Charles Mathews. Mathews's imitation of Lord Ellenborough was so exact that he received a polite request from his lordship not to repeat it. He respected this intimation, although his refusal to comply with the demand of a crowded house next night, assembled by the fame of this mimicry, almost created a riot.

The Prince Regent, however, sent for him to Carlton House, and

there he had to imitate his lordship for the delectation of his Royal Highness, who went into ecstasies over the performance. After this Mathews became a terror to judges and barristers whenever he was seen in court. One day during a provincial tour he strolled into the sessions house at Shrewsbury while a trial was going on. Presently an usher came to him with the judge's compliments to enquire if he would like a seat upon the bench. Rather astonished, as he had no acquaintance with his lordship, Mathews followed his conductor and was most effusively received. Relating the incident some years afterwards to a legal friend, he was commenting upon the politeness shown him, when the listener burst out laughing, "I've heard the judge tell the story," he said, "and I remember his saying 'I was so frightened when I caught sight of that d——d Mathews in the court with his eyes upon me that I couldn't fix my thoughts upon the case, for I believed he had come there for the purpose of taking me off on the stage that night, so I thought it was best to be as civil to him as possible.'"

Small as were the privileges accorded to the minor theatres, the managers of the great patent houses endeavoured to curtail them by prolonging their own season further into the summer, and there were appeals to the public from one side and to the Lord Chamberlain from the other. There is a good story told in an unpublished letter of Peake's of this feud. Dr. Kitchener, who was a general friend of the theatrical people of the day, hit upon what he considered the splendid idea of inviting the four belligerent managers of the Haymarket, English Opera House, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane to a dinner, at which there should be no other guests. The arrangement was kept a close secret, and each arrived profoundly ignorant of the others' presence. The combined astonishment may be imagined. But, after a little awkwardness, they could not withstand the ludicrousness of the situation, and, bursting out into a hearty laugh, shook hands and put a good face upon the matter. The doctor now tried hard to introduce the subject of their differences, but for a time they parried all his efforts, until at last Elliston, then lessee of Drury Lane, rose, and with an air of overwhelming hauteur laid his hand upon Arnold's head and exclaimed, "Minor manager, I will lay my hand upon you and crush you!" All kinds of expedients were resorted to to evade the patent laws during the close months. Masquerades and costume recitals were frequent, and occasionally special permission was given to some distinguished actor to appear in a round of legitimate characters. It was here in 1821 that Mrs. Glover, for her benefit, played Hamlet, being the first lady who attempted the part, and a year or

two later Mathews was allowed to appear in some of his famous characters of legitimate comedy. Melodrama and farce, however, continued to be the staple pieces provided ; and the poorness of their literary merit was partly compensated for by the excellence of the company engaged to interpret them. Wrench, T. P. Cooke, Mrs. Chatterley, Clara Fisher, Wilkinson, "little" Knight, Bartley, Wallack, O. Smith, Miss Kelly, were among the best-known names. On July 2, 1825, the bills announced that Miss Goward, from the Theatres Royal Norwich and York, would make her first appearance in London as Rosina in the ballad opera of that name, and Little Pickle in the "Spoiled Child." That is now close upon sixty years ago ; yet the lady, who was destined to become one of the greatest favourites, scarcely excepting Fanny Kelly, that ever trod those boards, is still living ; but she is better known to us all under the name of Mrs. Keeley.

In 1830 the English Opera House died the natural death of all theatres -by fire. And it was not till July, 1834, that the present building was finished and opened under the name of the "New Theatre Royal, Lyceum, and English Opera House." Beazly was the architect ; but there was a curious omission in the plan,—the gallery stairs were forgotten ; and this extraordinary oversight was not discovered until the building was finished, and a temporary wooden staircase, which, however, remained for several years, had to be hastily put up for the ascent of the gods to their Olympus. By this time the aspect of the entire neighbourhood had been changed. Old Exeter Change had disappeared several years before, Wellington Street had been opened, and the principal entrance to the theatre was transferred from the Strand to the new thoroughfare, an alteration that can scarcely be said to have been for the better. The first success was made with John Barnett's charming opera, "The Mountain Sylph," with Miss Romer, Henry Phillips, and Stretton in the principal parts ; it was played a hundred nights to crowded houses, and the season was extended, for the first time, through November. Next year, by royal authority, it commenced in April, and was continued into the following January, but with such ill results that the price of the boxes was reduced from four shillings to two, and the management was ultimately resolved into a commonwealth among the company. Then came Italian Opera Buffa and French plays, all more or less failures. Theatrical affairs were then in the lowest depth of that long depression that extended from the retirement of John Kemble to within the last ten or fifteen years, during which the stage was voted unfashionable—most terrible of all bans in this country.

It was at this house, in the winter of 1838-39, that promenade

concerts, announced as a novelty from Paris, were first introduced into this country. The music was purely instrumental. As they were continued for several seasons, from November to May, it may be presumed that they were tolerably successful. In 1839 the dramatic, or operatic, season as it would be called, opened on April 1, with an address spoken by Mrs. Stirling. It seems strange to come upon that name in a file of old fossil bills—a name that still stands in the foremost rank of English actresses.

In 1841 Balfe undertook the management, and opened with a great flourish of trumpets, and with what appeared to be an excellent chance of success—a real national opera, after the continental form; no mere string of ballads, but works worthy to stand beside the productions of Italy and Germany, were to be produced. The Queen headed the list of subscribers. Orchestra stalls were formed for the first time, and the prices of admission raised to seven shillings. A spectacular opera upon an Egyptian subject, called "Keolanthé," composed by the manager, was produced on the opening night, and Macfarren was to set to work upon something to follow. But these were all castles in the air; very soon there was a defection of the principal artists; everything went wrong, and after a ten weeks' struggle the doors were suddenly closed. Perhaps the failure is more easily explainable than the disappointed impresario cared to admit. The people who could appreciate Mozart and Rossini, and even Bellini and Donizetti, would not care to listen to "Keolanthé," of which probably not a bar survives in anybody's memory; and as in those days every girl had not learned to strum upon the piano—happy days!—the taste for even such music as this had not yet risen among the masses. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* After this came German opera, with stalls at ten and sixpence, the first time we hear of such a price in a theatre; but the Germans went the way of the English; the Italian school had the monopoly of fashionable patronage, and the music of the Teutons "was caviare" to our dilettanti.

In January 1843 the house was converted into an "American Amphitheatre," a wild-beast show, with the famous Van Amburgh and Carter, the lion king, for stars. Later on in the same year, in April, Mrs. Waylett undertook the management; the tariff was reduced, and half price taken to all parts of the house, and to heighten the attraction, Signor Nano, the Gnome Fly, was engaged to crawl upon the ceiling, walk up perpendicular walls, and fly about the place like a veritable Diptera,—a very extraordinary exhibition, but it could not save the management from coming to an abrupt termination.

This year, 1843, was an important one in the annals of the Engl'

stage, as a bill was brought into Parliament by Sir James Graham and passed, which placed all the metropolitan theatres under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, and deprived the patent houses of that monopoly of the performance of the legitimate drama that they had enjoyed for upwards of a century. Vexatious and unjust as were the restrictions upon the minor theatres, it was a doubtful benefit from an *artistic* point of view ; it scattered the talent that should have been concentrated, it lowered the standard of excellence, it fostered the vanity and petty ambition of men who had just ability enough for Banquo or Laertes or Horatio to attempt Macbeth and Hamlet. Histronic talent has never been so plentiful in this or any other country that competent artistes for the representation of high tragedy and comedy could be found more than sufficient for two or three theatres. And it is curious to mark how small has been the absolute effect of dramatic free trade : during the days of restriction, three theatres—two in winter and one in summer—were privileged to play the legitimate drama. The Lyceum is now the nearest approach to a legitimate theatre in London ; the Princess's has an occasional Shakespearean spasm, but it is the recognised home of spectacular domestic drama ; the Vaudeville has given some representations of high comedy that we could ill have spared, but only after the Haymarket had changed its style of entertainment. Covent Garden has ceased to be a dramatic house, and Drury Lane has retired altogether from the poetic drama, while those that once were called the minor theatres adhere as strictly to their own peculiar style as though the law compelled them to do so.

But as soon as the old Act was repealed, every manager rushed into Shakespeare, and Othellos, Hamlets, and Macbeths sprang up as quickly as toadstools. On the 29th of January, 1844, the English Opera House changed its name to the Theatre Royal Lyceum. The season opened with Shakspeare's "Henry IV.," an aspiring amateur, Captain Harvey Tuckett, playing Falstaff ; the rest of the company were taken from the rank and file of the patent theatres. A fortnight's trial, to empty benches, cured the Lyceum of its ambition for the legitimate, and on Easter Monday in the same year, the Kewleys, who had long been supreme favourites at this house, took up the sceptre. They gathered about them an admirable company for the class of pieces they performed, which consisted of comic farce, extravaganza, and strong domestic drama, making up an evening's entertainment at once solid and bright, and so various as to suit almost any taste ; we have nothing like it at the present day.

Dickens was then in the very zenith of his popularity, and

dramatic versions of his novels were very popular. "Martin Chuzzlewit" scored a great success here, running ninety nights. The caste was admirable. Sam Emery, whom we all remember, and who made his first appearance in London upon these boards in 1843, was the Jonas; Alfred Wigan the Montague Tigg; Frank Matthews the Pecksniff; Keeley Sairey Gamp; Mrs. Keeley young Bailey; Miss Woolgar and Mrs. Wigan the two girls. Then followed "The Chimes," in which little Keeley was Trotty, and his wife Margaret Veck. The "Candle Lectures" were also dramatised, with Keeley as the Mrs. Candle. The Keeley management came to an end on June 11, 1847, in consequence of a disagreement with Arnold, the principal landlord, and, on October 18, Madame Vestris succeeded to the vacant throne, with one of the finest comedy companies of modern days, including, as it did, her incomparable self, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Fairbrother, and Mrs. Stirling; Charles Mathews, Frank Matthews (no relation beyond the name), whose round unctuous old men were a delight to witness; Leigh Murray, an English Delaunay, Meadows, Charles Selby, Harley, quaintest of comedians, and Buckstone, oiliest and raciest of his kind.

The opening piece was "The Pride of the Market," but the successes of the season were "Used Up," "Box and Cox," and "A Rough Diamond." The Lyceum, under the new management, became the most delightful theatrical resort in all London. Extravaganza and burlesque, as written by Planché, and as mounted by Vestris, were brought to the highest excellence of which they were capable, a mixture of the poetic, the fantastic, and the grotesque, without a shadow of vulgarity. The charming old fairy tales were treated humorously and playfully, but that they were neither degraded nor trailed in the gutter mud as they are now, let those who remember "Prince Charming," "The King of the Peacocks," "The Island of Jewels," and so many others, bear witness. It was in the last-named piece (1849), Planché tells us, that the first approach to a transformation scene was introduced. In the last scene William Beverley, who was the scenic artist, arranged the leaves of a palm tree to fall and discover six faeries, each supporting a coronet of jewels. "It produced such an effect," he adds, "as I scarcely remember having witnessed on any similar occasion up to that period, and every theatre rushed into imitation." Such was the small beginning of those elaborate displays of scenic art with which we are all now so familiar. Madame Vestris had, perhaps, passed the meridian of her powers, but Mathews was in the perfection of his, with a charm

of style, an exquisite polish, that had no rival off the Parisian stage. In comedy, farce, or burlesque he was equally at home ; he could carry a whole piece upon his shoulders, without ever wearying an audience ; and in powers of transformation he was surpassed only by his father. What wonders he did in "Patter versus Clatter," by simply altering the position of his wig and buttoning or unbuttoning his coat ! Again, in "He Would Be an Actor," was ever anything more surprising than that change from the old Welsh gardener to the fashionable French lady ? It was on the Lyceum stage that both these pieces first saw the foot-lights ; as well as the famous "Game of Speculation" (1851).

There was no lack of public support, but, as everybody knows, the speculation ended in bankruptcy. Let the manager explain the causes of this result himself : "For seven years we worked day and night, with unvarying success, but the want of capital to fall back upon was for ever the drawback upon our efforts. Every piece used to be got up upon credit, and the outlay had always to be repaid before a profit could be realised ; and all the large receipts accruing from the brilliant houses from Christmas to Easter were more than swallowed up by the utter blank that followed from Easter to Michaelmas. . . During these seven years, buoyed up by hope, I battled with my fate, and made head against my increasing difficulties, till one heavy fall of snow at Christmas spared me the trouble of continuing my existence." The fact was, he entered upon the lesseeship burdened with debts standing over from the Olympic and Covent Garden failures, and was never out of the hands of the Jews. Then he had for wife one of the most extravagant of women, to whom the most costly luxuries had become necessities of life. In such a small item as gloves, for instance, she would sometimes use up a box in a single night ; if a pair, or half a dozen pairs in succession, fitted with the slightest crease, they were cast aside, and for every scene a fresh pair was put on. When lace curtains were required upon the stage they were real lace, and everything else was in equal proportion. Mathews was made bankrupt, but obtained a first-class certificate. Soon afterwards he was arrested by an inveterate creditor, and thrown into Lancaster gaol. More than once before he had had a narrow escape of such a fate, à propos of which he used to tell some amusing stories. One night, as he was entering the stage door of the Lyceum, a bailiff tapped him upon the shoulder, "Why have you not renewed the bill ?" asked the man. "He" (the creditor) "wouldn't renew it," replied Mathews. "Well, then, just write your name across this,"

said the man, producing a long slip of blue paper with a stamp in the corner. Mathews did so. "Now I'm your creditor, and shall be happy to renew if you can't pay at the end of the time." And with these words he disappeared. He had paid the debt out of his own pocket to save the actor from a prison. Who shall talk about stony-hearted bailiffs after that? "How many times," Mathews writes, "have I gone upon the stage with a heavy heart and a merry face, to act the very part in jest that I was playing behind the scenes in earnest, and not a sympathetic smile to pity me. On the contrary, everybody seemed to believe that I revelled in it, and every allusion I had made to duns and bailiffs was hailed by the audience as the emanation of a light heart, and a most unctuous enjoyment. Had I been a tragedian and walked on with a melancholy air and serious face, I should have cause for feeling my unfortunate position—'Poor fellow, see how down he is!' But the painfully successful effort of assuming gaiety and joyousness—difficult as it was—robbed me of all sympathy. 'Pooh! pooh! he doesn't care, he likes it; he's in his element.'" After being incarcerated for nearly a month in Lancaster gaol he was released. He had taken his seat in the railway carriage, bound for London, when a man sitting opposite to him pointed to the Castle, as they steamed by, and remarked to a lady sitting beside him, "That's where Charley Mathews is!" "Really," answered the lady, sympathetically, "poor fellow!" "Poor fellow! Not at all," answered the other; "he revels in it. Lord bless you, he's been in every prison in England!" A few days after his release Madame Vestris died. She had retired from the stage in 1854, in consequence of ill health. The last piece she played in was a version of "*La Joie Fait Peur*," called "*Sunshine Through the Clouds*."

Charles Dillon undertook the management of the Lyceum in the autumn of 1856, and made a decided impression by his fine performance of Belphegor. Perhaps it is not too much to say that a finer piece of melodramatic acting has not been seen upon the London stage within living memory. Marie Wilton, who had been playing for a short time at the Adelphi, was the *Henri*, and J. L. Toole, then in his first London engagement, was the *Fanfaronade*. Nor were Dillon's talents confined to the lower walks of the drama; there were points in his *Virginius* and even in his *Lear* that have not been equalled by any succeeding English actor. Westland Marston wrote "*A Life's Ransom*" for him in 1857, and "*A Hard Struggle*" in 1858, and Leigh Hunt his "*Love's Amazement*." It is worth noting that it was under this management that stalls were first permanently established,

though the charge was only five shillings, afterwards raised to six. The Pyne and Harrison company occupied the house during the summer of 1857, and achieved a great success with "The Rose of Casule." Edmund Falconer took the house for a season in the autumn of 1858, and produced his comedy of "Extremes," which enjoyed a long run. Madame Celeste succeeded him, and carried on the management for two unsuccessful seasons; then came Falconer a second time (1861) with the memorable "Peep o' Day," which ran considerably over a twelvemonth. In the autumn of 1863 the house again changed hands, and Charles Fechter became the lessee. The Fechter régime was a red-letter day in the annals of our stage; he brought in a new order of things theatrical, swept away worn-out traditions, and was the pioneer of all those elaborate spectacles of which we are getting a little too much at the present day. He began by revolutionising the stage itself, and thereby rendered possible such mechanical effects as we never before dreamed of. The ancient grooves, trap-doors, and sticky flats were done away with, the flooring was so constructed that it could be taken to pieces like a child's puzzle, and scenery could be raised or sunk in any part, while all the shifting was done on the mezzanine beneath; ceilings were no longer represented by hanging cloths, or the walls of a room by open wings, but were solidly built; the old glaring foot-lights, which used to make such hideous lights and shadows upon the faces of the performers, were sunk and subdued, and set scene succeeded set scene with a rapidity which in those days, when never more than one set was attempted in each act, was regarded as marvellous. There was also an attention to details of costume and general effect that had never been attempted except in the Shakspearean revivals of Macready and Charles Kean. But it was not alone in the mechanical and artistic departments that he wrought such startling changes: he shook to their foundation all the traditions of the old tie-wig school of acting, which, however excellent they were in their time, had now become musty and pedantic. It was many a day since anything so brilliant and unconventional had been seen upon the stage as his "Ligardere" and "Ruy Blas." He was the first of the Hamlets who wholly discarded the Kemble traditions, and has been the source of inspiration to all his successors. Never, perhaps, were the two first acts more beautifully rendered—especially the first soliloquy—or the highly-wrought sensitive soul of the melancholy Dane more truthfully portrayed; but after that, with certain exceptions, the representation was far from satisfactory. When he attempted to colloquialise "Othello" he deservedly failed. A notable production was "The Master of Ravens-

wood," with the quicksand effect in the last scene ; but many of the plays he produced—such as "The War Cry" and "Bel Demonio"—were wholly unworthy the theatre, the manager, and the pains bestowed upon them, and failure was the result.

After Fechter retired the Lyceum fell upon evil days and passed into various hands, and failure followed failure, until it was commonly spoken of as "the unlucky house," and people interested in theatrical matters began to prophesy that nothing would ever again succeed there. So that when Bateman took it in 1871 it was regarded as a forlorn hope. And such it very nearly proved to be. Taken almost especially to bring forward his daughter Isabel, in whom he hoped to repeat the success achieved by her elder sister in Leah, he commenced his campaign with a version of George Sand's "La Petite Fadette." It failed, and "The Bells" was put up, not with any idea of a great success, but merely as a stop-gap or a *pis-aller*. We must go back at least to the night when Frederick Robson played Shylock for the first time in Talfourd's burlesque of the "Merchant of Venice" to find any parallel to the electrical success achieved by Mr. Henry Irving on his first appearance as Mathias ; his Digby Grant had established his reputation as a character actor of the first order, but his most enthusiastic admirers were not prepared for such a revelation of original powers as was revealed by his marvellous impersonation of the conscience-haunted Burgomaster. It recalled no histrionic tradition ; it was a new sensation. From that time he took a high position in the ranks of his profession, a position which, with few exceptions, has been advanced by every fresh part he has played, and which has certainly attained its climax since his return from America. But Mr. Irving's career is too well known to all who would be likely to take any interest in it to need recapitulation here. He became manager at the end of 1878, and under his rule the once "unlucky" Lyceum has become the most prosperous theatre in London. Following in the steps of Fechter, but far outstriding his teacher, he has rendered it world-renowned for the splendour of its productions, at the same time imbuing them with a poetical grace which is almost unique.

Any account of the Lyceum, however brief, would be incomplete without some reference to an institution which, though not theatrical, was associated during fifty-eight years with its walls. Need it be said we refer to the Sublime Society of Beef Steaks, founded by Rich in 1735. For seventy years Covent Garden was their home, but when that house was burnt down in 1808, they took up their abode for a year at the Bedford Coffee House. T

to the Lyceum. When this theatre was rebuilt after the fire, a couple of rooms were added for their especial accommodation—Mr. Irving gave his memorable supper on the 100th night of the “Merchant of Venice” in them—and there all meetings were held until the dissolution of the club in 1867. During the hundred and odd years of the club's existence many of the most celebrated men of those generations were members. It was rigidly laid down that the number should never exceed twenty-four, and they would not make an exception even for the Prince Regent, who had to wait his turn. The members met every Saturday night to eat beefsteaks and drink port wine. At the end of the dining-room was an enormous grating in the form of a gridiron, through which the fire was seen, and the steaks were handed from the kitchen. Over this was the quotation

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

There was perfect equality, and the last-made member, even were he of royal blood, was made the fag of the rest. There is a capital story told of this peculiarity of the society. On a certain occasion, when a large and distinguished party had met, a wealthy and pretentious Liverpool merchant was among the guests. Something occurred to rouse his suspicion that the royal and titled persons were myths, and he communicated this conviction to his host, remarking that it was a very good joke, but he saw through it. The idea was instantly seized, and the Beefsteaks, to keep up the delusion, resolved themselves into a society of tradesmen. The Duke of Sussex reproached Alderman Wood for the tough steaks he had sent last Saturday. The Alderman retorted upon his royal brother by complaining of the ill-fitting stays he had sent his wife. Sir Francis Burdett told Whitbread his last cask of beer was sour, and the latter accounted for it by saying that it had been left too long in the Tower. A leaf had to be withdrawn to shorten the table, and in closing it the chair of the Duke of Leinster, who was president, was overbalanced, and both the duke and the chair fell into the grate. No one moved, everybody roared, and his Grace had to scramble to his feet as best he could. This confirmed the merchant's scepticism. “Why,” he said, “if he had been a real duke would they not all have run to pick him up?”

H. BARTON BAKER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

COLOURED HAIL.

MY concluding note in last month's number was suggested by a letter from Schwedoff in *Nature*, September 10. He first refers to red hailstones picked up in Ireland, and described in *Nature* of May 21, and then proceeds to describe others that fell in Russia in June, 1880. The forms of these constituted three types—parallelo-piped, cylindrical, and spheroidal. The last were much flattened with a cavity at the ends of the shorter axis. Some were pierced through along this axis, and thus became ring-like. Some were of a pale red colour, others pale blue, but most of them were grey or white.

We know that iron vapour exists abundantly in the solar atmosphere, and it must be ejected with the hydrogen outbursts, and more or less intermingled with the aqueous vapour. Such mixed vapour on condensing and solidifying would imprison some of the condensed iron-oxide dust. The peroxide would give the red stain, a lower oxide in small quantity the pale blue or grey.

COLD HAIL.

IN a recent number of the *Annales de Chimie et Physique* (Series 6, vol. 3, page 425) Boussingault records his observations on the temperature of hailstones that fell in the Department of the Loire. They were as low as -10.3° Centigrade (*i.e.*, $18\frac{1}{2}$ degrees below freezing, Fahr.), while the surrounding air was at 26° C. (79° Fahr.). Other observers have noted similar temperatures. These facts, as far as they go, support Schwedoff's theory of their cosmic origin.

THE VELOCITY OF HAILSTONES.

ONE of the objections to Schwedoff's theory, on a superficial glance at the velocity with which hailstones strike

visitors from such a distance encountering the earth in its rapid orbital and cosmical flight.

Some observations I made in the Romsdal and on the Geiranger-fjord, and have recorded in both my books on Norway, have a direct explanatory bearing on this question. There are waterfalls in these places and other parts of Norway formed by a small stream plunging over a precipice, and descending from a height of 2,000 feet and upwards.

At the upper part of the fall the water is a continuous stream ; presently this is broken by the acceleration tearing the lower and more rapidly moving portions from those above them. Lower down, as the acceleration proceeds, the collision between air and water breaks up still further the detached fragments of the original stream, and this continues until all is pounded into snowy spray. Every subdivision of the particles of the water exposes more and more surface to the friction of the air, and this friction or resistance of course goes on increasing with the increasing velocity of downfall, until at last the resistance just balances the accelerating force of gravitation, and thus no further velocity is attainable. From this boundary the remaining downward journey of the shattered water is performed with uniform velocity, even with retarded velocity when the air is dry enough to effect a sensible amount of evaporation from the water particles.

A similar result must occur if hailstones or larger masses of ice enter our atmosphere with great velocity from without ; there is a breaking up and retardation, accompanied, of course, with evolution of heat, superficial liquefaction, and boiling (as explained in the note above quoted) ; but the specific gravity of the hail being no greater (actually less) than that of the water drops, the retardation must proceed until ultimately the original great velocity will be reduced to what I may designate the *critical velocity*, or that at which the resistance of the atmosphere exactly balances the acceleration of gravitation. This velocity will of course vary with the size of the hailstones, as the smaller present a greater surface in proportion to their gravitating energy than the larger.

The open question is, whether the quantity of atmosphere through which such supposed cosmic ice would fall is sufficient to effect this amount of retardation of particles having the dimensions of hailstones. The obliquity of their incidence, or the slope at which they enter the atmosphere, is of course an important factor in the solution of this question. It should be noted that the greater the obliquity, the longer will be their atmospheric course, and the greater the amount of atmospheric resistance ; and that when the sum of the horizontal

component of this resistance has attained an equality to the horizontal component of the original momentum of the hailstone, its remaining course will be determined by gravitation, and thus its final path may approach to that of a similar hailstone merely dropped from a cloud.

In taking up the cudgels in defence of Schwedoff's theory I am by no means asserting that it is proved, or even provable with our present limited supply of facts; what I maintain is that the "manifest absurdity" verdict of Sir William Thomson was superficial and thoughtless.

We require to know more than is known at present concerning the course and velocity of hailstones: whether their slanting fall, which is sometimes so remarkable, is always and fully explainable by the course and velocity of the wind; and more particularly what is the velocity and course of hailstones falling at great elevations compared with those falling at or near to sea level.

Now that we have mountain observatories in so many places, I think the attention of the meteorological observers at these stations should be directed to this subject.

In the "Philosophical Transactions," No. 203, is an account of a hailstorm at Lille, in Flanders, in 1686, describing hailstones which contained in the middle "a dark brown matter which thrown on the fire gave a very great report."

Dr. Halley describes a storm which, on April 29, 1697, came from Carnarvonshire, and travelled across Cheshire, covering a space sixty miles long and about two miles wide. Within this space not only all sorts of fowls and other small animals were killed, but trees were split, men and horses were knocked down, and the hailstones buried themselves in the ground an inch or an inch and a half deep.

Darwin records a still more destructive hailstorm at the foot of the Sierra Tapalguen, in Buenos Ayres. Large wild deer and ostriches were killed, besides a multitude of ducks, hawks, partridges, &c. Other records of the killing of cattle and the devastation of whole districts might be quoted at great length.

A MEDICAL SUGGESTION.

IT is well known that many patients to whom cod-liver oil is prescribed are unable to overcome the nausea it produces, and that various substitutes are used, such as cream, olive-oil, glycerine, &c.

The desideratum is a hydrocarbon or simple fatty food that may be easily digested and assimilated in spite of general feebleness.

In the course of my experiments and observations on the changes effected by the cookery of food, I was led to a theory of the cookery of fat, which is expounded in Chapter X. of "The Chemistry of Cookery." Since the publication of this, I have made further observations on the granular structure (there described as due to partial dissociation of fat) of different kinds of cooked fat, and find that it displays itself rather remarkably in "bacon liquor," *i.e.*, the fat which is melted out from bacon during its frying, baking, or grilling, especially when it is cooked in an oven. This, therefore, should, if I am right, be proportionately easy to digest.

I have accordingly experimented upon myself by using it instead of butter, spreading it on bread and toast, when cold, more than doubly as thick as butter is usually spread. I can eat this with impunity, while an equal quantity of butter would produce disagreeable symptoms of indigestion.

The question that I am unable to answer is whether other people, especially those to whom cod-liver oil is commonly prescribed, will find it similarly suitable to their digestive powers. This can only be determined by experiments extending over a wide area. It is already well known that fat bacon cooked in the ordinary way, as for breakfast, is far more easily digested than would be the same pork if eaten fresh; but according to my view that part of the bacon fat which remains in the rasher is not so completely cooked, not so far dissociated, as the fused fat. Even in the case of extreme frizzling, the remaining solid fat is enveloped in tissue, and this tissue has to be digested with it, and probably interferes with the easy digestion of the fat.

If this note induces any of my readers who are using cod-liver oil to try this substitute—an experiment that harms nobody—I shall be glad to learn the result, especially so from any medical practitioner who may test its merits as applied over the larger area of his experience.

"THE MIND AS A DIAGNOSTIC SURFACE."

THIS is the quaint and expressive title of one of the papers in Dr. Richardson's "Asclepiad" of last July. His theory is that every "serious distinctive disease" has its own distinctive mental state; or, otherwise stated, special mental aberrations accompany each particular disease. This being the case, an examination of the state of mind of the patient may assist the physician in diagnosing

the nature or seat of the disease, and thus the mind presents to him a diagnostic surface.

A number of examples are given, and classified according to the mental symptoms. Into these particulars I must not enter, but will simply fulfil the purpose of this note by suggesting a confirmation of Dr. Richardson's theory, which he himself does not appear to have considered.

Many years ago, at one of those small, select, and most enjoyable evening reunions held at the house of George Combe, in Melville Street, Edinburgh, and designated by the brilliant Dr. Samuel Brown (not "Rab," but "Gahleo Brown") "circumtabular teas," the subject of the physiognomy of disease was started; and instances were quoted of accurate diagnoses of deep-seated maladies by physicians and surgeons who had cultivated the faculty of thus detecting disease. Andrew Carmichael, of Dublin, was specially mentioned as possessing this faculty in a very remarkable degree. In walking through the streets with a friend he would describe the diseased condition of the vital organs of passing passengers as though they were bodily transparent, and when opportunities of verifying his physiognomical diagnoses were afforded they were usually found to be right.

The connection between this and Dr. Richardson's theory is obvious. States of mind, as we all know, are exhibited physiognomically. The face is a "diagnostic surface" in reference to mental states, and if certain mental states accompany certain physical diseases the faculty displayed by Carmichael is explained, and its successful operation supports Dr. Richardson's theory.

ANOTHER CONVERT TO EVOLUTION.

THE Popular Science Monthly (New York) tells us that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher "has worthily crowned his splendid career as a liberal religious reformer by announcing and entering upon a series of discourses to his congregation in exposition and defence of the doctrine of evolution in its religious aspects and bearings." As the editor of that admirable and successful scientific journal (which pays the English authors for every article it reprints from English sources) says, by so doing, Mr. Beecher "commits himself boldly and broadly to the most comprehensive, far reaching, and revolutionary truth yet established by science, and which carries with it a total reconstruction of the relations of science and religion."

We were all astonished at the burial of Mr. Darwin in Westminster Abbey, and the rapid conversion of high dignitaries of the Church ; but the most violent theological attacks made upon Darwin during his lifetime came from dissenting rather than Church pulpits, and from the class of dissenters represented in America by Mr. Ward Beecher. Quoting *Science Monthly*, "Mr. Beecher and his people have been themselves evolved into their present position, and might furnish an object lesson on the law of development."

When shall we hear of Mr. Spurgeon's conversion? I have never "sat under" Mr. Spurgeon, nor read any of his sermons, but am told that he is a brave man, remarkable for originality and independence of thought. If so, the news from the States may induce him to read what Darwin himself writes, instead of accepting mangled versions of his work, and denouncing these Darwin bogies under the belief that they represent the actual Darwin.

If he is really the independent-minded, earnest seeker for truth which his followers believe him to be, there can be only one result of such direct independent study by such a man. He will see, as Mr. Henry Ward Beecher evidently sees, that the Darwinian or evolutionary view of creation elevates enormously our feeble human conceptions of the grandeur of creative power, and must necessarily elevate all theology accordingly.

THE TRUE VALUE OF HYPOTHESIS.

DR. CRUM BROWN, in opening the discussion on the Kinetic Theories of Gases, in Section A, at the last meeting of the British Association, pointed out the "difficulties," that is, the contradictions, presented by chemical action to the prevailing theory, and concludes by saying, "I have brought forward these instances of apparent contradiction between the conclusions of the dynamical theory as usually stated and observed facts, in the hope that they may be cleared up. This may be conceivably done in two ways—either by showing that the facts have not been accurately observed or that the conclusions have not been legitimately drawn from the theory."

The third alternative, namely, that the theory itself is false, is left aside as inconceivable, or as one which no man having a proper regard for scientific orthodoxy would dare to suggest.

Sir Lyon Playfair, who handles every subject he touches broadly and philosophically, treats mere hypothesis very differently. In his

address to the British Association he quotes Davy's admirable figure which describes hypothesis as the mere scaffolding of science, useful to build up true knowledge, but capable of being put up and taken down at pleasure. The whole history of science is a continuous record of such puttings up and pullings down of elaborate hypothetical scaffoldings, and the immovable permanency of the solid structure of scientific truth, *i.e.* generalised facts.

Playfair proceeds to quote Bacon, who tells us that the man of science "loveth truth more than his theory," and adds that "the changing theories which the world despises are the leaves of the tree of science drawing nutriment to the parent stems, and enabling it to put forth new branches and to produce fruit; and though the leaves fall and decay, the very products of decay nourish the roots of the tree, and reappear in the new leaves or theories which succeed."

I have just read this admirable address (as reported in *Nature*) a second time, and shall read it yet again. I hope my readers will do likewise, taking care to read the full authorised copy—not a mere abstract. I suppose it is separately published—if not, it should be—it deals with questions that concern every British citizen, are fundamental to our national existence, and are so clearly and simply treated that every British citizen can easily understand it without any technical scientific preparation.

THE MIGRATION OF SWALLOWS.

IT is a common observation that swallows display great activity just before the time of their migration, one popular theory being that they are training for their long journey. I have lately watched the swallows that are rather abundant where I live, in consequence of the abundance of food supplies. During the summer an elm tree under which I am accustomed to sit for open-air reading has, on fine evenings, given forth a curious subdued roar. On looking upwards the source of this was at once evident—a cloud of small flies was seen surrounding the tree. The same was the case with other trees in the neighbourhood, and a similar cloud commonly assembled with similar sonorous effect around the house at about the level of the roof gutter. They were a sort of gnat, the species of which I am unable to name.

So long as this supply continued the swallows had no occasion to work very hard in order to earn their livelihood, especially as the game was simultaneously abundant. During this period

to be seen soaring at great elevations, sweeping in long continuous lines, as though promenading rather than hunting. After the cold weather which we had at the latter part of September no such leisurely flights were taken. The swallows were fully occupied in darting and dodging much nearer the ground, as though in pursuit of game that was scarce, no longer obtainable in abundant battue.

In one of my notes (September 1884) I stated my own theory of the guiding instinct that impels the southward migration of such birds, viz., that they simply follow their food. With their power of extensive survey they may easily learn that, in spite of limited local exceptions, the climatic conditions for the hatching and development of the ephemeral insects on which they chiefly feed proceed southwards, and thus the resultant course of their vigorous autumnal hunting in following their prey must be southward.

If I am right, these rapid skimming and darting flights which we see in October constitute actual migration ; although darting apparently in all directions, they are really zigzagging southwards in the direction of greatest abundance or least scarcity of food. Their return to the same nesting place next year is doubtless a work of local memory.

The young birds can have no local memory of the southward course that they have never travelled, and the idea that they are led by the old birds is not borne out by observation, as they rarely fly in flocks like rooks or starlings; nor, so far as I am aware, have they been seen in any great numbers following a direct steady southward course in high air overland. They do thus fly over the sea, but (as recent observations have shown) their sea flights are only across channels of moderate width, where both shores are visible from a bird's-eye point of view.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

PRESERVATION OF BIRDS AND WILD FLOWERS.

IT seems as if before the spread of numbers and the increasing demands of civilisation, there would be no such thing—at least for the inhabitants of cities—as a free gift of Nature. Water, which is one of the most abundant of Nature's provisions, since it covers the greater portion of the world, is already doled out at a costly rate. No means have yet been found of supplying fresh air. Could such, however, be discovered, there are few of us who would not be glad to be able to turn it on with a tap from mountain height or from mid-ocean. Meanwhile societies are in contemplation for the preservation of wild flowers, which, though sown broadcast over the earth, are already in danger of extinction so far as many species are concerned, and are an object of traffic in the streets; and of wild birds, which are shot down with a relentlessness and a rapacity that threaten, even in the least-peopled districts, to tax all Nature's procreative energies, enormous as these are. Since I first wrote a couple of years ago or so concerning wild flowers, the only spots within walking reach where I could find meadow-sweet, the wild-rose, the ragged robin, and other hedge-row flowers, have disappeared. So far as regards birds, I have given up the effort to persuade womanhood that the corpse of a slaughtered bird is not a fitting portion of head-gear. The demon of fashion, which is strong enough to conquer modesty in the feminine breast, destroys mercy also, and the attempt to show how much cruelty is practised, and how much beauty and joyous life are destroyed, for the purpose of setting off feminine charms is futile. Still, the time is not far distant when legislation on the subject of wanton destruction of bird-life, even in remote countries, will be introduced, and wild flowers will be placed under some form of protection. Let those who laugh at this theory think how within a few years the plucking of wild flowers has been prohibited at Hampstead the preservation of beautiful animals been advocated. I, for one.

TOWN LIFE *VERSUS* COUNTRY.

IS there any recorded instance since Shakespeare of a man who has once had a full taste of active life among his fellows resigning himself to seclusion? In asking this question, I put on one side those whom illness or overmastering sorrow drives into retirement. So far as I can see, men who have pined for retirement, or thought they pined for it, have been anything rather than pleased when their wish has been granted. The most unhappy man I know is one whose political friends believed in his sincerity, and gave him a magistracy in the country. Next after him the men most discontented with their condition I can recall were James Hannay and Charles Lever, who were appointed respectively consuls at Barcelona and Trieste, and, after being regarded by their friends as objects of envy, found no redeeming feature in their lot. Men who live in the country for three-fourths of the year, and come to town for the remaining fourth, are of course out of the question. I am inclined to believe that no lot is more distasteful to the average man who has once known the active life of a capital in which he is in touch with all social and intellectual movement, than an enforced seclusion. No man painted country scenes and objects better than Herrick, yet none longed more eagerly for an escape from the influences he lauded. Carlyle had the good sense to retire no farther than Chelsea. I might, I know, be met with many instances of men of education and observation who have quitted town for country. In the majority of cases, however, I think that the major force to which they yielded might be traced. There are thousands of men who are only fitted for a country life. These include Wordsworth, Thoreau, and most hearty lovers of Nature. Such, however, shrink from town, and know little of the gregarious instincts of average inhabitants of cities. I feel pretty confident that the cases in which a man, through no illness, defeat, loss of strength, or other similar cause, has voluntarily quitted town life permanently for country life are far from numerous.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

IN a recent number of a contemporary magazine, a question of considerable interest is finally set at rest by English scholarship. Doubt has been cast, in a pamphlet just published by M. Desdouts, professor of philosophy at the Lycée of Versailles, a writer of considerable reputation, upon the alleged burning in Rome, in 1600

Giordano Bruno, the eminent Italian philosopher. The punishment of Bruno, and his heroic deportment in presence of a death he might have escaped by recantation, rest in part upon a letter to Conrad Rittershusius, professor of law at Altdorf, from Scioppius, who describes the death which he claimed to have witnessed. M. Desdouits combats the authenticity of this letter, and furnishes many plausible reasons why it should be a forgery. It is at least certain that Bayle was not without some doubt as to the fate that befell the last great martyr of science. His words are, "étant retourné en Italie, il y fut brûlé, *dit-on*, comme un impie, l'an 1600." Speculations of this kind have an absorbing interest for scholars. Mr. Richard Copley Christie has, however, collected the proofs of the death of Bruno, and their weight is irresistible. The archives of the Inquisition have been inspected, and the sentence, couched in the well-known words which hand the condemned man over to the secular arm—words, as Mr. Christie says, "so terrible in their operation, so vague in their terms"—has been dragged forth. On the whole, although I should be glad to blot out as false a terrible page of Church annals, I am glad that the crown of martyrdom still rests on the brow of Bruno, and that his words on hearing the decree which condemned him to death, "The sentence you pronounce perhaps troubles you more at this moment than it does me," and the attitude of heroic calm they imply, remain to win the world's admiration.

POPULAR HISTORIES OF COUNTIES.

COUNTY Histories are, as the book-buyer knows to his cost, the most expensive luxuries in which he can indulge. A collection of such, if sold by auction, would be likely to bring more than a like number of incunables, to use the word the French have drawn from the Latin to qualify books belonging to the infancy of printing. Majestic works of this class, with all the varied information as to places and families they contain, will maintain their place and price. It is pleasant, however, to hear of topographical works being brought within reach of readers of moderate means. A good idea is that which has occurred to Mr. Elliot Stock of publishing a series of Popular County Histories. So far as can be judged from the opening volume, it will be well carried out. If accepted as a sample of what is to follow, the "Popular History of the County of Norfolk," by Mr. Walter Rye, the well-known *most sanguine anticipatio*

the history of Norfolk, of the life of its inhabitants, gentle and simple, of its chief towns and natural features, its superstitions, folk-lore, and dialect, it brings from sources original and sometimes recondite many facts of highest interest to residents and students. A series carried out like this is begun cannot fail to be valuable.

THE "KNOCK-OUT."

THE proceedings at book sales known as "knock-outs" have of late attracted considerable interest. One evening paper has interviewed one of the more well-known of those who practise this form of conspiracy. All that is satisfactory in the revelation obtained is the information that the money gained by dishonesty goes in debauchery, and that very few of those who live upon plunder are benefited when they return home. I will not explain at length the system by which a number of booksellers choke off amateur buyers by stating defects which do not exist, then purchase valuable books for a song, dispose of them at a second or third auction among themselves, and, like a party of brigands, divide the proceeds of robbery. These matters, now frequently brought to light, constitute at once the greatest barrier to the purchase of costly books, and the most flagrant instance of crime as yet ungot at by the law. I say crime, since there is little room for doubt that such proceedings lay all participating in them open to a charge of conspiracy to defraud. I will refer, however, to one case, that of the sale of the Winkton Library, in which the gentlemen of the district, hearing of the practice, assembled, bought all the lots, and sent the pack of brigands home empty. A full account of this is supplied in that curious compilation, "The Crypt," vol. i. p. 68.

SYLVANUS UREAN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1885.

THE UNFORESEEN.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

CHAPTER XLV.

A WEEK OF SUSPENSE.

FIVE, out of those seven days of silence and inaction that Lady Brentwood had stipulated for, on the part of her reluctant foes, had crawled away upon leaden steps. "Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining." It hardly needed the great student of human life and nature to tell us that, for who has not proved it through his own experience? To Claude and Louis Vandeleur those sad hours had, indeed, seemed long. To Claude especially life appeared, for the moment, to have lost all worth or sweetness. His youthful hopes and aspirations had withered up as green herbage withers under the blast of the scorching sirocco, his lightness of heart was gone, and his cheerful, genial spirits. The discovery of his mother's intended perfidy, of her unscrupulous dishonesty, had stricken him to the soul with anguish and shame. His own loyal and upright nature revolted against the crime she had meditated; and yet, he could not but be moved by the thought that it was for *his* sake that the fraud had been planned. That his mother loved him with passionate devotion he knew. And young Vandeleur was not the sort of man to under-value love, even maternal love (though there *are* young men who hold that blessing cheaply enough!) And how, alas, had he been compelled to reward that love? What further grievous return for it might be required of him? Already, his had been the eye to detect and the hand to arrest her *in flagrante delicto*. Must his, also, be the voice to proclaim her moral turpitude to the world?

the eyes of her husband and of society? Of tearing her from that lofty pedestal she had always occupied, as if by divine right—robbing her of the dignity and repute which were to her as the breath of life?

His heart sickened at the prospect—the cruel necessity which appeared to be bearing down upon him with relentless force.

For, as yet, Madame had taken no steps, so far as he knew, to screen herself from the perils that threatened her. She had promised to prove that Louis and he were mistaken in their conviction as to who was the rightful heir to the Westaxon coronet. The attempt, both felt, would have been worse than useless, but Madame had not made it. Neither—and this was the serious and alarming matter—had she laid before either of the young men any plan or expedient whatsoever by which it would be possible to account for the damning evidence of premeditated wrong afforded by the exchange of names and the errors as to age recorded in college books and elsewhere. She had simply ignored any reference, by word or sign, to the subject of that eventful conversation recorded in the last chapter.

From her manner, indeed, it might have appeared that Lady Brentwood had not only ignored but forgotten that conversation. To the sharers, however, of her secret, who knew that such a thing was impossible, her stoical self-possession seemed to have in it something terrible. It was like the unearthly stillness which precedes a tornado or an earthquake. In her son's eyes, that outward tranquillity was as pathetic as though it had been a mask which covered features distorted by anguish and fear. And most truly it *was* a mask!

If only it could have been uplifted for an instant, others besides these two anxious watchers might have seen cause to pity the wearer thereof!

Fortunately—at least, the circumstance appeared opportune to each member of his new family—Sir John Brentwood was, at present, away from home.

On the morning following that momentous interview in her ladyship's boudoir, the Baronet had received an urgent invitation from an old friend—Viscount Longstaff—to accompany him for a week or ten days to his shooting-box in the Scotch Highlands. Three other gentlemen, all of them well known to Sir John, were to make up the party; and Lord Longstaff had ventured to send his respectful compliments to Lady Brentwood, and to beg that she would generously spare her husband for a short time to the old friends who had seen so little of him during the last few years.

How ready Lady Brentwood was to spare him at this juncture,

neither her husband nor his proposed host could well have imagined. As a matter of course, she had not allowed the former to perceive what relief and satisfaction the invitation had occasioned her. She had insisted, however, upon his accepting it; and half-willingly, half-reluctantly, Sir John had accordingly done so.

After his departure, Madame had spent much of her time alone; but she had appeared regularly at meal times, had refused herself to no callers, and had betrayed no disturbance in that marvellous composure of look and mien. As for Claude and Louis, they, too, had been leading, during these late miserable days, very quiet lives. At length, Lord Westaxon was dead. He had died on the same morning that Sir John Brentwood had left home; and since then the young men had seen little or nothing of either George or Madeline Stenhouse. In the circumstances, however, as both felt, this temporary cessation of the close intercourse they had been enjoying with their friends was not a thing to be regretted. On the contrary, even Louis had admitted to himself that such intercourse, for the present, would have proved more painful than pleasant.

Thus was wearing away that week of wretchedness and suspense. The sixth afternoon had come, and the two young men, whose strong mutual attachment had suffered no diminution through the knowledge that they were not, as they had been taught to believe, bound by ties of blood, were returning from a walk they had been taking in each other's company.

Their way homewards led them past the lodge gates which formed the principal entrance to Westaxon Park. A wide carriage-drive bordered by noble lime trees, wound through the midst of spreading park lands in its approach towards the house, which stood upon rising ground nearly half a mile away. Owing to its elevated position the latter could be distinctly seen from the gateway, and naturally the young men arrested their steps for a few moments in passing.

Built under the Plantagenets, the mansion looked worthy to entertain kings and princes, an honour which it was historically reported to have enjoyed upon more than one occasion. The material of its construction was red brick, darkened by time and overgrown in many parts by ivy, which reached up to the tessellated parapet surrounding the flat roof. The broad frontage presented gables and oriel windows without end, with mullions and facings of white stone. It was with a thrill of strange excitement that the young fellow to whom the place belonged now gazed at it. Could it really be true that *he* was the owner of that fine old mansion, of this beautiful of an enormous rent-roll, and innumerable acres? Could it

that, at this very moment, his rightful title was not Mr. Louis Vandeleur but Lord Westaxon? Was it in that house that his father had been born and had spent his youthful days—the poor father whose sad history he had read, and of whose shocking death in that far-away Canadian settlement he had heard from his companion? And behind those shrowding white blinds was it his father's brother who lay dead, that elder brother to whose evil temper all these mysteries and complications could trace their root? Louis felt as though he could stand there for half a day gazing and wondering and questioning within himself. How would it all come out at last? Would his claims really be made known and acknowledged? And, in that case, how would his relations be affected with the aunt and cousins who little suspected that they had in him so close a connection? As regarded George, if the opinions he had so persistently professed were to be depended on, there might be no great difficulty. But Louis, like Sir John, felt by no means sure that these opinions would stand the test of succession to the rights against which he had so often declaimed as morally unjust, and already that test had been applied. But, if George could not be an earl, Madeline might be a countess! Perhaps that fact might help in some measure to reconcile Mrs. Stenhouse to the truth, should the truth ever come to her knowledge. And if Claude adhered to his resolution of proclaiming the secret, even at the expense of compromising his mother's character (and Louis felt almost sure he would do so), then the truth *must* come to everybody's knowledge. Was it then possible that sometime—sometime before very long—he might be living in that palace with Madeline as his wife? She had loved him as plain Louis Vandeleur. But, in that position he had had no right to aspire to her hand—how could he have had the audacity to acknowledge his love as he had done! Now, however, *now* things would be different. . . . A sudden transport of joy and hope seized upon the young man. Beyond the dark present he caught all at once a glimpse of Elysium plains stretching away into the far future, bathed in the effulgent glory of "that light that never was on land or sea." Averting his face in order that his companion might not guess at the emotion which had set his heart beating high, but which he immediately tried to subdue as selfish, he moved away with the remark, "Come along, old fellow, let us get home and see if mother has returned. Perhaps she may have something to say to us now."

This was the nearest approach to any reference made by either of the young men to that subject which they had promised to hold in complete abeyance until the week was over; but a little circumstance

which had occurred this morning had awakened their expectation that Madame might, at length, be about to make a move of some sort. This circumstance was that her ladyship had ordered a carriage at an early hour to convey her to the nearest market town, distant ten miles, and that she had informed the household that business would probably detain her there until rather late in the afternoon. In what manner the business could have any connection with the burning question that was pending solution between Madame and themselves the young fellows could not imagine, but in their present darkness of uncertainty they were ready to look for a glimmer of light in any direction, likely or unlikely.

The lodge-gates, by which they had paused for that passing survey of Westaxon Park, stood on the same road as the church and the Vicarage.

A little beyond the latter, and just as they reached the corner round which lay Norbreck Towers, the young men met an open carriage.

The carriage contained Mrs. Featherstone and two strangers—a stout lady and a pleasant-looking boy about sixteen. Some luggage was strapped on behind, and upon the box-seat, by the coachman, sat a maid.

"Those will be the visitors, I suppose, whom Mrs. Featherstone has been expecting," observed Louis, replacing, when the carriage had passed, the hat he had raised. "But, I say, Claude, did you notice how that lady stared at us?"

Claude *had* noticed, for it was quite true that the lady in question had honoured them with a peculiarly eager scrutiny. Turning now to her companion, she laid her hand on her arm, and demanded, somewhat excitedly,

"Mrs. Featherstone, who are those young men?"

"Their name is Vandeleur," returned Mrs. Featherstone. "They are Lady Brentwood's sons, and Lady Brentwood," she explained, "is the second wife of a close neighbour of ours."

"Yes, yes, I felt sure it was he! Dear boy, how handsome he has grown!"

"Do you mean Louis Vandeleur?" asked Mrs. Featherstone in surprise.

"No, I mean Claude, of course, the dark one."

"Claude? You know them, then, Mrs. Awdry? But Claude is not the dark one; that is Louis."

"Nonsense! . . . I beg your pardon, I mean you are mistaken. Yes, I know something of them . . . Hush, Eustace; not a word."

present ! . . Mrs. Featherstone, I promised to explain, when I saw you, why I had begged your kind hospitality for a few days. Well, the reason has to do with one of those young men, with Claude Vandeleur. After I have seen and spoken to him, you shall be told all. It is a strange story. Eustace knows it already. I dare say you may consider me to blame in the matter, when I have made my confession ; and in that case, you know, you can turn me out of your house at once. But——”

“ I beg you will not say such things, Mrs. Awdry,” interrupted her hostess. “ As a friend of my sister Olivia’s, you must know that you are welcome at the Vicarage.” Mrs. Featherstone’s tone, however, was by no means so cordial as her words. The good lady could never bring herself, she felt, to like or approve of a woman who had lived in separation from her husband.

“ You must know Lady Brentwood, also, I suppose ? ” she questioned, “ since you are so well acquainted with her sons.”

Claudia laughed. “ *Lady Brentwood !* ” she repeated. “ How amazing it does seem, to be sure ! I knew Madame Vandeleur as a peasant woman, in a cotton gown, though a remarkably superior person, certainly, for her class. But *Lady Brentwood !* ” her face changed as she continued. “ To think that she should have come to that, and all through *my* money ! It is preposterous ! ”

Mrs. Featherstone looked at her visitor as though doubting whether she were in her right senses. “ *Your* money ? ” she echoed. “ What *can* you mean ? ”

“ Oh, I ought not to have said that until I could explain all,” rejoined the other apologetically—“ but you will understand what I mean when I do explain. Now, tell me, please, about Claude. Is he a nice boy ? ”

“ Young Vandeleur is an exceedingly pleasant fellow,” answered Mrs. Featherstone, “ and so is his brother. We know them both very well indeed. But it is you, Mrs. Awdry, who are mistaking their names, not I. It is the elder and taller of the two, I assure you, who is called Claude, the one with the blue eyes and light brown hair.”

“ Impossible ! ” ejaculated her interlocutor. “ His hair and eyes were dark when he was a child, and, besides, I knew him in a moment from his likeness to . . . Good gracious ! can there be some meaning in this ? An idea strikes me . . Mrs. Featherstone,” she drew forth her watch, “ at what time do you dine ? ”

“ At half past six usually. But it shall be earlier to-day, if you would prefer it ? ”

"Not at all, thank you! No, don't let it be earlier. See, it is now just five that will give me plenty of time. Mrs. Featherstone, after what you have told me, I cannot wait until to-morrow to call at Norbreck Towers. I must go there this moment! Is the house far off?"

Mrs. Featherstone strove politely to conceal her increasing astonishment. "No, only a few minutes," she answered. "Philip shall drive you there, directly the luggage is out of the sling." (Though the ladies had not yet dismounted, the carriage had stopped some moments before at the Vicarage door.) "Shall your son accompany you? Or, do you wish to go alone?"

Mrs. Douglas Awdry replied that she did desire to go alone; and accepting with thanks the offer of the carriage, she kept her seat in it, and was presently driven off. Arrived at Norbreck Towers, she gave her name and asked pointedly for "Mr. Vandeleur—Mr. *Claude* Vandeleur."

"Now, I shall see!" she murmured to herself, as she waited in the noble reception-room into which she had been shown. In a few moments there entered to her the taller of the two young men whom she had met upon the road. Mrs. Douglas Awdry rose and bowed.

"I wished," she observed interrogatively, "to see Mr. Claude Vandeleur?"

"Yes, madam. How can I have the pleasure of serving you?" was the courteous rejoinder. "Pray, be seated."

Claudia took the chair to which she had been motioned.

"*You*, then," she questioned again, "are Mr. Claude Vandeleur?"

The young man blushed crimson. There was something peculiar, it struck him, in this lady's tone and manner. (He had recognised her at once as the same lady he had seen in Mrs. Featherstone's carriage.) "I—yes, madam," he faltered, in confusion, "that is the name I bear."

"Oh? And the young gentleman whom I saw in your company a few minutes ago, what name might *he* bear? Mrs. Featherstone says he is called Louis; is that so?"

"My brother, you mean?" Claude was quite sure, now, that the visitor's manner *was* peculiar. "Perhaps it is with him that you wish to speak?"

"I think perhaps it may be. But—one moment, if you please?" Claude had half risen from his chair. "You, I suppose, are Madame Vandeleur's son?"

"My mother's present name is Lady Brentwood. Yes, madam, I am her son."

"Then you are the son of a—a very strange person, Mr. Vandeleur! May I ask what right you have to the name of Claude? Were you christened by that name?"

"Really, madam!" The young man again flushed violently. "May I ask, in my turn, why you put the question?"

"Yes, I will tell you. I have a tolerably good reason for putting the question, as I think you will acknowledge. Seventeen years ago Madame Vandeleur adopted a little boy, three years old at the time. The child's name was Claude Stephens; but it was arranged that he was to take the surname of Vandeleur, and that he was to pass as Madame Vandeleur's son. You are aware, I can see, of these facts?"

Claude bowed assent. He felt too dismayed to reply in words.

"A bargain of a monetary nature was made at the time, sir, with your mother, which appears to have turned out an amazingly fortunate one for her," Claudia resumed, glancing significantly round the room. "It will be adhered to, of course, until Claude is of age. But, Mr. Vandeleur, I am Claude Stephens' mother, and I wish now to reclaim the charge of my son's person. *Your* name, you tell me, is Claude. But *you* are not my son."

"His mother?" stammered the young fellow aghast. "Why, I was told—I understood——"

"What?" demanded Claudia.

"I understood that his mother was no longer alive."

"Ah! I see! I was supposed to be dead? I trust," with satirical politeness, "that I have not come to life inopportunistically?"

There was no answer. Young Vandeleur stared at her as though unable to comprehend the remark.

"I am informed," she went on, in the same sarcastic tone, "that my son's property in Canada is worth now nearly half a million sterling. But that circumstance, I am sure, can afford no explanation of the very singular fact that I find my poor boy going by the name of Louis, while you, sir, Madame Vandeleur's own son, have taken that of Claude. Perhaps you will kindly supply the right interpretation of this phenomenon?"

"Madam . . ." The unhappy young man had turned as white as a sheet. "No wrong has been done to your son. He will tell you so himself. Allow me to bring him to you? I will go and call him at once." And without awaiting permission, he hurried from the room and rushed to the library where he had left his "brother."

CHAPTER XLVI.

“THE TABLES ARE TURNED.”

LADY BRENTWOOD had reached home about five minutes before her sons. The latter, upon their entrance, had noticed a servant carrying tea to her upstairs, and had ordered some to be brought for themselves to the library.

Louis was in the act of pouring out a cup as Claude rejoined him.

“Here you are, my boy!” he said, without looking up—“Come and have some tea. Well, who was your visitor?”

Claude accepted the tea and swallowed it before replying.

“It was that lady, Louis, whom we saw in Mrs. Featherstone’s carriage; but her call was meant for *you*, not me.”

Louis looked up now. “My dear fellow,” he exclaimed, “whatever is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost.”

“So I have,” returned the other, with a faint smile, “though rather a substantial one. You must be prepared for—a surprise, Louis.”

“Humph! I am getting pretty well seasoned to surprises. The world seems to be turning topsy-turvy. But what is the new marvel?”

Claude stepped nearer and laid his hand on his shoulder. “The lady is waiting for you, Louis; you must go to her at once. My dear boy—she says—how am I to tell you? She says she is *your mother*.”

“My mother!” ejaculated his companion. “What on earth do you mean? You told me she was dead!”

“Yes—but that appears to be a mistake. At all events, this lady claims . . .”

“It can’t be true! Do you think it is true, Claude?”

“I think it is. She knows all about you, and the Canadian property, and . . . Yes, I think it *is* true. But go and judge for yourself—only, for God’s sake, Louis, protect my mother from her, as far as you can! You will find that I have reason for urging this. Recollect that until after to-morrow you are bound to silence upon certain subjects.”

“As though I were likely to forget! Couldn’t you trust me to be careful for *your* sake, if not for hers. But come with me to . . . Good heavens, I can’t believe it! Why does she turn *now* after all these years? And . . . what name did she gi-

"Mrs. Awdry. You know she married a second time. No, no, you must see her alone, Louis ; but I will wait here till you come back."

"Very well—I'll go then. But, do you know, I have very strong doubts about this mother, who seems to me to have risen from the grave at a highly suspicious juncture. But, as you advise, I'll go and judge for myself." And with a shrug of the shoulders which he had caught from Madame, he quitted the library.

Distrust and suspicion were qualities naturally foreign to this young fellow's nature. Recent events, however, had given them birth, as it is hardly to be wondered at, in his breast ; and it was with the consciousness that they had developed into quite vigorous existence that he now entered the room where the visitor awaited him.

Claudia sprang to her feet, and advanced to meet him—both hands extended. "Ah! *now* I recognise my son!" she exclaimed. "*This* is Claude! Dear Claude, what can I say to you? How can I hope that you will forgive me? . . . Oh! will you not take my hand? May I not kiss you? I am your mother!"

The young man did not respond. He had drawn back a step or two as she advanced, and now stood scrutinising her face and figure with an expression of very evident doubt. In the features of this stout, comely enough looking middle-aged lady he could trace no resemblance to the lovely, ethereal lineaments of that portrait at which he had gazed with such varied emotions on the day when it had first been shown to him.

"Do you not believe that I am your mother" she demanded? "You look at me as though you were not sure? Claude, I know that I have not been a good mother, but I have never really forgotten you ; I have always loved you."

"Will you please take a seat?" he begged with gentle courtesy. "I do not wish to be unkind, but, naturally, one cannot—you must understand that one cannot respond to a claim of so extraordinary a nature—off-hand—without any proof."

"Proof!" she interjected. "Why, surely it is proof enough that I should come here to find you? If you were not my son, what in the world could I want with you? How very ridiculous!"

The young man bowed. Declamation, in his view, was not argument. "Will you tell me, please, what your maiden name was?" he asked, drawing a chair opposite to that into which she had dropped.

"Of course, I will," she replied, "It was Claudia Estcourt. Your father's name was Hubert Henry Stephens. He persuaded

me to marry him secretly when I was a foolish, ignorant school-girl; and I did so without my father's knowledge. I was mad with myself afterwards for having been drawn into such a terrible mistake and I never acknowledged my marriage. That was the reason, Claude—because I did not want to acknowledge it—that I had to part with you. But I did what I could to provide for you, dear; and . . . Oh! Claude, do try to forgive me."

Her son was staggered as much by her manner as her words. His suspicion of imposture already began to give way. "Excuse me," he asked, "but in what town were you married?"

"At St. Antoine. We went there from Montreal. My dear child, I did not expect to be received like this!" She raised her handkerchief to her eyes, in which there were tears of mortification and disappointment. "But I—I perhaps deserve it."

"Pardon me, I am very sorry," he faltered. "I begin to believe that you must really be my mother, only—but, the fact is, I have seen a likeness which does not seem to resemble you. And, besides, I remember—. But, of course, it is a long while ago," he subjoined; "and, naturally, there must be considerable change."

"Oh, Claude, what is it you remember? Do you remember me coming to see you at that farm on the Beaufort Hills? Ah! how I cried—how I longed to be able to carry you away with me! You were such a bonny little fellow. But I couldn't: I dare not!"

"Did you wear a grey hat?" he interrogated eagerly.

"Let me see? Yes, I *did*! I recollect you putting up your little fingers to touch the feather—a long drooping feather. . . Darling! *Now* you believe?"

He had acknowledged his belief by rising from his seat and stooping to kiss her. "Yes, I do believe," he answered. "But I cannot understand. The reason you give for deserting me appears such a very insufficient one. Will you explain more fully? And, oh! there are such a host of things to ask," he continued, his colour rising feverishly with excitement. "Have you known all along where I was? And why do you come to me now, after all these years?"

"I will tell you everything, dear—the whole truth," she promised. "I will give you a little sketch of my history, shall I? All that is important can be told in a few sentences, and we shall have plenty of time afterwards to fill in the detail."

To speak the truth had not always, as we are aware, been a failing with Mrs. Douglas Awdry. Nevertheless, she managed, on this occasion, to sail pretty closely with the wind of fact. She confessed,

with a penitential air, the wrong she had committed in marrying Captain Awdry without informing him of her previous marriage or of the existence of her child. She told about the separation which had ensued upon Douglas's discovery of the first part of her secret, and how she had trembled lest, if he found out the second, he might rob her also of that other child who was naturally so dear to her—though not dearer, she vowed, than *he* should be, her first-born, her beloved Claude, whom she had taken steps to find and claim on the instant that she had been able to do so without risk of the disaster alluded to.

"But, now, no one can take you from me, either of you!" she cried; "and you must come home with us, Claude, to Clavermere Chase. Your brother will welcome you as warmly as I shall. He is a dear boy, is Eustace. You will love him, when you know him; you cannot help it. I brought him down with me here, and he is longing to meet you."

Her listener changed colour again. To be provided with a new brother, as well as a new mother, in this unlooked-for fashion, was unquestionably trying! The young fellow did not feel disposed to rush into the arms of either with that ardour which seemed to be expected of him. As regarded his mother—although she had thrown the best gloss she could over her own conduct, and had conveyed to him the impression that her late husband had been a ruthless, hard-natured man, and she a deeply-affectionate and suffering, though weak woman—yet she had not been able to blind him to the fact that *her* notions of integrity and good faith were not *his*. As for the brother—against him he knew no evil; but, then, he did not want any other brother than that true and faithful one he already possessed.

"You do not speak, dear," resumed his mother; "perhaps you are wondering what sort of a home we have to offer you. Have you never heard of Clavermere Chase? It is a splendid old place, and your brother will be a great landed proprietor. He is always spoken of as 'the young Squire.' But I have a house of my own, Claude, and a good provision, which I shall leave to you; and, besides, there is your Canadian property—— Ah! by the way——"

"Excuse me interrupting you," broke in her son; "but it seems to me—— Do you not know, then, who I am, mother?"

"*Who you are?*" she repeated in bewilderment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean who my father was? You don't know that?"

Claudia looked startled. "No, he never told me anything about

his family," she answered, "excepting that he had cut himself off from them for ever. But—do *you* know anything, Claude? How *can* you?"

"I do, indeed, know something. How surprised you will be! But," he caught himself up hastily, "I cannot tell you anything to-day, or at all, until my mother—Lady Brentwood, I mean—gives me permission."

"*She* give you permission! That woman! Claude, I want to know about her? She must be a wicked impostor—a thief. Why has her son got your name? And you—is it really true that you have been called Louis?"

"I —— Lady Brentwood, I dare say, will explain," he stammered.

"Explain! Indeed, she *shall* explain!" cried Claudia. "How old are you, Claude?"

"Nineteen," he answered, taken unawares by the question, and naming the age he had, until within the last few days, believed himself to be.

"There!" interjected his listener in violent excitement, "I felt sure of it! It is a clear case of conspiracy! They meant to rob and defraud you, my poor boy. Is it not well that I have come in time to find them out and defeat the abominable scheme? Claude, you are in your twenty-first year. Don't you see, don't you see what they have been up to, between them, that precious pair, the mother and son?"

"Hush, please!"—The young man half rose from his seat—"Don't say a word against him, mother, I could not bear it. He is the best and truest friend that ever lived. Ah, if you only knew him!"

Mrs. Awdry shook her head impatiently. "But what do they mean by calling you Louis and saying that you are only nineteen? Can you explain that? And when was it done—I mean, how *long* have you been called Louis?"

There was no reply. Utterly unused to falsehood or prevarication, the young man could only fidget in uneasy silence upon his chair.

"Where is Madame Vandeleur? I must see her instantly," broke forth his mother. "Is she in this house?"

"This house is her home. Yes," he admitted, "I believe she is in. But must you see her just now? Let me go, then, and prepare her to meet you."

"Prepare her? Good gracious, no!" Claudia sprang spoke, and gave the bell a sharp pull. "That is enough—to confront her before she has time for reflection."

that I am here. I want to get at the truth, don't you see? But, unfortunately, there is her son—he will have told her already. How very vexatious!”

“No, mother;” the word came out with a little hesitation. “He, my brother, promised to stop in the library until I returned there. He will not have seen Lady Brentwood, I feel sure. Shall I remain with you, or may I go now?”

“Of course, you must remain, my dear boy. We must have everything cleared up about this woman's conduct, and I shall want your help. Ah, here comes the servant. Would you kindly ask your mistress to step here?” she demanded, peremptorily.

The man opened his eyes at her tone. “What name shall I take to my lady, if you please, Madam?” he inquired.

“She would not know my name. You can just say that a lady wishes to speak with her for a few moments.”

“Well, upon my word!” she went on when the footman had departed. “It is enough to take one's breath away. Servants in livery! A title! A house like this! How *can* the woman have managed it?”

The “woman” of whom Mrs. Awdry spoke in this contemptuous fashion was not long in presenting herself. Elegantly attired in her trailing black drapery, and looking ten times more ladylike and distinguished than her visitor, she swept into the room with easy grace, glanced from Claudia to her son and back again. Then, bowing to the former, she observed in a pleasant tone, “I don't quite recollect whether I have the pleasure of your acquaintance? My servant did not bring me your name?”

Claudia hesitated for a second or two. Before Lady Brentwood's entrance into the apartment, she had been full of indignant suspicion and resentment against her. She had felt, too, as though the little woman was entirely in her power, as though she had very decidedly got the whip hand over her. Now, however, in her presence, it was not easy to feel quite so satisfied upon this latter point.

“Yes, Lady Brentwood, we have met before,” she rejoined, with nothing specially inimical in her manner. “A long time ago, and under strangely different circumstances. But I recollect your face perfectly.”

“Ah! In that, I fear, I am not equally happy,” responded her ladyship, after a searching scrutiny of the visitor's countenance. “Yet I fancied that I never forgot any person whom I had met even once.”

“Then you ought scarcely to have forgotten *me*. At all events,

I should say there are not many people in the world whom you have more reason to remember. When I saw you—I mean when I *spoke* with you last, Lady Brentwood, it was in a room very unlike this. You were then Madame Vandeleur, and I was—Claudia Estcourt."

Lady Brentwood started. Amazement, incredulity, terror, depicted themselves in rapid succession upon her features. Taken by surprise, and entirely off her guard, she had not been able for the moment to command her expression.

Claudia recognised the look of alarm ; for there is no sentiment or passion which writes itself in more legible characters on the human physiognomy than that of fear, and instantly her small soul grew elate with triumph. "Yes, Madame!" she exclaimed, "I am Claude's mother, and I have come to claim my son. My advent is unexpected, I can see, and perhaps a little inconvenient?"

"To whom? To yourself? That is a pity. But pray resume your seat." Madame had already rallied from her shock. "Allow me now to examine your features," she went on, placing herself opposite, "and, if I may beg it, will you both remain silent for a minute?" She waved her hand with a gesture of command, rather than entreaty, towards her adopted son, who had seemed upon the point of speaking, then fixed her eyes upon Claudia.

For three full minutes not a sound was heard in the room. Claudia sat motionless, as though mesmerized by the power of that burning gaze, which, however, did not, after the first instant, appear to be resting on, but looking through and beyond her. And this was true. Though her eyes remained riveted upon her, Madame had ceased to see Mrs. Douglas Awdry. In those three minutes her mind had been absorbed in an effort of swift and concentrated reflection. That short time had sufficed her to grasp the entire situation—to weigh and accept facts as they stood—and to take an irrevocable resolution. This resolution was one over which she had been hovering for days, and it was of a momentous nature. The immediate effect of it was to blanch her cheeks and distend her eyes—then to restore her to the most perfect self-possession.

"Now I comprehend who it is that you profess to be," she remarked smiling. "But, naturally, you do not expect me to take your word for it without just a little evidence? If you are Mademoiselle Estcourt you must pardon me saying that you are very much altered."

"That may be," admitted Claudia, whose chief foible was not vanity. "Certainly I have not borne my years so well as you have. Still, you will find that I am the person I claim to be, Madame."

"Yes? I await then your explanations?"

"Mine? It is not *I* who need to make explanations, Madame, but *you*!" cried Claudia. "I desire to know why my son's name has been changed?"

Lady Brentwood shrugged her shoulders. "First show me, my good lady, that he is your son," she said, calmly. "Relate to me what arrangements were made respecting him?"

"*And his property*," added Claudia significantly—"that will be easily done." And without further delay, she proceeded to give such particulars respecting the private interview they had held at her father's farm as convinced Lady Brentwood of her identity.

"But why, might I inquire, did you not write long ago to your son's trustee?" she asked. "Then you might have learned earlier about the discovery of the iron, and the other fortunate investments that had been made with his money? When you were starving, for instance, in New York, Mrs. Witherby—though, Mon Dieu! you do not look as if you had ever been in want of food!"

Claudia stared. "What *do* you mean?" she demanded. "My name is not Witherby, and 'starving in New York'—how absurd!"

"Ha! Tell me who was the gentleman you married?"

Claudia did so.

"Great heaven! And you have been living in England all these years?" Madame threw up her hands with a curious little laugh. "If only I had known!"

"You would not have felt so safe, I presume, in regard to your scheme?" put in Claudia. "You seem to have been labouring altogether under a good deal of misapprehension concerning me. In fact, I understand you believed me to be dead?"

"Ah, no! I only *hoped* that; I was not sure of it," rejoined Madame, coolly.

Mrs. Douglas Awdry turned to her son—"Do you hear that, Claude?" she exclaimed—"She hoped I was dead! *Now* have you any doubt as to what has been the motive of this exchange of name? So you designed, Madame, after enjoying the *interest* of my boy's Canadian property all these years, to appropriate the *capital* through means of your son? It was a splendid scheme."

"Not at all!" Lady Brentwood smiled affably. "If that had been all, my friend, it would have been a very poor scheme. There was a great deal more in it than that, I assure you. Chu, chu, you are not complimentary either to my intelligence or ambition!"

"Oh, may we tell then?" broke in Claude. "May I say who I *am*?"

"No, sir, you may not." The little woman turned upon him, for an instant, with a fierce red glare in her eyes. Her impulses were not naturally savage or murderous, yet it is doubtful whether, had a destructive weapon been at hand, the lives of either mother or son would have been safe at this juncture.

"No," she resumed, forcing back the wild passion from voice and look, "I must hold you to your promise until at least to-morrow morning. Stay, let me think." She raised her hand to enforce silence. "Yes, now I have resolved it all. Listen! Come here to-morrow," she went on, addressing Claudia, "at eleven o'clock in the morning. Then you shall know everything. You shall learn that it was not only of money that I designed to rob our young friend here, but also of very high rank. You shall learn that Miss Estcourt was something of a fool in her young days. You shall learn who the husband was that that young lady was so ashamed to acknowledge, and what were the rights of the child she abandoned."

"But I must know that at once!" burst forth Claudia. "Why should I wait until to-morrow? Claude hinted that something had been discovered respecting poor Hubert. I insist upon being informed all about it at this very moment."

"Ah! you insist upon that, do you?" Madame confronted her with a set white face, but unflinching regard. "Listen again. The first time we met it was *you* who were in my power—it was *I* who conquered. Now the tables, it is true, are turned. I acknowledge myself beaten; I confess that I have given up the game. Fate has proved too strong for me, and I yield. But I yield, if you please, in my own way, and neither as an idiot nor a coward. Attend, then. Before to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Awdry, not one syllable of further information shall be given you. I will beg you, therefore, first to promise entire silence upon this subject until that hour, and then—I will bid you good afternoon." She rose from her chair as she spoke, evidently meaning the visitor to take her departure on the instant.

Claudia changed colour and hesitated; but unable to resist the imperious power of this strange little woman who thus arranged the terms of her own defeat, she replied sulkily, "Very well, I will go now, and I agree not to do anything in the matter until to-morrow; but ——" The pause was full of threatening meaning.

"I understand. After that do your worst. Good afternoon." And with a smile and a valedictory wave of the hand, the woman who owned herself conquered dismissed the other, who might have been supposed to be mistress of the situation, from the room.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A LIVING GHOST.

WHEN the hall door had closed upon the visitor whose unexpected call had taken her almost as greatly by surprise as though, in truth, it had been paid by a denizen of the churchyard, Lady Brentwood mounted the stairs with dignified deliberation and passed into her own chamber.

But once there, the mask of stoical composure fell from her face. The poor little woman threw up her arms with a gesture of wild despair to heaven. "Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu !" she cried ; "*C'en est fait* ; it is all over ! I am lost !" Then, sinking into an easy-chair which stood by her bedside, she took her head between both her hands, clutching unconsciously at the thick coils of her hair. When she removed them presently, a long black lock remained in her right hand. In her intense mental anguish, she had torn it away by the roots, without knowledge of the fact or sensation of pain. Madame gazed at the tress blankly for a few seconds. "Am I already mad, then ?" she muttered. "No, no ! There remains still an effort to make—something to be done. I *must* not—I *will* not, as yet, lose the reason. For the present, I suffer myself no longer to think." As this resolute utterance, framed in her own tongue, passed in a whisper from her white lips, the relaxed fibres of Marie's intrepid nature recovered their tension. Rising, she crossed the room, threw the severed lock into the fire, and proceeded to rearrange before her mirror the dishevelled coils which her maid had already dressed for the evening. That done, she began to pace to and fro across her chamber, and through an intervening dressing-room and bath-room into the boudoir which lay beyond, only pausing, now and then, in the restless walk, to pull out a drawer, or to open her *escritoire*, but without touching the contents, which she knew to be in perfect order, seeing that she had occupied her solitude of late in preparing for what had been a possible contingency, but now was—something more.

By-and-by, the gong sounded for dinner. Lady Brentwood descended with her usual aspect, and not only sat at the table, but ate and drank with a fair appetite. (It is said that criminals on the eve of execution very commonly make an excellent meal.) Moreover, she talked almost incessantly, introducing all manner of indifferent subjects to the two silent companions, who could only gaze at her in wonderment, and interject an occasional monosyllable into the lively

and versatile monologue. How was it possible, Claude and Louis asked themselves, in dumbfounded amazement, that she could accept her position in this light-hearted fashion? They had feared that opposition, defeat, disgrace, would prove to a nature like hers utterly unbearable. Could it be that she meant to brazen the whole thing out with this easy insouciance? The young men could hardly have told whether relief or dismay was the sentiment more prominently awakened in their own minds by her conduct.

On leaving the table Lady Brentwood beckoned her son to accompany her. He did so without a word, and followed her upstairs to her sitting-room. "Claude," she said, calling him still by that name, which had become so closely associated with his personality, "I have letters to write. I shall not go below again this evening, but I have brought you up here in order that I might give you something. This is it!" She unlocked her escritoire, took out an object, and laid it before him upon the table.

It was the leathern case which contained Hubert Stenhouse's papers.

"Mother!" cried the young man, scarcely able to believe his eyes. "The case! How did you find out where it was? How did you persuade the lawyers to give it up to you? Ah! that is what you have been to town for to-day?"

"Not entirely. I had another purpose, also—but, yes, that was perhaps the chief one. I only discovered last evening where you had placed the papers, my son. I shall not tell you, however, either how I made the discovery, or how I contrived to gain possession of the case. The evidence is before you that I have done so—that suffices."

"But you have not—Oh! mother, I *hope* you have not destroyed any of the documents?" His hand rested tremulously on the case, which he had seized immediately upon recognising its identity.

"Rest satisfied, Claude, the papers are intact," she murmured. "But, listen—I *meant* to destroy them to-night, and to struggle just a little longer against the power of adverse fate. Now, however, I abandon that notion, and accept the inevitable. My star has set." She smiled. . . . "That sounds a little superstitious, but perhaps I am a little superstitious."

"Mother! mother!" The tears sprang into the young man's eyes, and his voice choked. "Oh! how sorry I am for you!"

"Hush!" she cried, in dry-eyed anguish. "Hush! Seeing that I have lost your respect, I will not have your pity. But, Claude, oh, my Claude!" she stretched out her hands appealingly, "give

me, if you can, a little love! I barter that case for a kiss, an embrace. Hearken! If I had destroyed those papers, it would have caused delay and trouble to those other; but *you*, Claude, you would have shared in the trouble. To spare you that, I put into your hands the power to complete at once my ruin—to bring my life to a ‘lame and impotent conclusion.’ For that, surely, I deserve an embrace!”

The last words were spoken in his arms. “Dear mother, I *do* love you,” he protested, straining her to his breast. “I know that it was for my sake, as much as for your own, or more, that . . . that you made this terrible mistake. We will live down the trouble together, mother, you and I. Let us go away from England for a little while, and——”

“*Tais-toi!*” she interrupted. “Offer me no suggestions. My affairs are all arranged. One more kiss? Good-night, my son. Good-bye, my beloved, my cherished one!” She clung to him passionately for another second; then, with that air of command which he had never dared to disregard, ordered him from the room, and the moment he had left her, rang the bell.

Her maid answered the summons.

“I shall not require you again to-night, Célie,” she observed. “I may be writing late, and I shall attend to my own toilet. Give orders that I am, on no account, to be disturbed, and see that the household retires at the customary hour. And Célie, you have been a faithful servant for many years. I believe that you are attached to me. Take from my wardrobe the dress and mantle I wore this morning, and put this in the bank, Célie” (she extended towards her a 50*l.* note). “It will be useful when you desire to marry.”

“Oh, my lady, how good you are! But I will never marry; I will never leave you!” exclaimed the maid, overpowered by surprise and gratitude. “May I kiss your ladyship’s hand?”

Marie permitted the salute. “Now, run away, Célie; I must write my letters. Good-night—farewell!”

Although Lady Brentwood had spoken of letters in the plural, and of “writing late,” her labours in this direction were confined to the penmanship of one brief note. The few lines whereof it was composed, however, took her a long time to indite; and, to judge from the compressed lips, the cadaverous hue of her face, and the huge drops of perspiration that started from her pale brow, the writing of it cost her absolute torture. Having completed it, at length, she enclosed it in an envelope, directed it to her husband, and carried the note to her bedroom.

Five minutes later, there stole out from that bedroom a small figure, wrapped in a dark cloak and hood. After peering over the banisters, to make sure that the stairs and hall were deserted, the figure glided downwards, swiftly and silently, and passed out at a side entrance. Just one hour and fifteen minutes afterwards, that same figure turned off a lonely country road into a grass-grown lane, five miles distant; and having followed the windings and turnings of that lane a few seconds longer, threw back its hood. It had been a dark night when she had stolen from her home, but a moon, three quarters full, had since risen, and as Lady Brentwood gazed around her at Fernbrook's Folly, the weird loneliness—the ghastly desolation of the spot—appeared heightened and intensified in the mystic light. The row of empty cottages, with their dilapidated roofs, broken doors, and glassless windows, threw dark shadows in front of them, whilst the blackness of which they were full seemed to press against and out of those blank casements as though it had been a solid substance. In the middle of the little solitude enclosed by those low, heather-clothed hills—the ruinous mass of machinery stood out clearly defined above the round, grassy mound which marked the site of the deep pit-shaft. Towards that mound Lady Brentwood took her way; but when she had ascended it, she averted her eyes from the yawning cavity in its centre.

"No, I will not look down yet," she said—speaking, as she thought, aloud—although no sound came from her half-closed lips. "I will sit a little, and think."

She placed herself on a moss grown beam between the two upright posts which supported the pulley, with its depending fragment of rusty chain. "I may let myself think now. There will be no interruption. I am alone in the world. Alone! Alone! And here is my grave! There was no choice but the grave, or the asylum. So they thought I could bear it? That I could accept defeat and live? That I could submit to exposure, disgrace, humiliation—I, Marie, Lady Brentwood! That I could endure the frustration of all my purposes—endure to see *him* Lord Westaxon! Endure . . . my brain reels. . . . Is it cowardly, as the moralists say, what am I going to do? Better that than madness. Better to end life when ambition is crushed and one can rise no higher. When existence becomes a failure, a losing game, *une affaire flambée*. Ah! that was what I said to *him*. Paul! Paul!"

Suddenly a wild laugh rang out through the still night air, awaking faint echoes all around. The poor little woman sprang up with a cry of affright. "Where art thou? Where art thou?" she called.

"Who was it that laughed? Holy Virgin! There is no one here. *It was myself!* Ha! ha! it was myself! Frenzy seizes me. . . . Let the end come. . . ."

She approached the edge of the pit and looked over. For a little space, near the top, the brickwork was visible, with clumps of grass and roots of hart's-tongue fern growing out of the crevices; but lower down the shadows melted into Egyptian darkness—in the far depths of which the strained vision seemed to distinguish an inky glimmer from the water of which the shaft was two-thirds full. A little longer that solitary figure stood motionless and breathless—her hands, on which the diamonds still glittered, clasped in front of her, her cameo-like features raised towards heaven, and gleaming white and ghostly in the moonlight. Then there was a sudden spring, a dull distant plunge, and lifeless silence settled once more over that eerie and desolate spot. Marie, Lady Brentwood was no more, and her dead body lay buried in a tomb five hundred feet deep, to be seen no more of mortal eye.

Her vaulting ambition had brought her to this! Her successes and triumphs had ended thus! She had chosen for herself a road in life which appeared to lead to a glittering palace, built on a proud hill of exaltation. She had followed that road with obstinate, unswerving resolution, sweeping all obstacles from before her. She had gained upon her end—approached so closely as almost to touch it—when, all at once, that glorious vision upon which her eager gaze had so long been fixed, had melted into thin air—a delusive *Fata Morgana*!

Instead of the proud hill of exaltation, she had come upon an unforeseen precipice of destruction. Poor Madame! she had failed to attain the summit of her desires—though truly she had mounted high—through her imperious will and bold readiness to dispense with scruple. But even had she attained her airy ideals—the bauble of an earl's coronet for her son—the innermost sanctuary of rank and wealth for herself—might she not have found that after all "the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream"?

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THEY "SIT IN SUNSHINE CALM AND SWEET."

ORDER and punctuality had been among poor Madame's most salient virtues. Even during the last week, so full for her of

harrowing torture, she had preserved all her habits of regularity. It was, therefore, with considerable surprise that the young men found themselves next morning awaiting her descent to the breakfast parlour some twenty minutes beyond the usual hour.

"Had we not better send up to see if she is unwell?" Louis was in the act of asking, when the butler (a man who had been in Sir John Brentwood's service ever since the time of his first marriage) entered the room with very evident concern in his good-humoured elderly countenance.

"If you please, gentlemen," he inquired, "do you know where my lady can be? She is not in her chamber, nor, so far as we can find, anywhere in the house. La! Mr. Vandeleur, don't be frightened, sir!"

For Claude had risen to his feet, struck by a dire presentiment of ill, and was eyeing the messenger with an air of deep consternation.

"Perhaps she is in the grounds," suggested Louis, springing to the window. "Have you looked there, Hampson?"

"Yes, Mr. Louis, we have, sir. But the strangest part of it is . . ."

"Speak out, man!" commanded young Vandeleur, as he broke off hesitating.

"Well, sir, Célie Varens, her ladyship's maid—she says that the bed, my lady's bed, has not been slept in last night."

Without waiting to put another question, both young men rushed upstairs. Everything in Lady Brentwood's suite of apartments was neatness itself. Her pillows, as a glance showed, remained unpressed; not an article of furniture was displaced, nor a garment lying about. The perfect order of the untenanted rooms affected her son with chill dismay. "Oh! Louis, what *can* have become of her, my poor mother?" he murmured, returning from a second inspection of the boudoir and intervening rooms to the bed-chamber where the other had lingered.

"This will explain! Look, Claude, I found it in her dressing case, just under the lid. It is addressed to Sir John." He held out the note which the unhappy little woman had penned on the previous evening. "Ha!" he resumed, whilst his companion examined the superscription. "An idea strikes me! That's exactly it. She has gone off to Sir John! Don't you see, Claude, she wrote that letter to prepare him—to explain things, you know; then she thought she could do it better through a personal interview, and she has just gone straight off to Scotland!"

A gleam of relief crossed the elder youth's face. "It may be," he

said. "It seems possible . . . But we can soon test the matter. I'll order a horse instantly, and ride over to the station."

"And I shall go with you, old fellow, of course."

Whilst the horses were being brought round, the young men snatched a hasty breakfast; but when they arrived, hot and dusty from their gallop, at the country station, five miles away, it was, as a matter of course, only to meet with disappointment. No passenger train, going either up or down, had stopped there at all last evening, after the hour her son had known Lady Brentwood to be safe in her own boudoir; and although there had been two already this morning, the station-master vowed that he knew every soul that had gone by them. By the first a couple of farmers had taken tickets for the nearest market town; by the second no one had travelled but his own wife and a little niece whom she was taking home from a visit she had been paying at their house. Young Vandeleur's vague intuitions of evil grew confirmed into a moral certainty of disaster, and his suspicions as to the nature of that disaster pointed in the true direction. But, as yet, he would not give voice to the shocking surmise which had turned him sick and cold to the heart.

"One cannot telegraph here, I believe?" he inquired of the station-master. "Then I must ride on to B——. Louis," he went on, drawing the latter aside upon receiving a negative reply, "Sir John must be sent for at once. When I have despatched the telegram, I shall get back to Longenvale and make every inquiry I can in the neighbourhood. In the meantime, my dear boy, there is that appointment for eleven o'clock—you will have to keep it alone."

"By Jove, I had almost forgotten!" exclaimed the other. "But I cannot leave you in trouble, Claude."

"You must," persisted his companion. "It was promised that she, your mother, should learn all this morning. You must be at Norbreck Towers when she calls. And I think, old fellow, you ought to let the Stenhouses know to-day who you are. To-morrow, remember, Lord Westaxon will be buried, and you ought to attend the funeral as his heir; at least, it doesn't seem fair to let poor George assume all his supposed rights, only to be ousted from them immediately."

"But to-day? How could I go about my own business until we know what has become of *her*, whom, even yet, I cannot help thinking of as my mother? You must consider me a self-interested brute."

"Self-interest does not come into the question. It is a simple matter of right and justice," argued Claude. "Wherever my poor

mother may be, or whatever has befallen her, we have had enough of mystery and deception. Let us get into the clear daylight of truth as quickly as possible. She herself, you know, has released us from the promise of further concealment. Surely we don't need to persist in it of our own accord !”

Thus, after a few minutes' further conversation, in which the course of their future proceedings was settled on the basis of the foregoing advice, the two young men parted—to pass, each of them, through a day of such excitement as may quite as easily be imagined as described.

Late in the evening, pale and exhausted by what they had gone through (although, naturally, their experiences and emotions had been of a very different character), the devoted friends were seated alone in the library at Norbreck Towers, each buried, at the moment, in his own reflections, when the sound of an arrival was heard, and Sir John Brentwood presently burst into the apartment. “What does all this mean?” he demanded, omitting any ceremony of greeting. “Your telegram, Claude? And the servants tell me she has not yet come back ! My wife—my dear wife ! Tell me quickly where she is ?”

Nerving their over-strained faculties to the task, the young fellows strove first to calm the honest baronet's agitation. Then, in accordance with a prearranged plan, they related to him, in a few straightforward words, the history of the intended fraud, conceived so long ago by the clever little woman—whom Sir John adored with such passionate fervour—and carried out by her with that indomitable pluck and energy which had been worthy of a better cause ; but the remembrance of which, even in view of her downfall and defeat, served to set her character above contempt. Having brought the story to an end by showing how the ground had crumbled from beneath her feet ; how she had been baffled on the very eve of success ; and having thus, as they hoped, prepared Sir John for its contents, whatever they might be, young Vandeleur produced the letter which his ill-fated wife had left for him.

Sir John opened the letter with trembling fingers, but the words swam before his eyes. “I cannot make it out !” he exclaimed piteously. “Read it to me, my boy ?” Louis to whom he had handed it, took the note, and with distressful reluctance read as follows :—

“JOHN, my good husband—I am about to run away to leave you for ever and ever. I go to a place where—not the slightest use—to seek me ; and,

urgently desire you *not to seek for me*. You remember the poem you read to me the other day about the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, and how he burned up his body in aquafortis, so that his followers might believe that he had been assumed up into heaven? Well, my friend, you will never see *my* body again; suppose, therefore, you try to believe that I have ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire? my son will tell you how worthy I am of that honour! Ah, I write perhaps bitterly—but my brain reels and my heart is on fire . . . John, pardon me that I cause you, for the moment, suffering. You will recover from the trouble because you are a good man, with a simple mind and an innocent heart, and such a man never despairs. Despair comes only to the wild, untamed spirit, like mine, which . . . But I will not write of myself. *Mon ami*, regret not our brief union. I leave you a legacy that, if you accept it, will compensate you for all this present grief—my son. Be a father to him, my good John, and let him be to you a son. You will find my will, executed this day, at the office of Messrs. Slade & Watkins, Lord Street, B——. As you will see, I arrange for the payment of your remaining debts, and leave you executor to my boy. If you live together, you will both be rich, and you will both be happy. I beg you in my will to do so, and I implore you again by this letter—which observe as my dying word, John—and accept as my final adieu. MARIE."

The mysterious disappearance of Lady Brentwood, followed by the announcement that the youth who had been known as Louis Vandeleur was not that lady's son, but the heir to the Westaxon Earldom, served of course for a nine days' wonder doubly drawn out. But the world, which gossiped and marvelled over these events, never knew quite how much there was to gossip about. Even Mrs. Douglas Awdry was persuaded (now that she was beyond the reach of further punishment or revenge), to join with those who had loved her in sparing the poor little woman's memory. As one means of doing so, it was resolved that Claude and Louis should respectively retain these christian names which they had exchanged with each other as children, and by which they were known to all their friends.

For business purposes the young Lord Westaxon was compelled, as a matter of course, to sign his correct appellation; but as there exists no law, *per se*, against the assumption of either christian or surname—so long as no criminal act or motive is the object of the alias—Louis will remain Louis to the end of the chapter. And a very peaceful ending the chapter of his life, now pretty well advanced, promises to have!

As Madame had very truly recognised, even in the moment when blank, mad hopelessness had taken possession of her own breast, despair is not for the man or woman of innocent life and rational mind ; and although for those she had left behind a season of affliction and grief had to be passed through, time ere long mitigated regret and restored peace. Sir John Brentwood has never married again ; but accepting the " legacy " of his second wife, he once more adopted a son, through whose faithful affection and tender, unselfish regard there has been returned to him, " full measure and pressed over," a reward for all the disinterested but misplaced kindness he had lavished upon the unfortunate Alec, as also for that brief but ardent attachment (misplaced, likewise, it may perhaps be judged) for his present son's mother.

Claude, for his part, bore with manly patience and courage the shock of knowing, as he *did* know (although her remains, as she had predicted, were never found), that his mother had met her death by her own act, and that, whilst in life, she had not been the woman he thought. Also, he bore in the same spirit of gentle fortitude the further trial of seeing the girl whom he loved first the promised bride and afterwards the wife of another. For Madeline, who had loved her unknown cousin as Louis Vandeleur, and who, in her own idea, had already plighted her troth to him, when she had permitted his lips to touch her blushing but unreluctant cheek, on that afternoon when they had taken refuge from the thunderstorm in the old church, did not, it need scarcely be said, answer " no " to the proposal which, with her mother's sanction, he made to her as Lord Westaxon.

And how did Mr. George Stenhouse behave in face of the astounding revelation which, as its issue, swept away two-thirds of the vast inheritance he had just entered upon, and transformed him from a peer into a commoner ?

First he held out his hand in frank congratulation to his supplanter ; then he shrugged his boyish shoulders and exclaimed " Ah, well ! *that* responsibility is off my shoulders, and if I can't do so much with what remains, I can still do something ! "

And George Stenhouse did do, and is still doing, something for the cause of humanity, although not exactly in the way he then designed. The only one of the three under-graduates who had travelled down from Oxford together at the beginning of that eventful long vacation, George, at its end, returned to his college. There he remained for two years longer, giving little attention to any other study than that of political economy, or rather of sociology. And, although on the difficult problems of this all-important science, the

young man thought for himself, he was wise enough to suffer his own crude ideas and aspirations to be modified by the better digested opinions of experienced thinkers and writers. In his conviction that democracy must be the gospel of the future, the young man remained unchanged ; but, as the ardour of youth became tamed, he grew more and more clearly to perceive that all reformation must of necessity be slow.

To push mankind forward on the road to its own well-being was, he justly believed, the noblest aim for which a human being could live ; but in order to ensure the genuineness of such advance, it was necessary, he learnt to see, that each step, either of the individual or the mass, must be *made on its own feet*. Instead, therefore, of devoting his wealth and his energies to the establishment, as he had once dreamed, of a little local paradise of liberty, equality, and fraternity, which would have turned out—seeing that the times were not ripe for such an experiment—a dismal failure, young Stenhouse, after he left the university, threw all his heart and soul into the interests of an institution which, as regards the future of England, is one of the very first importance—that “Organisation of Industry” known as “Co-operation” of trade and agriculture among the working-classes. For it is with the working classes that all George’s sympathies have ever lain, and, as he is wont to boast in his speeches, both in Parliament and elsewhere, he never forgets that, on the maternal side, he has risen from that rank in the social fabric to which still in his democratic instincts he belongs, and to the advance of which, morally, mentally, and socially, he means to dedicate the remainder of his days.

As for his cousin and brother-in-law, Louis—Lord Westaxon—George Stenhouse is in the habit of stigmatising him playfully as a “born aristocrat.” But though there may be some foundation for the remark in his cultivated tastes and refined manners, the Earl of Westaxon is not one of those butterfly idlers of his class who spend their time in flitting from one flower of pleasure to another, and sucking not honey from the cups but a slow poison which is gradually bringing about the decadence of their intellects and ethical nature and the fall of their hereditary power and prescriptive influence. Louis’ bent is not, like George’s, towards active philanthropy, but towards quiet study. He sits in the House of Peers, and takes a mild interest in politics, but the method in which he makes himself chiefly useful to his species is in the spread of scientific knowledge. On one branch, an important one, of biological science the Earl has thought and written much ; and the results of his experiments and

deductions have enriched the world's storehouse of valuable information.

In their private lives and domestic relations, it would be difficult to say which of these two men is the happier. Each married his first and only love, and each found (a discovery, unhappily too rare) that he had chosen the true complement of his being—his real “other self.” In such marriages, when the union is of deep intimacy, husband and wife become not only “one flesh,” but even one *mind*—their separate individualities becoming as it were merged, so that they see with the same eyes, understand with the same faculties, and feel with the same heart. Thus it has come to pass that Rose Stenhouse—*née* Featherstone—considers that, after the happiness of her own husband and children, there is nothing much worth thinking or talking about save how to procure the greater amount of happiness to the greater number of working people; whilst Madeline, Countess of Westaxon, would be willing to sacrifice her right hand in proof of her conviction that a man who is at the same time an earl and a student and exponent of biology, has reached the acme of human greatness.

Mrs. Awdry, fat and flourishing still, spends her time and divides her presence—though by no means equally—between her son, Lord Westaxon of Westaxon Park, and Squire Awdry of Clavermere Chase. Naturally, her maternal affection—the redeeming quality of her nature—clings most warmly to that younger child whom she has had always with her, rather than to the one whom she deserted as a little black-eyed urchin of three and found again only when the down of manhood was on his cheek, and the cares and pleasures of maturity were beginning to claim his attention. In return, Louis gives his mother a certain amount of dutiful regard. For his brother Eustace he entertains also a very sincere liking; but the affection which had become entwined with his life—that ennobling, unselfish friendship, which even love itself cannot outrival in depth and force—cleaves faithfully to the old “brother.”

Two years after Louis' marriage, Claude Vandeleur Brentwood brought a sweet young bride to Norbreck Towers, and sweet little children were presently romping about that ancient edifice with a middle-aged “grandpapa,” who had never, in all his life, felt so happy as he did when their small arms were strangling his neck, and their shrill young voices deafening his ears. For the rest, Claude is an enthusiastic sportsman; otherwise he nurses no particular ambition, and is content to be a good husband and father, an honest citizen, a kindly neighbour, a true and constant friend.

Thus wags the world for the characters of our story ; and all the while that poor little woman, without whose fiery energy, strong individuality, and dominant will the story could not have been, lies unconscious at the bottom of her deep and lonely tomb, having no further concern with the pleasures or pains of existence, no further desire or power to race and struggle and pant after those prizes which she had set before herself as the end and aim of life. A genius misdirected—for what was her vitality, her capacity, her unyielding tenacity of purpose but genius?—that brave little piratical bark, wrecked on the rock of the unforeseen, had gone down in mid-ocean—a wasted force !

Olivia Ashmead remains Olivia Ashmead, faithful still to the memory of the love which, in her case, has proved independent of, and unalterably by Time—“an ever-fixed mark.”

(The End.)

HOW THE PORTUGUESE JOES WERE WEATHERED.

THE pinnacle and first cutter of the *Sybille* were alongside getting ready for a fortnight's cruise up the coast from Querimba Islands towards Zanzibar so as to ferret out all the holes and corners of the coast for a prize, the ship herself working up out of sight of land so as to intercept any slaver which might run out to escape the boats. The boats, with their raised gunwales and cruising fittings, looked different from the smart craft we are accustomed to see as man-of-war's boats; but there was a business-like air about them which answered well for their fitness for the work.

As this was the first time in the season that the *Sybille* was going to send away her boats, a good deal of interest was evinced by the messmates of those who were to form the crews of the two boats, and many suggestions were made by the old hands to those amongst them who were now to have their first experience of boat-work. The pinnacle carried a twelve pounder and the cutter a rocket tube, whilst all the men, except the bowmen and coxswains who had revolvers, were armed with rifles in addition to their cutlasses; some of the crews who were marines taking, as is usual on these occasions, bluejackets' rifles and cutlasses. All the stores and ammunition were on deck ready, and the first lieutenant was down in the boats with the lieutenant and two midshipmen who were going away, to see that every fitting, which his long experience of boat-work had taught him to be necessary, was in good order. The water barrecoes were filled and carefully stowed; the cooking stoves in their positions on the head sheets, which were lined with copper and lead to prevent danger from fire, and the pinnacle's gun stowed in her bottom.

"Why, what's this?" said No. 1: "here's the locker for the small stores in your boat, Mr. Tomkins, has not been covered with painted canvas. I've a very good mind not to let you go away, but send another midshipman in your place; how would you like all your tea and sugar spoilt?" Mr. Tomkins, the midshipman of the cutter, did not seem at all to relish the idea of having to keep watch on board

instead of having the command of the cutter, which had been given to him as a reward for gallantry he had displayed in the capture of an armed dhow in the previous year. This little defect was soon put to rights, and the first lieutenant being satisfied that all the fittings were complete, came up on deck and gave orders for the cruising boats' crews of pinnace and first cutter to fall in. They answered the pipe smartly, all dressed in their canvas working suits and with serges and lammy suits rolled up in bundles together with any small oddments they might require. The officers were dressed, as the regulations required, in uniform coats and caps, but which had seen many a day's hard wear, and buttons and lace looked tarnished and shabby. They, like the men, had their lammy or blanket suits and a change of clothing, and there was little difference between their outfit and that of the men. An inspection was made of the men, who had all previously passed the doctor, and their cutlasses, rifles, and revolvers were examined; and then orders were given to place the stores in the boats, and the captain came out to give his final orders to the lieutenant going in command.

Captain Trelawney, who commanded the *Sybil*, had come to be captain in a way that no one could understand, for though he himself thought that he was one of the cleverest and smartest men in the Navy, he was in that opinion in a minority of one. He was a good-hearted fellow, and liked by men and officers, although the quantity of advice and orders he gave, and the eccentricities of his seamanship, whilst they often amused, at the same time often annoyed. He now came with a quantity of paper in his hand, at the sight of which the face of Rouen, the lieutenant who was going away, visibly lengthened, as he had already about twenty pages of foolscap. "Ah! Mr. Rouen," said Trelawney, "I have just put down a few more notes for your guidance, and I see in the gunnery book that rockets are always to be kept with their heads ast: mind you do so." "Ay, ay, sir, I'll see to that." "And oh! you must not carry too much sail, and be very careful in boarding any dhows that you get no men hurt." "All right, sir; I'll be careful, you may rely," answered Rouen, who had private sails in the two boats for chasing, which more than doubled the service sail area. "Oh! and be very careful not to hurt any of the Arabs: you must tell them who you are, and that it is very wrong of them to carry slaves." "Very good, sir." "Now mind you have morning and evening quarters regularly." "What next am I to be told?" thought Rouen. "Oh—don't you load your rifles; they are very dangerous when loaded; and mind you bring back a good prize, for we want good luck to commence the year with." "I'll remember, sir,

but I think if we are to fetch round to that anchorage north of Cape Delgado before dark, we had better get away at once.' "Certainly; but I had forgotten something. I remember that last year, off Rus Hafoon, one of the boats' crews committed cannibalism: they ate some monkeys they shot on the rocks there; so to avoid that, I've told my steward to give you a sheep." "Many thanks, sir, but down here we can always get goats and fowls." "No, you must take the sheep, I won't have my men called cannibals. Good-bye, and God bless you." "Good-bye, sir, and thank you." "Good bye, Jones," to the first lieutenant, "I'll have to look sharp. Where are Tomkins and Carey?" "They're down in the boats. Good-bye and good luck; but mind; I've heard there are some Portuguese traders in some of the rivers and towns down here, and you will have to look out or they will try to make your men drunk." "I'll look out. All right. Good-bye."

As Rouen went down into the pinnace and gave the order to shove off, the pipe went on board the *Sybille* to shorten in cable, and before the boats were far away she was standing out to sea under easy canvas.

The boats made fair headway, but had been so late in leaving the ship that the oars had to be got out to insure reaching the night's anchorage before dark. Abdallah the interpreter, about five o'clock, pointed out to Rouen some thatched roofs among the trees on the shore, and said that the anchorage for the night should be there, and that just to the northward of the village was an anchorage, and perhaps a dhow might be found there, though there was little chance of slaves being on board, as there was sure to be news of the ship, but the head man was a friend of his. Rouen thought that this was the reason why, before the cruise was decided upon, Abdallah had been so anxious to start from the Querimba Islands and make this their first night's anchorage, and not having over much faith in Abdallah who had been picked up on the beach at Zanzibar by Captain Trelawney, and engaged as interpreter, on account of his glib and ready tongue, he resolved to watch him carefully. As the boats ran into the anchorage, which was fringed with mangrove bushes, as the tide was high, they anchored outside a dhow of about fifty tons, lying off the entrance of a small creek running up through the mangroves to the landing place. A couple of negroes came alongside the pinnace in a sort of dinghy from the dhow.

for tobacco and soap and sell a few wretched mud-fish!

Rouen made a bargain to land himself and Carey's men and Captain Trelawney's sheep. At the

were met by a number of women and children who ran to stare at the strangers, whilst in rear came the male inhabitants, among whom were some long-robed Arabs and two dark-visaged individuals in dilapidated European clothes. "Carey, my boy," said Rouen; "you stop here with four of the men and kill the skipper's sheep, and see if you can buy any eggs or sweet potatoes, but mind and look out for those scoundrelly Portuguese Joes, or they will be selling grog to the men, and their stuff is such infernal poison that it drives a man mad. They are as cunning as the devil, so you will have to look out."

Rouen and the other men went to meet the Arab governor, who, through the medium of Abdallah, expressed his great pleasure at receiving a visit from him, and said the Arabs and English must always be friends; and, placing his two forefingers side by side, said the Queen of the English and his sultan were as like as they were, which—as, owing to a discolouration of the skin, the forefinger of his right hand was quite white, whilst that of the left, like the rest of his body, was a dark brown—was a very apt simile. He led the way up to a deep verandah in front of his house, and all were accommodated with mats and stools to sit on, the two Goa Portuguese among the rest. A general sort of conversation was carried on, the Arab governor and his friends evincing great interest in the arms of the bluejackets; and the Portuguese being very eager to ingratiate themselves with Rouen by the offer of some tinned provisions and anxious to be allowed to give the bluejackets some grog.

After some talk and a few questions as to the coast to the northward, and whether or not it would be possible to get into the Rovuma River, Rouen went down to the beach again, where he found the dhow's boat waiting for him and his men. The Portuguese accompanied him, and begged to be allowed to come on board the boats, on the plea that they had important information which it would be impossible for them to communicate on shore without being overheard; and Rouen assented. He thought that as he started with a distrust of all they said, he might safely listen to them, and, perhaps, out of many bushels of falsehood winnow a grain or two of truth. When he got on board he found the crews of the two boats in great good humour, and laughing and joking among themselves, and for a minute or two could not make out what all the fun was about, when he discovered that they had a baby in the bows of the pinnace. "Where did that child come from?" he asked. "You'll get us into awful trouble if you go humbugging about with the people's children." "It's all right, sir," said Carey; "whilst you

were up talking to the big wigs a lot of women came down and sold us eggs, bananas, and cocoanuts for soap and tobacco, and one woman had nothing to sell, so she offered us the baby for half a cake of cavendish; and as it is spotted like a circus horse, I thought we might as well get it as a curio, it will be much more amusing than a monkey, and not half so mischievous; and you know, sir, the ship's monkey was lost overboard last Saturday." Rouen, who could not help laughing, would have sent the child on shore at once, but the tide had fallen so much that there was no landing, and indeed the tide was running out so rapidly that it was necessary to shift the berth of the boats to avoid the risk of grounding at low water.

When they were again safely anchored, all was made snug for the night, and after supper the watches were set. Rouen now had time, whilst the men were yarning and smoking, to turn his attention to the two Portuguese and ask what was the news they had to tell him. They said in the Rovuma there would be no chance of any slavers, but perhaps there might be at Mikindany; if none were found there, there would be no use in going into any other place before Lindy, as in the Mungulho and other rivers there had been no trade for some time. In return for their information they begged for a passage to Mikindany, and Rouen, though he did not care about their presence, consented, thinking that by doing so he would be able to counteract any underhand tricks they might be contemplating. All but the men on watch were soon asleep, and, giving orders to be called at half-past four, Rouen stretched himself out on the stern sheets and slept soundly.

In the morning the dhow getting under way, he had to let her boat, which had been made fast astern, go back. As the cutter could now get close in, he sent her to return the baby, and also let the two would-be passengers go in her to get their traps. As soon as they had gone, one of his men, who was a Maltese, called Pasquale, and who seemed to know all languages equally badly, asked to speak to him. He said that João and Baptista, as the Portuguese called each other, had been talking together in the night when close by him, and thinking all the men asleep, or, if awake, unable to understand their language, had told the men in the dinghy to get back to the dhow as early as possible, and then the dhow was to run on to Mikindany, and despatch messengers to the Mungulho river, where there were large numbers of slaves ready to be shipped and two dhows preparing to take them on board; and that the dhows were to clear out all that would make them seem to be engaged in the slave trade, and get some wood and other produce

on board. When the boats left Mikindany she was to do the same, and follow them up and watch them past the Mungulho, and then run in to tell the slavers the coast was clear. Rouen understood the little game, and determined if possible to checkmate them. The cutter was soon back and reported that there had been considerable difficulty in returning the baby to its mother, who refused to have anything to do with it until bribed by a piece of soap and a whole cake of cavendish. "There you see, sir," said Carey, "there was no question of hurting anyone's feelings, and the little beggar would have been much better taken care of on board the *Sybille* than in that horrid mosquito den." The Portuguese shopkeepers came off as well with a small bundle and a little bag containing dollars, of which they asked Rouen to take care until they arrived at Mikindany.

The boats having been cleared up and morning cocoa and quinine served out, anchors were weighed, and, with the last of the land wind and the ebb tide making under them, they stood out to sea. Rouen hailed Tomkins, and told him to get all his chasing sails ready, as it would be a fair wind to the mouth of the Rovuma, and a good chance to try them. Rouen and the first lieutenant were both great at boat sailing, and all the boats of the *Sybille* were beautifully fitted for sailing and cruising, but this year Rouen had gone beyond anything that he had done, and, on the strength of a good lot of prizes the year before, had during the time the ship was refitting, spent a good deal of money, as well as time, on the equipment of these two boats, and up to the present had had no opportunity of trying his new sails.

To get everything properly set took some little time, and then the boats were pretty equal in speed. The breeze did not last long, and sail had to be taken in and the oars got out. After an hour or two's pulling, the sea breeze came down and sail was made towards the Rovuma mouth, but when it was approached there was such a nasty surf running from the ebb tide meeting the wind, that Rouen did not consider it advisable to risk crossing the bar, but bore away north, intending to reach Mikindany that evening. Running along the coast they saw another line of breakers, and had to haul out to sea, with the sea rising and breeze freshening. As they got clear round and were able to stand north, the breeze came nearly aft, and all sail was again set and the boats tore through the water like race-horses. In the heavier breeze the pinnace steered better than the cutter, and drew ahead of her; but soon the breeze freshened up so that although it seemed risky to carry on, it was safer, as if sail had been shortened there would have been a risk of the boats being

pooped by the following seas, and it was with a sense of relief that Rouen rounded the point outside the entrance to Mikindany and got into smooth water, partially sheltered from the wind. The cutter came round some ten minutes after the pinnacle, and, according to Tomkins, not a bit too soon, as the sea and wind were rising fast.

Before going into Mikindany harbour Rouen had his sails lowered and made up, and the gun and rocket tube mounted, as it was by no means unlikely that if there were any slave dhows there they might resist, and be assisted by their friends on shore. All being clear for action, the boats pulled through the narrow entrance into the harbour, which is one of the prettiest and most perfect little natural harbours imaginable. Just ahead of the boats was the dhow which had left their last night's anchorage before them, and lying off the village were two or three dhows, but these were evidently empty, and had their sails unbent. Over the largest of the houses the red flag of Zanzibar was flying, and this, Abdallah said, was the residence of the governor. Rouen noticed that in the front of the house there were many people gathering together, but through his glasses could make out that there were no signs of hostility, and thought it better to go on shore and pay his respects. So, anchoring the pinnacle near the dhows, he got into the cutter and landed. On landing he was welcomed by the governor, a handsome white Arab, and taken up to his house, where coffee was produced, and a conversation carried on. The governor said he was delighted to see him, because now he would be able to report to the sultan at Zanzibar that the stories about Mikindany being a headquarters of slavery were false, and that he, Said ibn Hamed, was loyally carrying out the orders he had received. Said ibn Hamed was on good terms with João and Baptista, who had a store in the town, and now wanted to make a present of grog to the boats' crews for their passage. This of course Rouen refused, though he accepted a goat and some fowls from Said ibn Hamed. This worthy begged Rouen to have the dhows searched, and also asked him to walk round the town with him, so as to see that there were no places where slaves could be kept ready for shipment. Of course none were to be seen. Amongst his boats' crews Rouen had four liberated slaves, and one of these men had been kidnapped close behind Mikindany and shipped to Zanzibar. This man, Sambo, was one of those on shore with Rouen, and he now came up and said that he had seen some people who came from his native village, and asked if he might be allowed to go and speak with them. Rouen gave him leave for half an hour, and then went off to the boats, refusing pressing invitations from the governor to sleep on shore.

About sunset Sambo came off to the cutter, and Rouen and Carey made a visit to her on the pretext of having supper with Tomkins, leaving Abdallah, whom they did not trust, in the pinnace. Sambo reported having seen his friends, and heard from them that two full dhows had lately sailed, and that two others had left the same morning with only a few slaves on board, but that he had been so jealously watched that he had been unable to get any accurate information about their movements. He proposed to swim ashore after the townpeople were asleep, and then find out all the news he could. This Rouen agreed to, and about ten o'clock he slipped overboard and swam quietly away to the outskirts of the town. Once or twice those in the boats heard sounds among the houses, and were afraid he had been found out, but at four in the morning he came alongside the cutter with a couple of his friends who wished to run away from their masters, and good news as to the two last dhows that had sailed. The two full ones had gone over to Madagascar, but the other two had gone to the Mungulho, where some large caravans of slaves had lately arrived, and he had also managed to overhear a conversation between Said ibn Hamed and João, in which it was agreed that they should do their best to persuade Rouen to pass that river, but at the same time, in order to be on the safe side, they had sent to a dhow which was a few miles outside Mikindany to make the best of her way there, and tell the slave traders to get all their slaves ashore and clean the dhows out. In the morning Rouen went on shore to say good-bye to Said ibn Hamed. At his house he met João and Baptista. All were most civil, and Said professed himself to be very sorry that the English had not had the luck to find any slavers, but that he was so diligent that it was impossible for them to carry on their trade in the district under his rule; but that the governor at the Lindy river was a bad lot, and that if the boats made the best of their way there, it was certain that they would find some slave dhows. Baptista asseverated that what Said said was true, but João said he thought it would be a good thing for the Mungulho to be visited, so as to prove their truth, and asked for a passage there and then on to the Lindy. Rouen seemed to hesitate for a time, and then said that as there were no slavers in the Mungulho it would be best for him to get on to the Lindy before any news could get there, and if João and Baptista wanted a passage he would give them one. João said he would be glad, but that Baptista had to go to the Mungulho.

Farewells were exchanged between Rouen and Said ibn Hamed, and the boats were soon pulling out of the harbour, the pinnace putting Baptista on board the dhow, which had come in with the

boats the day before, and which also got under way to go to the Mungulho. The presence of Sambo's friends in the cutter was carefully concealed until they were all well out at sea, and then they were put on board the pinnace so that Rouen might get further information from them. When he saw them João looked very rueful and begged and prayed that he might be put on board the dhow, on the plea that he had forgotten some important business which rendered it absolutely necessary for him to see Baptista before going on to the Lindy. When this was refused, João, seeing that his game was up, tried to attract the attention of the dhow, and being prevented began to console himself with a bottle of grog which he produced from his baggage.

Rouen's plan was to pass the entrance of the Mungulho before dark, and then to double back and surprise the dhows in the night, so he kept his boats under easy sail and let the dhow get well ahead; evidently those on board her did not trust him, as when he came up abreast of the river, she was lying to outside and did not go in until the boats had passed some little distance.

At dark the boats came alongside each other, the masts were got down, the oars muffled, and all prepared for a cutting-out expedition. Rouen's orders were very simple: the boats were to go in together, and when close to the dhows, which he had heard were big ones, to board as quickly as possible, if the surprise failed, and there was fighting, then the men were to trust to their cutlasses. The boats pulled close to the entrance, and then anchored until three in the morning, when, weighing, they entered the river and allowed themselves to drift up with the flood tide, using an oar occasionally to keep them in the right direction. Two anxious hours were passed, and Rouen was afraid that the day would break, when the dark forms of three dhows were seen lying close together about a couple of hundred yards ahead. The smallest was the one which had left Mkindany with them; the cutter stole noiselessly alongside one of the others, whilst the pinnace went to the remaining one. So well was the surprise managed that the boarders were on deck and in command of the dhows before a soul of the Arabs was awake. Utterly surprised, they could offer no resistance, and in five minutes they were prizes to *H.M.S. Sybille*. Some of the crews escaped by swimming ashore, and soon a great commotion was apparent on both banks of the river. Day was now breaking, when Rouen turned his attention to the smaller one, and found that she too had commenced to ship slaves and could be claimed as a lawful prize. Although the dhows were taken, the greater number of the slaves who were to have formed

their cargoes were ashore, and when it was fairly light they could be seen being driven into the jungle by their owners. Rouen determined on having a try to rescue them from the slave dealers, and made a dash on shore, and got the greater number of the slaves down to the beach with very little opposition. João, who had been very useful as a pilot, though he was in a great fright, was now released, as was his friend Baptista, who had been captured with three or four of the crews of the dhows who were endeavouring to get the slaves away into the jungle. The dhows had their sails bent, and were all ready for sea, and by nine o'clock the three dhows and two boats were standing out of the river after a well-planned and successful little exploit.

At the Lindy Rouen was able to report on board the *Sybillie* that he had taken the three dhows and followed out Captain Trelawney's instructions of not hurting any of the Arabs. The *Sybillie* had many a lucky capture afterwards, but never again was such an amount of prize-money earned in one day as was earned by the pinnace and first cutter in the grey of the morning that day in the Mungulho river when Rouen weathered the Portuguese Joes.

V. LOVETT CAMERON.

CASKETS OF GEMS: A LITERARY HOMILY.

WE all remember that good old lady who, when taken to see "Hamlet," remarked of it that she thought it a very good play but there were *far too many quotations in it*. What made this artless dame feel aggrieved was not, I should say, an injured sense of fair dealing ; it was not that she had bargained for a bouquet of new flowers and found, greatly to her annoyance, that there was a gross adulteration of articles that had stood in the shop-window. She was, no doubt, a sharp old customer, and not to be readily taken in by old stock or second-hand goods. But I think she rather complained of the offence against good taste committed by the elegant author of the above play. She had seen on the play-bills the name that was one to conjure with, and being of the temperament that so dearly loves to be enraptured, she had come ready and eager to be carried away, to shed tears, to throw herself into the arms of her master. She was disappointed. She was unable to rise to the proper *abandon* of the occasion. Every time she began to feel herself going, some familiar pestering imp from the market-place popped out his common head and boggled her back again into the vulgar world. Her feelings were hurt. She was chagrined at being perpetually distracted, at being, so to speak, intermittently flapped on the ear, and rudely awakened by a stale phrase, and finally, when it came to the point when the gentleman-hero of the piece, with something approaching to a wink, makes mention of a certain similitude, and is abruptly answered, "Very like a whale," she could endure it no longer, and, rising with indignation, she left the place.

The old lady exhibited an exquisite good taste in this, and for my part, I own she has my deepest sympathy. She had an instinctive feeling that the quotations were a nuisance, nay, even sometimes an insult to good company, and I suspect she must have been victimised at one time of her life by that most intolerable of bores, the animated Casket of Gems. Without entering upon the particular charges against the author of "Hamlet," we may linger for a little over

general bearings of this good lady's indictment and see if we can come to any conclusion on the matter. This Casket, in its latest form, is a surprising invention, and one that bids fair to become the leading literary article of the future. In fact, if we were to regard success as a measure of utility, we might find excellences in this invention rendering it worthy of a place beside the spinning-mule and the steam-hammer, and empedestal the hero of the first Casket on a monument beside Arkwright and Hargreaves. The idea may be supposed to have originated thus. When the good old times of folios were dying away, with their splendid leisure and their movement slow and steady and strong; when clocks and watches took the place of the dial and the hour glass, and seemed to make time run ever so much faster; when the whistle of the locomotive frightened the stage-horses over the precipice, and the whirr of wheels seemed to frighten people along the streets at a trot at such a time CULTURE began to be in demand. "Give us culture!" said these men of the whistles and wheels. "We don't want to be called Philistines, we must have some culture; we are in a hurry; we have no time to wait; give us it ready-made: ready-made's the article!" So straightway the shop-windows were filled with articles of ready-made culture under all sorts of denominations: "1,001," "Lyres," and "Treasuries," "Parchment Odes," "Hecatombs of Sonnets," and "Passages from;" "My Series" and "Thy Series;" "Encheiridions," "Polypodions," and whatever other barbarous name ingenuity could light upon. Successfully disguising the fact that they were only children of their old despised parent "Casket of Gems" after all, these younger Caskets have taken the market with such storm that it is a matter for doubt whether complete editions will ever be bought any more, unless by such as the wealthy Scotch gentleman who, wishing to set up a library, visited a bookseller and said, "I want a raw o' thae," pointing to the red morocco binding, "an' a raw o' thae," pointing to some other colour that caught his eye, "an' a gude wheen raw o' thir," laying his hand upon the calf. This old gentleman was bold enough to disdain culture; all he wanted was "a Leeberary." But a more aspiring generation has succeeded, and with its business-brain stretched like gutta-percha, has gone forth into the market-place with a demand for nothing less than culture. They get it. It is supplied as ready-made as cheap trousers. The book-shops are stuffed with Caskets, externally of the completest elegance, and internally presenting the varied piecing of a patchwork quilt.

They need not be relegated to condemnation wholesale. There are many excellent, as well as entirely innocent, volumes among them, and for the system—it is a wise man who knows to interpret the

spirit of the time he lives in. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.* But what should we think of human beings rigged out on this scatter-brain principle? What should we think if all these Caskets of Gems were suddenly endowed with life, and were transformed into living ladies and gentlemen with a polite "taste for literature," whose whole literary stock-in-trade consisted of *quotations*, who opened their mouths upon us at every unexpected moment and ground off a *quotation*? We should wish to bind up these elegant ladies and gentlemen in cloth or leather again and put them on a shelf, or give them away, or throw them downstairs. It is the misfortune of such an animated Casket that it cannot be silent. It is a sort of sempiternal literary music-box, patched up with fragmentary melodies, and always wound up. It is unspeakably worse than the common music-box, for that is silent until you put the key to it and touch the spring, whereupon it dispassionately jingles out its stock of tunes and there's an end until some enthusiast wind it up again. But this machine is perpetually wound up and always ready to begin. You never know where the spring is; touch it anywhere, and away it goes. To the number of its tunes there is no fixed limit, yet it seldom completes a melody, but deals usually in staves and scraps,—a stave of Wordsworth, a bar of Tennyson, a scrap of Matthew Arnold,—all being ground out with the same inebriated satisfaction, without mitigation or remorse of voice, and frequently with doleful variations. Kind hearts and coronets; daffodils and prayers, and west winds; stormy reapers and solitary highland faces, and old familiar petrels; bits of Balder Dead and bits of Balderdash—there they go pirouetting and racketing like a bewildered dance of the deadly sins, till one is driven to make a desperate forswearal for ever of all "taste for literature," and cry out for blessed Philistinism.

And is this what our casket-gemmerly has brought us to? Is this the end of our hecatombs and our polypodions with their patches and fragments and facilitation of a cheap-jack acquaintance with literature? Are we never to be encouraged any more to know authors and works entire, but only by staves and scraps, "Beautiful Thoughts," and "Elegant Extracts," and "Lovely Lines"? Are we to have the good old "man of one book" abolished and replaced by the polite Casket of Gems? Is a "taste for literature" henceforward to mean nothing more than elegant bantam-like crowing upon heaps of riddlings, as if all the world were at the bantam's feet? What is the end of all this patchwork jobbing, this incentive to cheap-jack culture, but to foster a conceit of a literary taste among half-educated dilettanti, and to institute a social pest? Persons of this kind are a

more insufferable nuisance than the professed wit, and are almost as bad as the punster. It is impossible to hold intelligent converse with them. They are not so bad as petroleum, or Greek fire, or nitro-glycerine; but after all, they are little other than a kind of infernal machines. They do not blow up houses, but they effectually blast ideas. Constructed like some infernal machines, they have only to be touched anywhere and off they go with a bang that blows your thoughts to the four winds. It is possible to encounter them in one way, and only one,—by habitual resort to an explosive of a similar kind, “damnable iteration” of some such parcel of nonsense as “tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,” &c., or by a see-saw at “Barbara Celarent Darii Ferioque,” &c.

Something too much of this Casket. There are numerous other Caskets—far more than Portia had for the many Jasons who came in quest of her. There is the quoting pedant, for instance, who has stuffed his head with wool-gatherings from all the languages of Babel, and through sheer cranial discomfort lets them ooze out soaked through the tip of his tongue or the nib of his pen. There is the Casket of stuff that glitters and is not gold. He has made a cheap acquaintance with a number of passages from some such book as the parent Casket, and these serve him for use, ornament, and delight. He is never so wise as he is bold, and his judgment is commonly younger than his limbs. Open him up, and you will discover a death's-head and an insulting scroll. Then, in the writing kingdom, there is the quoting sloth—one of the lower orders of the kingdom—who moves so slowly upon his own feet on the ground that to accelerate locomotion he scales some neighbouring tree and crawls along a paragraph of that. Again, there is the literary broker, the dealer in hackneyed quotations, the dyer to the Queen as he might advertise himself, all of whose articles are second-hand and most of them used up. He can trip you the light fantastic toe, or play you kettle-drummle to the Parliament of Man. He is an experienced rider upon the paragon of animals. A thing of beauty is to him a joy for ever and a day. The rarity of Christian charity is a perennial fountain of tears, and the heaven that lies about us in our infancy a never-failing source of simpers and smiles. He will turn the silver lining of the cloud inside out. You would think he grew immortal with the far-off divine event, and died for ever with the strain that had a dying fall. A near kinsman of his is the apostle of a Gospel, the broker of specialties, the man who has made a collection of all the “texts” he can lay hold of to shed illumination on

what he preaches, and consistently japans his own material with stuff from the special casket. In his higher orders you may see him sprawling up and down Tennyson's stepping-stones, or plucking the flower out of the crannied wall, or for a variorum puddling in Wordsworth's round ocean ; in his lower he drives the pump-handle of the cold-water cure. Coming under one of these is like being subjected to a perpetual *douche*. The employment of brief quotations from the poets is usually supposed to indicate a "taste for literature" and a certain degree of mental refinement. Writers of the "broker" stamp, being ambitious of the literary taste and the intellectual refinement, but not being in a position to go afield for themselves, take what they find ; and so they serve up specimens, which, although not exactly what one might call gum-flowers, are flowers that have had the fragrance pretty well thumbed out of them.

Not to mention more, I may last refer to the chief of the literary caskets, and so as not to be too invidious in naming a living writer, I may take Hazlitt as a type. This is your true literary man ; no mere broker peddling second-hand wares ; nor a tedious pedant assiduously oozing out soaked wool-gatherings ; nor an incapable clinging to another writer's words to carry him on ; nor a glistering death's-head that has merely grinned at literature over a hawker's hand-book. He does not employ borrowed phrases to serve instead of originality. He has taste, refinement, first-hand acquaintance, has gone afield for himself and come home with the honey of the heath. The quotations he employs are not complete extracts, but little gems of expression which he imbeds in his own style. Here is an example from what he says of Burns : "The gods indeed 'made him poetical,' but Nature had a hand in him first. His heart was in the right place. He did not 'create a soul under the ribs of death,' by tinkling siren sounds." Or again, when he is speaking of Milton : "His imagination, 'nigh sphered in Heaven,' claimed kindred only with what he saw from that height and could raise to the same elevation with himself. He sat retired and kept his state alone 'playing with wisdom;' while Shakespeare mingled with the crowd and played the host 'to make society the sweeter welcome.'" The phrases are not borrowed to conceal poverty, but are employed for the sake of enriching the effect. For the most part they are taken from those possessions for all time that are 'precious life-blood of master-spirits,' and to one who has acquaintance with literature they are familiar and localised at once. They suggest themselves from the writer's mind. He has so many pearls of great

can afford to shower them with some profusion over the cloth of his own weaving.

Yet this may become a fault. It is possible to overdo this kind of quotation, even granted the first-hand acquaintance and the requisite taste; just as adornment carried to excess becomes barbaric. It is a fault into which one readily slips, particularly where the literary sense is keen, and the literary ambition fine. If a writer's brain is filled with the floating music of choice phrases remembered from choice reading, there is temptation to employ these in the conveyance of his own thoughts. What he means to convey has been so well put, or in a form so invested with rich associations, that he hesitates to alter the form and let the associations be destroyed. It may be that he only uses them as a species of illustration, as Macaulay did with his historical parallels, or as a highly figurative writer does with his metaphors. In his case as in theirs, the suggestion is so unbidden and so profuse that the difficulty lies, not in finding a quotation apt for the purpose, but in refraining from an excess. Hazlitt did not exercise this restraint, and the result is that much of Hazlitt's writing is so "pimpled" over with little pustules of quotation that it looks as if it were suffering from an attack of literary smallpox. The objection to this is not merely its offensive appearance. The objection lies deeper, in the fact that too frequent quotation of this kind tends to interrupt consecution. There is an incessant stream of allusion going on, and even though the allusions are open to recognition, and tend to heighten the effect by enrichment, the attention is ever and anon drawn away by the flashing of side-lights. The quotations are a perpetual source of distraction, as the good lady felt when she was observing "Hamlet." They are like motes in one's drink, or matches going off under one's feet, or the blowing of steam whistles when one is writing. It is impossible to proceed comfortably and with peace of mind, for one never knows when there mayn't be another. But it is more than a source of interruption: it is an offence against good taste. Quotations are employed by way of ornament, and were another than Hazlitt to employ them with the same prodigality he might have the effect of producing an appearance something similar to that of a South Sea king. There would be the suggestion of too great fondness for ornament. The quotations would cease to adorn; they would bedizen.

Quotations are like firearms, to be used only by those who can manage them, and in any case to be used with caution. Selden's statement on the point, that quotation is most for matter of fact, is *vere beside the question*. We quote authorities, it is true, just as we

appeal to the law and produce witnesses. But the quotation referred to is not of this utilitarian kind ; it is quotation for effect, not quotation for proof. A few plain maxims may be laid down in the first instance :

One should quote only what is intrinsically worth quoting, something rich in itself,—a wise thought, a finely recorded emotion, a strong utterance, whether of thought or feeling. If we are to have gems, let them be real, not glittering paste.

Accordingly one should, as a rule, quote only from eminent authors, utterances that bring with them the authority of genius, and are likely to be identified. To quote from obscure sources is usually to quote to no purpose.

One should nevertheless avoid hackneyed quotations, even though they be the words of the great. Remembering that quotation is, after all, only adopting for the time being some article of apparel belonging to another, one should be chary of dressing oneself in cast-off clothing.

One should quote sparingly, and not indulge in crackers for display. A reader or listener cannot be comfortably attentive with a firework rattling in his ears.

And last, the somewhat mouldy precept, yet one worth observing,—when one quotes he should quote correctly, both in the letter and in the meaning, never, *e.g.*, giving that mumbled “touch of nature” in the common sense in which Shakspeare does *not* use it. This almost necessitates the corollary that quotation should never be made except from first-hand acquaintance with the passage.

These few precepts, however, carry us only a very little way. The art of using quotations—for it is an art—cannot be learnt by precept. Its finest effects can only be such as are indicated by the instinct of a fine mind. It is as impossible for a common mind to assume this fineness with gathered fragments of quotation as it is for him to alter the texture of his brain ; if he tries to do so he will only be a Casket of Gems after all. It is true there may be as much pedantry in the studied avoidance of quotation as in the excessive employment of it, and we do not always find a writer's own words to be the best, or even to be striking, who studiously eschews other people's. It is true also that we may find a rare phrase buried in inverted commas in very ordinary and commonplace matter, just as we may find a pearl in the inside of a haddock. But we give the haddock no praise for his pearl, nor seek to flatter him out of his identity. Between him who has and him who has not this artistic fineness there is all the difference that there is between C

Dryasdust : the one can make a quotation, the other can only give an excerpt. A writer who possesses this art—like Ruskin, for example—can by a mere quoted phrase throw an illumination over even a mechanical theme with an effect similar to that of one of those designs to be seen on Dutch bells : you may see the mould of a blown leaf lying against the metal, bringing an open breeze from the hills, and the breath of the woods along with it. So with a finely-applied quotation. It is not merely attaching an ornament to a sentence. It is incorporating the quotation in the passage in such a way as to throw a new flash of light both on the passage and on the phrase itself. For the phrase, with its wealth of associations, heightens the effect of the writer's own words, and is itself invested in fresh associations and a new emphasis. Ruskin's quotations from the Bible are instances in point. "Raise the veil boldly ; face the light ; and if as yet the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come and the Kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be unto this last as unto thee." The words re-awaken strains of old-world melodies to sound in our ears, harmonising themselves into the writer's own music, and enriching its effect with that fertility of resource which belongs to the true artist. The two are wedded together like words and music, and the effect of both is heightened by the happy union. The jewels, made to glitter in a bed of silver and gold, are themselves enriched by their harmonious setting.

To come under the spell of mind of this kind is like entering upon Prospero's enchanted island and hearing songs of Ariel i' the air or the earth : "the isle is full of sounds and sweet airs." In reading a passage of Swinburne's prose, for example, we hear "a thousand twangling instruments humming about our ears," and behind the echoes of its tempestuous music we ever seem to detect something akin to those unheard melodies of soft pipes that Keats imagined and said were sweeter than those heard. In Swinburne, however, we sometimes are like to complain that the fertility of resource is too great. He has no mercy on his readers. The quotations are frequently too elusive, and a single word is often all we have to guide us to the reference. We feel that he has left us, and is away up at heaven's gate singing with the lark. But if we take the following simple instance—"The entrance to the tragic period of Shakspeare is like the entrance to that lost and lesser Paradise of old,

With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,—

we see the whole inferno of Othello and Lear opened up before us, and feel the passion of terror with all that associated imagery revived by the sympathetic touch of a single line. Swinburne has not only conjured up the illustrative picture, but sealed it with Milton's own familiar words, and he has likewise given to Milton's line the emphasis of a fresh association with the bleak terrors of Shakespeare's darkest moment. Sympathy and association are the secret of this kind of illustrative art—the same associative sympathy that can lend a wealth of emotion to such a line as this of Virgil's :

Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore ;

the same that brought the dew to Burns's eye when, fallen on evil days, he saw his own life reflected in Lady Grizel Baillie's Ballad, and spoke its heart-breaking cry.

O were we young as we ance hae been,
We sud hae been gallopin' down yon greer,
Or linkin' it ower the lily-white lea—
An' werena my heart licht I wad die.

This responsive and apprehensive power that guides aright to the instinctive use of quotations is the same power that brings a line or a phrase into current use. It is one of the highest tributes of genius to be quoted, for it indicates that the writer has been successful in stamping his utterance with the seal of permanency. Men had been writing about the sea for two thousand years before Keats saw in it

The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores ;

but the utterance once set forth was sealed for ever. It was recognised as genuine, and accepted as a current coin. So when we come across a line like this, descriptive of Longfellow,

The full-toned lyrist with the gentle mind,

we seize upon such a line, knowing that it has the true ring of permanency and has a right to become one of the golden coins of criticism. Such phrases are like the genuine florin of the Mediæval Italian Republic, that in an age of adulterate metal restored confidence by the guarantee of its honesty. They become the counters of thought, and the property of those into whose hands they come, and to discover such a quotation, if one may so speak, is as good as to be the author of it.

"THE TUNEFUL FROG."

"A LONG line is run to make a frog"—by which Sir Thomas Browne pleasantly expresses his admiration of the series of metamorphoses by which the frog arrives at complete individuality. First of all, that "lentious and transparent body," full of "little conglobations," which we call spawn :—

Ere yet with wavy tail the tadpole swims,
Breathes with new lungs, or tries his nascent limbs,
Her countless shoals the amphibious frog forsakes,
And living islands float upon the lakes.

And then the "porwige" or "tadpole," all tail and head. By-and-by the thing sprouts two hind legs, still keeping its long caudal appendage. Next it grows its fore-legs, and swims about a long-tailed froglet. Then we see it sitting on the bank with only a short stumpy tail. Return two days later, and, lo ! the tail has gone altogether and a tiny "frog" is there.

So still the tadpole cleaves the watery vale
With balanc'd fin and undulating tail,
New lungs and limbs proclaim his second birth,
Breathe the dry air, and leap upon the earth.

"Frogs and toads and all the tadpole train" are unpopular with the poets. They dislike their appearance and detest their voice. They remember, too, against them the description in Holy Writ of "the croaking nuisance" of Egyptian chastisement.

In the New Testament the batrachian folk are only once mentioned. "And I saw," says St. John in the Revelations, "three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon and out of the mouth of the Beast, and out of the mouth of the False Prophet." In the Old they recur three times, and always in the same association, as the instrument of Amenoph's humbling.

That croaked the Jews
From Pharaoh's black-kins loose

on the day when his borders were smitten with frogs—"that loathed

invasion," as Milton calls it—which "the river brought forth abundantly."

A race obscene
Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile,
Polluting Egypt. Gardens, fields, and plains
Were covered with the pest. The trees were filled,
The croaking nuisance lurked in every nook ;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers escaped ;
And the land stank, so numerous was the fry.

With this point of high prescription, sanctified by a supreme authority, the poets are accurately well content, and the frog remains therefore "loathsome." "Puffing" frog, "dew-sipping," "sly-jumping" are found among the more curious epithets applied to the animal. But "speckled," "hoarse," and "slimy" are the more common.

Yet if zoology had been more interesting to poets they might have fairly revelled in the beauties and significancies of the frog-world. Of the strange chain of metamorphoses by which the "por-wigle" laboriously graduates in maturity I have already spoken, but what shall we say of the Pipa that hatches her young out of dimples upon her back? She has, as it were, a false skin, and under this are little pits, in each of which an egg germinates. By-and-by they hatch. The young ones creep out through the upper skin on to the mother's back and hop off to the ground. She then casts her old skin and starts afresh. Or of the Alytes, where the husbands share with their wives in a fair and manly way the inconveniences of reproduction, and "lie in," so to speak, of one half the eggs while the mother takes charge of the other half? Or of that Hyla, whose eggs the male takes up in its paws and packs them away comfortably into a pouch on the mother's back, where they hatch?

Were the responsibilities of parents ever more conscientiously undertaken? Then, too, the originality of such proceedings! The poor things have not got "dens" or "nests," and they refuse to leave their eggs lying about, as some things do, at the mercy of the spoiler. So they always carry theirs about with them, the father dividing the work with the mother. This is surely admirable. Yet, as Professor Martin Duncan says, "Frogs have little to thank humanity for." Children tease them, ignorant adults persecute them. Men of science delight in microscopical and galvanic experiments with them. Birds and beasts and fish and snakes are perpetually hunting them. In the water and out of it they are for ever under pursuit. Nor does much sympathy attach to them under the afflictions—because they are only frogs.

Yet if regard attaches, as it certainly does, to that which is eminently edible, we owe some consideration to this creature. It is particularly good eating, and by the draining and cultivation of the country, we have lost a side-dish which the Continent and America more judiciously appreciate. Again, if respect is due to that which is useful, the utmost deference should be shown to frogs and toads, who are the most relentless enemies of insects injurious to plants, and a terror to all evil-doers in gardens and orchards. Is admiration the prerogative of beauty? Then where can it be better bestowed than on the pretty green and red frogs of South Africa, or the corn-field frog of Carolina, which is dove-colour above and silver below, or the exquisite tree-frogs, grass-green and gold as a rule, but in Central America sky-blue above and rose pink beneath? They are all living gems, and science calls them by pretty names *aurea*, *caeruleus*, *ornatus*, *pulcher*, and *elegans*. Even in mere variety there is a pleasant virtue: for this we load the variable chrysanthemum with compliments. Yet among the frogs and toads there is a diversity almost as bold and quaint as amongst the orchids, while for positive beauty they are, some of them, unsurpassed.

As for their voice, the poets have much excuse for disapproval. I have myself wondered that anyone could ever have spoken with admiration of their song, and am not surprised that the Abderites should have been driven from their homes by the intolerable monotony of the batrachian chorus. How it exasperated Bacchus on his way to Hades—that

Brekekex coax coax, brekekex coax coax,

of the persistent multitude.

In Menu's "After-world" there are twenty-one purgatories. One of them is filled with mud; and if the mud be filled with frogs, I think I would rather be consigned to any one of the other twenty: albeit yet I know that Indra's august abode is enlivened by "the harmonious voices of the black bee and the frog." So, too, in Aristophanes, Charon, laughing, says—

You shall hear most delightful melodies as soon as you lay-to at your oars,
From whom?
From sailors—the frogs—wondrous ones.

And the frogs have much to say in their own praise:

"Marshy offspring of the fountains we, let us raise our voices in harmonious hymn—*brekekex*—in sweet-sounding song—*coax coax*. Thus sung we in the marshes by the Acropolis, making festive the rites of Nisæan Bacchus. *Brekekex: coax coax*. The Muses of the beautiful lyre love us—*coax coax*—and so does

horn-footed Pan who pipes upon the reed—*brekekekex*—and Apollo, the sweet harper—*brekekekex coax coax*. So let us sing and leap, and leap and sing again, through galingal and sedge, chanting as we dive our choral strains to the music of breaking bubbles—*brekekekex coax coax*."

Other poets, however, are not of Pan's opinion, nor of Apollo's. They recognise no harmony in the voice of the batrachians. Southey quotes it as the extreme antithesis of melody. Spenser, in his "Epithalamium," warns them off—

Ne let the unpleasant choir of frogs still croaking
Make us wish their choking.

"Dutch nightingales" is a popular nickname of these loquacious amphibians, and Allen Ramsay derisively rallies the Hollanders upon their songsters.

Elegant Paris, however, has a better claim to these mud-larks, as I may call them. For three frogs once formed the civic device of Lutetia—"the mud-land"—

Where stagnant pools and quaking bogs
Swarmed, croaked, and crawled with hordes of frogs,

but in Clovis' time the grenouille was "miraculously" transfigured into the fleur-de-lis, one product of the marshes thus supplanting the other upon the banner and shield of France. The truth, perhaps, is that about that time our neighbours discovered what excellent eating their national device was, and, not caring to emblazon that which they cooked, they promoted the frog from their oriflamme to their stew-pans. The Moon-folk, however, had anticipated them, for, so Lucian avers, "they used but one kind of food." "There are," he says, "great multitudes of frogs flying about in the air; these they catch and, lighting a fire, cook them upon the coals; and while the frogs are a-cooking they sit round the fire, just as men sit round a table, and swallow the smoke, thinking it indeed to be the finest thing in the world."

"Soulless" is a good epithet (of Mackay's) for the croak of the creature, as anyone who has listened long to their unmeaning clamour will confess, but I like Moore's humorous rendering of its significance none the less:

Those frogs whose legs a barbarous cook
Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
"Give us our legs—Give us our legs."

Any translation of the sound that makes sense of
to me. For I should be glad to be convinc

garrulous things had souls. They have got calves to their legs, a feature which, if I am not wrong, no other animal but man possesses.

Yet, when in company, they have a wide range of expression from the crisp, shrill chirrup of the tree-frogs, to the loud snore of the "Cambridge nightingales." The multitudes of the Arkansas swamps have a nasal metallic "yank-yank," as different as possible from the deep "owk-owk" of the French frogs. The fire-bellied toad has a clear, resonant voice, the bull-frog a profoundly sonorous one. The natter-jack cries "gloo-gloo," the green toad "may-may," while, for the rest, the frog-chorus of Aristophanes, already quoted, renders them faithfully enough by brekekekex and coax coax.

The "bull-frog," which I take to be a corruption of bell-frog, let philologists say what they like, is not an aversion of the poets. It is "deep-mouthed" in Byron, and Faber has—

Beneath my feet
A lonely bell-frog from the reedy fosse
Rang his distinct and melancholy fate,
To my travel-wearied mind
Most soothingly attuned.

There ought to be nothing laughable about the creature's voice, but I confess I have laughed consumedly at its pompous gravity, and a friend once told me how a love-making scene, which both the lady concerned and he meant to be most serious, was made utterly ridiculous, and ended in farce, in consequence of a bull-frog chiming in most inopportunistly, when sentiment demanded silence or, at most, a nightingale's song. However, the frog was, after all, a true friend, for the marriage, which eventually followed their laughing betrothal, has been a happy one, owing, so he says, to "that old bull-frog" having stopped them both from committing themselves and each other to "a lot of bosh" at the commencement.

In fairy-stories the frog is perpetually recurring. Its shape is popularly held in aversion, so nothing could be more suitable for the utmost degradation of enchanted princesses and princes. Ivan the Tsar's son has to marry a frog who eventuates blissfully in a very Helen of personal charms. In Grimm, the exquisite princess has to wed a frog which turns into an adorable prince. When the lovely maiden is to be transformed into an odious object, toads fall from her mouth when she speaks. Yet in folk-lore, frogs are uniformly beneficent. One brings the Queen her Rose-briar daughter, another, a fat old frog, makes Dummeling's fortune for him.

So, too, are the toads. They are always bringing good luck to

children, or treasures, as "the toad with the crooked leg" did, to princesses. As the metamorphoses of human beings they are intended to be repulsive. In their own persons they are benign. As the familiars of witches the paddocks had a bad name, but, like Robin Goodfellow, who was also the companion of hobgoblins and all manner of Serene Naughtinesses, they exercised their power with consideration and benevolence. Thus in an old "Witches' Song":

I went to the toad that breeds under the wall ;
I charmed him out, he came to my call.
I scratched out the eyes of the owl before ;
I tore the bat's wing—what would you have more ?

Wordsworth regards the frog as a sort of amphibian Mark Tapley, and sees in the creature jumping about on a wet day a moral of cheerfulness under depressing circumstances, and bids his readers

Learn from him to find a reason
For a light heart in a dull season.

But considering that Wordsworth professed an exceptional sympathy with nature, it is curious that he should have missed sense by such a distance. Wet days are, of course, the frog's gayest weather ; then it pic-nics, flirts, puffs out, is happiest.

Of the actual frogs of story the poets have three groups. There are first those "Good Æsop's frogs" that asked for a king—

Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burnished into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp,
Storks among frogs.

—and afterwards changed the dynasty—

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croaked "God save King Log."

From the same delightful source comes that other that would have her children know that their mother could make herself as big as anything—

And thus the reptile sits
Enlarging till she splits.

And also those, the "much-complaining" frogs, that presumptuously entertained the idea of punishing the sun for drying up their mud.

Next, in frequency of mention, are the pugnacious frogs of the

classics that did battle with the mice, where "he who inflates the cheek" warred with the "cheese-nibbler;" and those others who went, as Beattie sings, to battle against the cranes :

And there the frog, a scene full sad to see,
Shorn of one leg, slow sprawled along on three.
He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
But mourns in honest croaks his destiny.

The third group are those of Holy Writ, to which I have already referred.

"THE LOATHED PADDOCK."

"Inasmuch," says De Gubernatis, "as the toad is a form proper to the demon, it is feared and hunted; inasmuch as, on the contrary, it is considered as a diabolical form imposed upon a divine or princely being, it is respected and venerated as a sacred animal." In poetry, the toad has only one, the "loathed" aspect; although in popular estimation of all countries it has both a sinister and a benign.

It is a lucky omen if one crosses the path of a wedding party bound for the church. Did not St. Patrick—all pictures to the contrary notwithstanding—spare them when he drummed "the vermin" out of Ireland? Just as in Cornwall a man may not shoot a raven lest he should kill King Arthur unawares, so in Tuscany, you may not hurt a toad lest you should do a mischief to some young princess or heroine who has been cruelly transformed into the shape, and who is only waiting for the beautiful prince to come, when the maiden will resume her charms and "live happily ever afterwards." In the folk-tale of some countries, the Beast who marries Beauty is a toad, and many stories substitute this creature for the frog in such stories as where, benign and amiable, it fetches rings up for sultans' sons and balls for kings' daughters. Medicinally, the paddock had once a high value for cancer, and in Europe it is still worn on the person as a charm against poisons and the plague. On occasion, too, it was a potent beast. For if it found a cock's egg and hatched it, the result was a cockatrice, a fearsome thing, which of its own accord grew a crown on its head and so became a basilisk, and could kill by merely looking. A very notable worm indeed, and most reverend, was "this crowned asp." Moreover, the toad,

Though ugly,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

In that very fascinating work "The Natural History of Gems,"¹

¹ By C. W. King, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

a chapter is devoted to those "stones of virtue," which were supposed in olden times to have been produced by, or found inside of, beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles—such as the *hyæina*, which, placed under the tongue, conferred the gift of prophecy, and the marvellous "lynx-stone;" the grass-green *chloritis*, found only in wagtails, and the *alectoria*, a crystal, formed inside cocks; the *cinædia*, developed in the head of the fish so called; the *draconite*, dreadfully lodged in snakes, and the famous "batrachite" or "bufonite"—the "toad-stone." This last was said to be of three kinds,—one yellow and green "like a frog," the second black, the third red and black. This tradition being handed down to mediæval fancies resulted in the toad being credited with "a jewel in its head," which was variously called "borax," "nosa," and "crapodinus."

The unwieldy Toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews began to fall.
Oh mark the beauty in his eye :
What wonders in that circle lie !
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head !

This rare gem was a specific against poisons, and a great number of rings are in existence in which the "Krottenstein" is set as a talisman against venom. Erasmus writes of a famous toad-stone dedicated to our Lady of Walsingham, and numerous mediæval jewels now preserved in collections owed their great value in the past to the magic potencies supposed to be vested in the mysterious "stone." It has been discovered by modern investigation that these bufonites are really the bony plates lining the jaws of some fossil fish, hemispherical bosses which served the finned creatures for teeth; but fortunately this discovery was not made in time to spoil the pleasure which our forefathers took in their "toad-stones."

On the other hand, "in its diabolical aspect" *Bufo* has many depreciative associations. It was said to spit poison, and to shoot it out at its pursuers, also to envenom all the plants it passed over. This is the poets' acceptance of toads.

With them they are so venomous that serpents "of most deadly sort" are bracketed with them, as being—in Blair for instance—the superlatives of evil. Eliza Cook calls them "foam-spitting" and "vile," and this unfortunate lady had, at any rate, such privilege as might be begged from the precedent of Milton, living two centuries before her, saying that Satan

Squat li-

Coleridge, always punctual in plagiarism, has "Slander squatting near, spitting cold venom in a dead man's ear," altogether a ridiculous image and a waste of "venom." In Dyer we find them associated with several poetical horrors—a curious assortment :

'Tis now the raven's dark abode,
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad,
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds.

Churchill is in the same vein.

Marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad ;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies ;
In quest of food efts strove in vain to crawl ;
Slugs, pinched with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall ;
The cave around with hissing serpents hung ;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung,
And famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fixed her native throne.

Moore is characteristically fanciful—

There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting ;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let mosquitoes hover,
In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling.

This "bull-toad" is thoroughly Moore-ish, and belongs of course to the same poetical family as the "night-raven" or "wood-wolf." Toad and adder, by the way, is a very frequent association—showing how thoroughly the fiction of the poisonous character of the toad had taken hold of the poet's fancy. So, too, had the wickedness and the bloodthirstiness of the owl.

"Full-blown" is Pope's delightful epithet for Bufo. It is not what he meant, of course, for that was "inflated," "puffed-out," "bloated." But it conveys his meaning admirably none the less, and has no spite in it. "Fulsome" is one of Dryden's epithets, and, even more absurdly than "full-blown," suggests an excessive distension. The real meaning of the word, however, is "nauseating," "nauseous," and differs, therefore, from Pope's in being extremely rude to Bufo. "Slow, soft toad," says Shelley—an excellent phrase. But the majority, from Spenser to Wordsworth, have only "bloated" and "loathly." Moore calls it "obscene ;" Southey, "foul ;" Savage

"loathsome," and so on. Thomson, of course, is "egregious" as usual, in infelicitous description.

In metaphor the toad comes off poorly. Spenser sets the fashion :

Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode
That all the poison ran about his maw.

In Lovelace's duel :

First from his den rolls forth that load
Of spite and hate, the speckled toad,
And from his chaps a foam doth spawn.

Pope, in his prologue to the Satires, has Sporus, who, a

Familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.

Its nominal connection with the toadstool is very curious, for it arises from the word "pogge," which means a toad, and is also an equivalent for Puck. Now, the "pogge," as I have already said, has in popular superstition a diabolical aspect, and is of the nature of a devilkin, of whom Puck is the chief, and the fungus in question, by a very allowable fancy, is called indifferently a "puck's stool," or toadstool, and the puff-ball is a pixie-stool or paddock-stool. Spenser's couplet on this connection is surely delightful.

The grisly toadstool grown there might I see
And loathéd paddocks lording on the same.

"Toad-flax," one of the very prettiest of all our wild-flowers, and "toad-pipe," are said to be only accidentally associated with the toad, as the original spelling was "tod," which means a bunch. Not that I care in the least for such learned enlightenments. They spoil a great deal of pleasant fancy, I think, by taking away its flax and its pipe from the toad. Why should not the quiet-living, home-staying thing spin flax or use the hollow tubes of the equisetum (as the frogs pretend they use the reeds) for mellowing their utterances? For there are toads that croak as melodiously as frogs.

PHIL ROBINSON.

MYTHS OF THE STARS, LIGHT, AND TIME.

RECENT VIEWS ON MYTHOLOGY.

THE opinion has long been gaining strength that little, after all, is known with certainty, while much has been written, about the meaning of myths. The conclusions of comparative mythologists cannot certainly all claim to be true, seeing that they often contradict each other.

The system which has found solar and dawn myths everywhere, but takes account of no others, has come to be viewed with not unreasonable suspicion.

The storm explanation, as it may conveniently be called, has again been developed, not, it is pretty generally admitted, with more success, by M. Schwartz.

Mythology is also explained as engendered by corruption of language. The tale of the dragon guarding the apples of the Hesperides (a time monster, associated with the days) arises from "a kind of equivocation which produced the myths of Lykâon, Arktouros, and Kallisto"¹—mainly rude star myths, by our own view. Another "myth (Odysseus) is but the fruit of phrases which spoke of the sun as sojourning in the land of sleep," etc.²

The difficulty about the obscurer Hellenic myths is also got rid of by maintaining that they are not Greek, and are not properly myths at all. Oidipous, the survival of a savage myth, is "swollen foot"; the name was, as we think, rightly rendered by Shelley, "Swellfoot

¹ *Myth. Ar. Nations*, ii. 50.

² *Op. cit.* i. 410. The following additional typical explanations may be cited. Odysseus's landing is "a vivid image of the sun setting among clouds,—not the same as those which surrounded him at his birth" (*Ibid.* ii. 175). Oedipus's death is "a sunset" in "old mythical phrases" (74). The blinded Cyclops is the setting sun, against the red disc of which stands out a pine trunk (Webster, *Basque Legends*). "As the evening precedes the morning, so the West, by a figure of speech, may be said to fertilise the dawn." (Brinton, *Hero-Myths*, 48). "This duck being the aurora, and having a wide-spreading tail as well as a large foot, the solar hero, or the sun, can easily, by holding on to her, raise himself out of the swamp of night" (*Zoolog. Mythology*, i. 253).

the Tyrant," by Preller, "Schwellfuss." But as Professor Müller will not accept the plain recorded sense of "wounded knee" for the name of the Hottentot god Tsui-Goab (a figure answering to Oedipus, to Odysseus, John Barleycorn, and the Irish Oengus—Manandán—or Find, who are all wounded in the knee or foot), and argues that *tsuni-goam* really means "red dawn," so Mr. Lang, or the other mythologist of the *Saturday Review* (June 30, 1883, p. 839), tells us "that such names as Kuklops, Palaimon, Daktyloi, Korybantes, spring from the . . . desire to understand names belonging to another language ; and Greek explanations of such names as Odysseus and Œdipus are quite as absurd as the various readings of English seamen," e.g., Billy Ruffin for Bellerophon.

Here also explanation is lacking where most wanted. Secondly, there does not seem to be any good ground to distrust the plain and ordinary interpretation of *Daktuloi*, say, as "Fingers," or *Oidipous* as "Swellfoot." The names are given up because the anthropologist can make nothing of the myths. However, these myths, which are survivals from a rude stage of thought, have analogies in plenty in all parts of the world. The respectable family, or "hand," of seven, i.e. the days of the week, of which Thumbling was one, are an English hand of Dactyles ; and Herakles Daktulos (the Finger) is a strict equation of Petit Poucet. It is to be remembered that in some countries we find an ancient week of five days, which would naturally be compared with the hand.

The great-footed Theban, Oedipus, has many counterparts. We mention some farther on, and the list might readily be trebled. The Cyclops is devouring Time, and his eye probably the sun. Here again the etymology seems plausible enough. The myth of Odysseus, that man of many troubles (a myth of the course of the year), suggests Goodman Misery ; and the received sense of Odysseus (from a verb meaning "to grieve," etc.) would very well agree.

MODERN ARCADIAN STELLAR MYTH—THE BEARSKIN.

The following important Arcadian myth of Ursa Major is reported by the Athenian scholar, M. Polites.¹ The reader should remember that this conception is found in that part of Greece where the Lycaon, Pan, Arcas, and Callisto legends—legends answering to those of Labrad, Maelgwn, and Oisín—had their origin. "Once upon a time the heaven touched the earth. It was made of glass. It was wet i

¹ *Mélusine*, ii. 69. The German Bearskin is a male hero w
Devil for seven years in a bear's hide. "Almost every case i
lation of *seven years*," etc. (Grimm, *D.M. c. xxxiii.*)

several places, and they nailed on a bearskin. The nails became stars, and the tail of the bear is even in our time to be seen in the heavens." In another fragment, "A princess is changed into a bear in consequence of a curse. Her skin is nailed to the sky." When one remembers that in the Greek and Italian forms of the *Peau-d'Ane*, *Cendrillon*, or *Catskin* story, its name is "Bearskin," it is difficult to resist the conclusion that this famous tale is an old star fancy, co-ordinated, as we show below, with notions of light and darkness. The glass shoe has been explained by Euhemerists of our day from a supposed confusion of *verre* and *vair*. But the glass occurs in several versions, and here we have one origin in an old conception of the sky, as the "shoe" itself could be, from one side at least, a conception of *Ursa Major*. In the Irish (unpublished) version of "Catskin" one of her three magical suits was of glass.

It would seem as if this celestial bearskin, goatskin, sheepskin, or the like, were among the most ancient and important of mythological fancies. It appears to recur in a long string of myths and popular tales, generally as an attribute of Time heroes.

In Greece the Golden Fleece, the *aegis* (goatskin) of Jove, the goat vesture of Pan and Aegisthus, and the lion skin of Hercules, must all be compared with the Arcadian myth.

This is the ass's-skin, catskin, or bearskin of the many forms of *Peau-d'Ane*; the sheepskin of *Tamolin* (Thumbling), the calfskin (as we believe we could show) of many nocturnal goblins, including Robin Goodfellow. The goatskin, footmark, Man Friday, and other features in Defoe's romance, and the name "Robin Crusoe," "poor Robin Crusoe," suggest a popular tale much older than 1719.

The excoriation of the starry Bear—or goat, or dog, or horse—occurs in many popular tales. One, we think, is the Norse "How the Bear lost his Tail, and was flayed."¹ In ancient Ireland and Wales it is a half-brutish king, the dog *Labrad Lorc*, or *Conan Maol*, or *Maelgwn*, who figures in the story.

CIRCE—PIG-FACED LADY—O'NEILL'S SWINE-FACED SISTER.

The Irish and Welsh Black Pig is essentially one figure with Circe. The former was first, like Master Faustus, a schoolmaster and magician, possessed of a magic rod. *One of his scholars was missing every evening*, and at last the country turned out to chase the destructive monster. The way he took is the Black Pig's Race. Or the magician was *Manandán* (Find), the pigs *seven* in number, and as they died he recalled them to life. Now, these revivescient swine,

¹ *Tales from the Fjeld.*

or scholars, one missing every evening, dying and coming to life again, are days, the same as the scholars or fingers (cf. the Dactyles) of "Doctor Hand"—if this is the sense of *Faust*.¹

As the Black Pig eats his scholars, so (in the Indian version) Circe devours the swine-men. That Circe had a swine nature is clearly shown by Ovid's legend (*Met.* xiv. 320-415), where in boar shape she lures Picus to follow her. She is a flute-player in the Indian version, suggesting the piping or spinning sow, cat,² or cow. The music or web is *time*.

Circe or the Black Pig is again the "Pig-faced Lady," and O'Neill's swine-faced sister, on whose account so many suitors were hanged. The "suitors" here and in the Penelope story are days. Penelope, mother of the goat Pan, had clearly in the older legends a brute form, and she is the same with the spinning or piping cow, sow, or cat. The Swine-face story is especially common in the Low Countries. In one form of it the monster is born with a pig's head in consequence of a curse on the mother. In another more significant variation that mother bore as many children as there are days in the year. The sailors of the Circe tale appear in the story of the woman's wife who, by an ingenious device, counts out for death all the black men (nights), and saves all the white men (days). It should be remembered that *Uran* (Day) is sometimes conceived of as a ship, "Peter's Bark" the "Ship of Death." The many figures in the tale because that herb was partly black, partly white, it was a white flower growing from a black garden, a good an image of the light.

THE PIG-FACED LADY AND THE PIG-FACED SISTER

Closely related to the story of the Black Pig is the story of the Pig-faced Lady. The tale is found in many forms, and the story is referred to in many other tales, which may be mentioned as

1. The story of the Pig-faced Lady, who is a woman with a pig's face, and who is the mother of a pig. This story is found in many forms, and the story is referred to in many other tales, which may be mentioned as

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Bloody Jack, as the shortest is Bloody Tom. The wives slaughtered by Bloody Jack, and children, or "chickens," by Bloody Tom, are the wives of Barbe-Bleue and the children of Cronus—the days. Orpheus is another wonderful piper; but instead of the death of the days by the piper (as in the Hameln story) we probably have a myth of the piper torn in pieces by the days in the well-known tale of Orpheus slain by the women. We have seen just such a days myth in Actaeon; and Hatto and Conn seem other examples. The wives who destroy Orpheus are apparently the White Women, Dames Blanches, Witte Wijven, of popular tales found everywhere. These accomplish wonderful spinning tasks against time, because they are Time personified.¹ It is a protection against them to say, "*This is a good day.*" They say, "*My day is short, and my name it is Trip-and-go.*" They bear the names of the days of the week, Mother Wednesday, Mother Friday, &c.² They must be, from one point of view, the Mothers who occur so often in mythology. (See *ante*, 583).

Some Celtic time myths are transparent, as Medb's seven sons, the seven Maines (*sechtmaine*, the week). Medb (mid-woman?) suggests Mid-Odin and Mid-woch (mid-week). The seven Maines may be compared with the five Mauis,³ five Lugs or Luguids,⁴ and the five Dactyles or "Fingers" of the week.

*THE SHOE A STELLAR (?) IMAGE AND CONNECTED WITH
TIME AND LIGHT.*

When, in a romance, the Princess Claremond is carried off by the magic steed, like Tamlane, she leaves behind her glove—the footprint left by Melucina, the shoe dropt by Helen, Rhodopis, and Cendrillon. We could, if space permitted, adduce much evidence to connect this shoe conception, which is found in almost all versions of the Thumbling myth (1) with Ursa Major (2) (as these seven stars are associated with the week) with the days and light. The old woman with many children who "lived in a shoe" is time, the mother of the days. The infant time god, Hermes, is cradled in a shoe. For Cendrillon's coach (the Wain) we meet a great shoe; or, by association with the seven days and seven stars, "seven-league boots."

Sometimes Ursa Major itself would seem to have been regarded

¹ *Revue Celtique*, iv. 181-185.

² Ralston, *Russian Folk Tales*, 200-204; Müllenhoff, p. 578.

³ Grey, *Folynesian Mythology*, 10.

⁴ Keating.

as a great shoe or footprint : but this is not the ordinary sense of the myth. In a South-Austrian story, which we cite below, the "shoes" are evident images of those footprints of time, the days. In Scotland a whole fusillade of shoes saluted a bride and bridegroom. In Ireland they were thrown over the head of a newly-inaugurated chief. Perhaps the symbolical wish in both cases was, "many happy days."

With these explanations could be compared many expressions of the poets, from the Homeric "red-fingered Dawn," and the "red ankled Dawn" of Quintus Smyrnaeus,¹ to the "foot of Time" of Alaric Watts. Milton names the "rosy steps" of morn ;² and Shakespeare speaks of jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Of the writers who have dealt with this mythological feature may be mentioned M. Husson (*Chaine Traditionelle*, Paris, 1874), M. Liebrecht, and Mr. Lang. M. Husson's view is practically in accord with our own, arrived at long before his interesting and original little book fell in our way.³ M. Liebrecht sees in the shoe usages a phallic sense.⁴ Mr. Lang thinks the lost shoe feature in the myth of Iason (which answers to numerous Thumbling myths) a "natural invention," which should "require no comment."⁵

ONE-SHOED HEROES—IASON—FEAR-NA-LEATHBRÓIGE—THE LUPRACHÁN.

Iason, "the man with the one shoe,"⁶ has Irish parallels in Fear-na-Leathbróige (man of the one shoe), and the little shoemaking Luprachán. The former, who, like Crónus, occurs in horse form, is a time ogre, the same as Barbe-Bleue. His seven wives are the seven days.

Luprachán is explained *lugchorpán* or pigmy. However, a tradition recorded by O'Reilly makes the name to mean "little man of the one shoe" (*leathbróg*, a single shoe, one of a pair). He and his lost shoe at least belong, like Cendrillon, Iason, etc., to the Ursa Major-Time cycle. Compare the dwarf and his lost glass shoe in a story from Rugen ; Odysseus's shoemaking swineherd, and the

¹ i. 138.

² *Paradise Lost*, book v. 1.

³ *La Chaine Traditionelle* (Paris, 1874). The author has adopted solar and auroral theories.

⁴ P. 492. Myths of time and life have these senses in some cases.

⁵ Introduction to Grimm, p. lxiv.

⁶ Pindar, *Pythia*, iv. 132.

Wandering Jew Shoemaker. The latter seems to be the same with the Unresting Waggoner, the little star in the Wain, and Time.¹

OEDIPUS.

There are many figures answering to this huge-footed Theban hero. The herds of Oedipus, famed in mythological legend, are the same as the oxen of Geryon, Helios, etc., which Hercules recovers, the days. Hercules and Oedipus are both heroes of the year. The fight of Hercules with such monsters as the Nemæan lion and Cerberus is the contest of Oedipus with the Sphinx.

The old mythographers set forth the actual close relationship by blood of these monsters, and they are all personifications of Time.

Hercules himself is great-footed: *ex pede Herculem*. One of Fionn's names is Oengus, possibly, single, excelling foot; and there is a Highland proverb, "Long in the head as was Fionn in the 'feet.'" There are the Celtic giants Sálfhada (longheel) and Sálmhór (great-heel), and a Celtic divinity SOLIMARA.² In Teutonic legend occur Frau Trempe, Frau Stempe, and the big-footed Bertha.

There are two explanations of this great-footed attribute. Bertha is Charlemagne's mother, and Charlemagne himself is described by Turpin as great-footed. Now the myth of the spinning Bertha is a time myth, like that of Penelope, or the spinning sow, = Ursa Major. And Ursa Major is "Charles's Wain." We find the great foot associated with Saint Martin, and the *Char Saint Martin* is again the Wain. These conclusions converge, pointing towards Ursa Major.

But the clearest analogies to Oedipus seem to be certain savage myths, the beautiful one-footed god of the Barolong Bechuanas; the Zulu old woman grinding varicoloured cattle out of her toe³ (just as Find or Brahma or Hermes sucks *time* out of his toe or thumb); or the Mangaian goddess Ukupolu, the ruddy one of Tanoa, "she had one sad defect, her right foot was afflicted with elephantiasis."⁴ Casalis

¹ Thus the Wandering Jew is mounted on a little white horse with wooden stirrups (Thiele, *Danmark's Folkesagn*). He sits on a plough at the shortest day, Thumbling's day (Thorpe, iii. 59). Or he sleeps on a stone (*Ibid.*). The "horse" and "plough" here seem to be the wooden horse, Bear, or Plough. The stone feature suggests Sisyphus.

² Orelli, 2050. *Solimara* is apparently of like signification with the other compounds cited. Cf. *sál* (heel), and the Latin *solea*, "sole," "sandal:" *már* or *mór* is "great." There are many other Celtic heroes of this Swell-foot type, e.g. the Splayfoot Knight (*Ridire-an-Spleadha*) of Highland tradition (M'Alpine).

³ *South African Folk-Lore Journal*.

⁴ Gill, 108.

gives the following legend of a Bechuana Oedipus. Two brothers, seeking their fortune, separate on coming to certain footmarks leading different ways. The younger, Mazziloniane, falls in with a giant, one of whose legs is of enormous size. Mazziloniane flies; the thick-legged giant pursues, and every time he finds a footmark he sings out, "The pretty little footmark of my dear child, the pretty little footmark of Mazziloniane." Mazziloniane's dogs devour the giant, all but his huge leg, which the hero chops up. Out of the leg come a herd of beautiful cattle, especially one wonderful white cow. Mazziloniane is murdered by his elder brother for the sake of this cow, and after death comes back as a bird, which perches on the cow's horn.

The two brothers here are Light—Darkness, day and night, ever followed by a monster seeking to swallow them up. The cattle which issue from this giant's leg (and probably the footprints, and even the dogs) are again different conceptions of the days. The white cow suggests Ursa Major, mother of the seven stars and seven days. The hero's rebirth, bird song, etc., answer to the tale of the hapless "Tommy" (a name derived from the shortest day), Grimm's "Juniper Tree," which we shall find below to be a time or year myth.

*CAULDRON OR WELL IN THE WAIN—MEDEA'S CAULDRON—
SUNDAY'S WELL.*

"The inhabitants of Vivarais conceive the Great Bear as a saucepan; in the little star above the handle . . . they see a very little man . . . He watches for the moment when the pot shall begin to boil, to withdraw it from the fire. That day the end of the world will arrive." ¹ This Southern myth again shows us the sidereal basis of much Celtic tradition; for the little man watching the pot is the little Gwyn watching the cauldron of knowledge, and the boy Find (=Gwyn) watching the roasting of the salmon of knowledge. The small hero (Thumbling) burns his thumb, through the pot overflowing or the fish burning, puts the thumb which has touched the scalding magic juice to his mouth to assuage the pain, and thus acquires foreknowledge. Sigurd (True Thomas, Hickathrift), the prophet Melampus, and the Highland seer Fearchar Llagh get their art by tasting the serpent's broth, other heroes by drinking the black cow's milk.

Co-ordinated, as usual, with a myth of the seven stars we find here myths of the days, light and darkness. Find or Gwyn is the

¹ M. Rolland, *Mélusine*, i. 53.

"white" or light hero. Ceridwen's name contains *gwyn*, white. Her husband, Teged¹ the bald seems to be connected with darkness, like Grainne Mhael. Their children, Creirwy, "the fairest maiden," and Avagddu, "the most ill-favoured man in the world," are Light and Darkness, or day and night.

The cauldron or *casserole* formed by the four stars suggests Diancecht's well with four doctors standing round it². Diancecht's daughter plucks a magic herb for every day in the year; the Welsh witch for a year and a day "gathered every day of all charm-bearing herbs." The well of Medb (mother of the seven Maes, the days), the well of the Cailleach Bhéara, renewing her youth every seventh year, the cauldron or well out of which Righ-an-Domhnaigh (Sunday) produces, as in the Virgilian legend, the new born child of the week, and Medea's cauldron, boiling the ram to new life—all these seem related to this *casserole* or well in the Seven Stars. Localised in a hundred places in Ireland is "Sanday's Well."

CHASE OF DAY AND NIGHT - CELTIC, HINDU, AND HOTTENTOT VERSIONS - EGYPTIAN VERSION.

This chase is, as might be expected, the constant under a large number of myths; and the story has various forms and various endings. In some cases it is interwoven with a myth of creation, or of the fertilisation of the earth.

Ceridwen, enraged by Gwyn's carelessness, pursues him, to take vengeance upon him. Gwyn assumes divers forms to escape her. At last, in the shape of a grain of corn, he is swallowed by Ceridwen as a black hen. Ceridwen conceives, and Gwyn is re-born. That the re-birth means the birth of corn is shown by the actual occurrence of the corn-grain feature both here and in one of the Indian versions, where the end of the series of changes is the springing up of the *sacrificial essence in rice and barley*.³

Or the One-Two (to borrow the convenient term of the Ute Indians for the Light Darkness hero), Parusha, differentiated himself into man and woman. The woman fled, in various shapes; Parusha pursued, and from their unions come the animals. The series of

¹ Teged suggests the Irish druid's name Talig, which in Norse sagas appears as Takt. One is reminded of the obscure name Dagda.

² In the romance the *Battle of Magh Tuireadh*.

³ *Satapatha Brahmana*, I. 50. Compare with this Indian story the vicarious penalties in Ovid's tale of Numa (*Fast.* vi. 339). In the Celtic parallels the death takes place every *Manan*. Men died at first, then the curse fell on birds, fishes, rushes, etc. The length of the days and weeks may lie at the root of the myth.

transformations of Proteus and Thetis is also connected with the herd of Proteus, and Thetis's children, the days.

In the Hottentot version "at first there were two." One of these the famous Heitsi-Eibip or Tsui-Goab, "could tell secret things and prophesy what was to happen ;" he is the day, or Time, which brings all things to light. One of the African Dioskuroi was killing all passers-by till Heitsi-Eibip stopped the slaughter of the days, as Hercules and Oedipus prevail over the Hydra, Sphinx, or Geryon, and bring back the sun's oxen, or the dragon-guarded apples of gold. The two began to "hunt each other round the hole," till Heitsi-Eibip prevailed in the fight of light and darkness. The Dioskuroi of the Australian natives are the two Brambambulls.¹

*WORLD TREE—TREE OF THE WEEK—YGGDRASIL—
MAYPOLE—BELTANE TREE.*

a. ITALIAN RIDDLE—TREE OF CHEQUERS—TIME TREE AND DAYS.

1. The conception of the year as a tree is found in the old riddle preserved by Straparola. The year is here a mighty oak with twelve branches (months), each bearing four acorns (weeks) every season (ed. Jannet, ii. 283). A white lily (moon) and yellow marigold (sun) stand near.

2. The Tree of the Chequers (a tavern sign, like the Dun Cow, the Charleswain, the Seven Stars, etc.), and the "Mulberry Tree" or "Juniper Tree" of some popular tales, is the tree of the days and nights.² It is the elm in the other world inhabited by the dreams.³ These, Philostratus tells us, were represented in black and white dress,⁴ and such a piebald character seems implied in the ivory and horn (white and black ?) gates out of which they issued.⁵

(Here also may be mentioned the Weisse Frau (a day) appearing before the fatal day of a Hohenzollern ; the Schwartze Frau (a night, or the *atra dies*) before the death of one of the Wurtemberg princely family ; and the partly black and partly white women of some German legends cited by Grimm.⁶ The argent and sable coat of the Hohenzollerns has something to do with some of these tales. The death of a Ferrers was foretold by the birth of a piebald or black calf among the cattle in Chartley Park. These white and

¹ Brough Smyth, *Aborigines of Victoria*, ii. 53-54.

² "Upon this chequer-board of nights and days," says Omar Khayyám.

³ *Aen.* vi. 282-284. Note the time monsters Geryon, Chimaera, Briareus, and Cerberus in the same passage.

⁴ *Imagines* (Amphiaraus).

⁵ *Odys.* xix. 562-565.

⁶ *D, M,*

black women, enchanted white cows with red ears, or the like, are, as we think, conceptions of the same thing, the days and nights.)

b. DITMARSCHEN LEGEND—CONEDDA AND TIME TREE.

3. The wonderful linden of Ditmarschen popular prophecy is a sort of tree of the chequers. A magpie is to build in it and hatch five white young ones—a conception related to that of the Alban white sow (*Ursa Major*) and her thirty white young (the days of the month); and the eight-footed sow, and the apple-tree (or wonderful thorn) of Glastonbury legend.¹

Again, this tree in Avalon is that wherein Merlin is enchanted; the apple-tree in which is fixed his Irish analogue, the Hangman-Dog; and Odin's gallows-tree, *Yggdrasil*.

Conedda, or Cunedda, and his twelve sons (the months?) are connected with the Glastonbury-tree story. In the Irish legends Conedda seeks the apples of youth in a tree under Loch Eirne. Or the tree is under Loch Guirr, covered by a green cloth.

c. TREE OF THE WEEK IN AUSTRIAN TRADITION.

4. The time tree is the *Wunderbaum* of Vernaleken's thirtieth story. The hero, Hansl, Jack, ascends this Lower-Austrian Beanstalk, marking his progress by throwing down shoes (days). There were twelve pair (the months determinant), and, like Oedipus's and Oengus's feet, they were quite bored through as they came down. Hansl first comes in the tree to the abode of the hag Monday (*Monda*). Higher up he meets Tuesday (*Erida*). He avoids the malignant Midweek (*Mittwoch*), who, like all these time ogres, "kein Menschenfleisch sehen kann." Passing Thursday (*Pfinsta*), Friday (*Freida*), and Saturday (*Samsta*), he comes to where the stem of the tree is grown (like the beard of Barbarossa, Odin, and the giant Macmahon) into the stone wall of the sky.

d. TREE OF THE SUN.

5. In the alleged letter of Alexander to Aristotle *De Admirabilibus Indiae*, a tract much read in the middle ages, this tree re-appears as the tree of the sun. Its fruit conferred length of days, for it was the golden apples of Avalon, where Arthur enjoys a continuous life, and the fruit of the Hesperides, or *Tír-na-n Óg*, or *I Bresail*, the Land of Youth.²

¹ There is a story related by Ulysses in the second book of the *Iliad* (303–319), which possibly is to be explained by old mythological conceptions of the days of the week and devouring time. For the magpie we have a sparrow and her eight young in their nest in the tree at Aulis. A dragon devours the nine birds (the week), and, as in numerous time myths, is turned into stone.

² *I Bresail*. This Isle of Youth is Swift's O'Brazil (*Tale of a Tub*, 2. 5).

6. TIME TREE IN ANCIENT BŒOTIA.

6. In ancient Bœotia the Maypole, Midsummer-, Harvest-, and Christmas-tree, or branch, is represented by the olive bough, solemnly borne in the Theban Daphnephoria. It was covered with a saffron-coloured cloth, as the Irish tree by a green cloth (*supra*, p. 590, 3). There were brazen globes of different size, representing the sun, moon, and stars, and crowns in number answering to the days of the year. The rite was in honour of Apollon,¹ one of whose names is the Laurel-bearer (*Δαφνηφόρος*).

7. TREE OF THE DEAD.

7. This year-tree is a tree of the dead. The tree set up at the door on Hallow Eve in Donegal is so placed, people say, to shelter the spirits of the dead, who are commemorated a day later (All Souls). There are signs in popular tradition of human sacrifices once offered at the Beltane tree and bonfire; and Ulster Orangemen (a recent writer states), when they see these Beltane fires blazing on the hills, say yet, "The Papists are burning Protestant bones." The May tree before the door, and bonfire, must also be related to the totem pole set up and fire lighted on Indian graves.² In the celebration of the *Johannisfeuer* at Frankfort in 1489 we find the banners of the king and nobles who took part in the ceremony were duly displayed on the pile: "*multa vexilla depicta posita in struem lignorum, et vexillum regis in supremo positum,*" etc.³

Virgil's dream elm is a ghost tree, akin to the above; to the haunted cherry-tree in Geróid Íarla legends; to the aged tree of the ancestral spirits at Peking; and probably to Saint Martin's yew, and to that great tree in the other world which, according to mediæval Irish tradition, the Gentiles used to adore, till the saints united the merit of their austerities and prayers, and straightway it fell.⁴

These legends blend with those of the Cross. Merlin, or Odin, or the Crochaire Césta, or Hangman-Dog, watches a tree which must always have a victim hanging on it; and, as in the Ephesian Matron story, the watcher must himself be put up if he allows the victim to escape.

8. YGGDRASIL--BRIGIT'S OAK.

8. The opinion has been lately revived that Yggdrasil, the famous world-ash of the Edda, is a myth of Christian origin, being really the

¹ Proclus, *Chrestom.* in Phot. *Bibl.* 321 (ed. Bekker). See also the well-known manual of Lemprière.

² See the plate, *Smithsonian Report*, 1881, p. 198.

³ Grimm, *D.M.*, c. xx.

⁴ OByrne, *Queen's County*. Stent, *Jade Chaplet*. *Calendar of Oengus*, note.

Cross.¹ Grimm—as we think, with more reason—suggests an old heathen myth adopting Christian traits.² A writer in the *Athenæum* is satisfied with General Vallancey's derivation of Beltane (the Irish “fire-tree,” *bile-tened*) from Bel, the Phœnician god. Again, M. Schwartz explains the Christmas-tree as a relic of tree worship.³ The above are, however, mere differentiations of one conception. The Beltane tree explains the *Bocksthorn* (Goatsthorn), a name which Grimm found obscure, for the German Easter bonfires.

This tree is Virgil's ash :

High as his topmost boughs to heav'n ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.⁴

The same notion is found attached to Saint Brigit's Oak. This saint has succeeded in some traditions to an old Celtic goddess, Brig or Brigit, who in name answers apparently to Frigg,⁵ in nature is connected, like Athene, with time, fire, and thunder and lightning. As one side of her face was black and the other white, we recognise a light-darkness attribute, and may reasonably compare her ineradicable oak with the tree of the chequers, or days and nights. The oak of Thor, Perkun, and Dagda (Brigit's father) must be the same tree.

H. BILE-TENIDH, OR BELTANE TREE.

9. The year-tree is often a fire-tree. *Beltane*, or *bile-tenidh*, means “tree of the fire.” The Swedish Christmas-tree is called a “burning bush,”⁶ and the candles with which it is hung suggest such a notion. We have seen the house pole or family tree associated with a fire on savage graves.

In the Mabinogion (tale of Peredur) we meet both a tree of the chequers and the *bile-tenidh*. It stood by a river on one side of which were magical black sheep, on the other white. One half the tree “was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf.”

In the *Seven Champions* (Pt. I. c. 4) the Lady Eglantine is rescued

¹ *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, I. lxiii., 552. Adopted by Professor Sayce in the *Academy*, June 3, 1882.

² *D.M.* c. xxv. (ii. 798 of Eng. translation).

³ *Revue Internationale*, No. 1.

⁴ *Georg.* ii. 291–292 (Dryden).

⁵ Brig's “club,” and her three-knotted “belt” are probably the same with “Frigg's Distaff,”—Orion's Belt.

⁶ Lloyd, *Peasant Life in Sweden* (London, 1870), p. 208. The form *bile-tenidh* (older, *tened*), tree of the fire, is not etymological speculation, for the *Four Masters* have the words in this sense (A.M. 3503, O'Donovan).

by Saint Denis, who finds her, somewhat like Merlin, imprisoned in a mulberry tree, which, when cloven in two, bursts into a "mighty flame of fire." The Dryad stories hardly belong to this circle ; but the birth of men from trees and stones, and the Good People, White Women, housing in trees, are sometimes conceptions related to myths of light and the days. In the German story, the *Machandelboom* (Juniper Tree), this is another burning tree (Grimm, No. 47, *ad finem*).

i. FIRE-TREE IN MEDIÆVAL COSMOLOGICAL SERIES.

Finally, this conception of a world-tree and fire-tree is established beyond all question by a mediæval cosmological series, heathen in origin but christianised, which has been published in six versions by M. Köhler. Here the earth is said to be sustained by the water, the water by a stone, the stone by the Four Evangelists (*al.* the four elements), these by the fire, the fire by a great tree, which is from the beginning. The tree, iron oak, or the like, supporting the fire is found in all the versions, and is made the foundation of all creation.¹

THE TIME-TREE AND THE RACE OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

The foregoing explanations apply to the tree feature—the rebirth of the light hero or heroine in a tree, or flower, or in corn—found in so many versions of the story told to explain the endless chase of day and night. Such heroes as Adonis being the light, and the day being the fruit of the year-tree, which time devours, one can better understand why they are at once light heroes and grain heroes, and bear such names as John Barleycorn, Gráinne (grain), Etan-Idun (the same), Persephone (sown corn), Peppercorn, &c.

These are co-ordinated with stellar fancies, the boar in the Adonis story being Ursa Major. So Peau-d'Ane—Catskin—Bearskin is Ursa Major ; but her flight from the matrimonial advances of her father is light flying its parent, the ancient night. Or the crime is on the child's side (Myrrha, mother of Adonis, turned into the

¹ *Revue Celtique*, iv. 447-449. Add to these examples the following, cited by Lover (*Irish Lyrics*, London, 1867, p. 304) :

" The tree of liberty is planted
In the flames of burning hell,
And the fruit that grows upon it
Is the souls of Orangemen."

We do not know where Lover got this sufficiently forcible quatrain ("a verse of an Irish rebel ballad," he calls it), but a very similar infernal tree conception occurs in modern Greek and Mohammedan tradition. The fruits of the Sakkum tree, which grows in hell, are the devils' heads. *Vide supra*, p. 591.

myrrh tree ; and Nyctimene, Night, sister to Antiope, Day). Or it is a sister flying from a brother. Or, brother and sister travelling together, the faithless sister, herself the night, takes up, like Gráinne, with a winter-, storm- and darkness-giant, and plots the death of her brother (the day or light). He is sent against the night boar, bull, or the like (Ursa Major). Or it is a husband (Cupido) flying from a wife (Psyche) ; or, as we have seen, one brother (Osiris, Bitiou) flying the other (Typhon, Anoupou). Or we find composite myths, Diarmaid and Gráinne, day and night, followed by Find, who is again the light. The names are not always as old as the myths ; and it is not impossible that the notion of runaway stars was a determinant here, as in Australian star myths.

MYTH OF DAPHNE—MODERN FORMS—MYRENE—MYRRHA.

The pursuit of Daphne by Apollon, which ended by her transformation into a laurel, is a myth of this cycle. Professor Max Müller and others, on philological grounds, make Daphne the Dawn. "Jenny with the Red Petticoat," the name of the fugitive in an Irish Cendrillon story, does suggest the dawn ; and the dawn is only the breaking light. Professor Curtius accepts the Dawn explanation of Daphne, but says : "If we could but see why the dawn is changed into a laurel !" ¹

The answer to the learned professor's question is supplied by one of our instances of the year or time tree, and by analogies of the Daphne story cited below. The laurel of Daphne is the bough of the Daphnephoria. The shepherd Daphnis, again, and his five faithful dogs that pined after their master, we would compare with Actæon and his seven dogs (the week), or thirty (the month), Maelgwn and his white hounds (the days).

Daphne flying Apollon, and turned into a laurel, is Myrrha flying her father, and transformed into a myrrh tree. Myrrha is, again, the beautiful Myrene of an old popular tale preserved by Servius. She escapes from a robbers' cave, after the slaughter of her family, detects one of the robbers at a festival, and brings the band to justice. At last she is changed by Venus into the myrtle tree, to continue green and fragrant all the year through. ²

This very story is recognisable in Basile's beautiful tale, "The Myrtle." In many versions of the Thumbling story, a childless wife prays for a child, "even if only a thumb long," or, "if no bigger than a grain"—in this case "were it even a sprig of myrtle." A

¹ See *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 95.

² Serv. in Aen. iii. 23.

fine sprig of myrtle is born, and put in a flower-pot. Prince Cola takes a fancy to it, obtains and carries it off to his own chamber. At night a beautiful woman issues from the myrtle, and Cola Marchio grows violently enamoured of her. He is called away, like Adonis, to hunt a certain great wild boar ; and in his absence seven ill-disposed mistresses of his envy the living tree. " Each of them plucked a leaf from it," and tore the poor tree-woman in pieces. She comes, however, to life again, and the seven are put in a large dungeon. The story ends with an old rhyme about a lame goat. A related Italian story is the " Three Citrons," where the triplication comes from a different source.

*FORTY THIEVES STORY—OTHER MYTHS OF THE DAYS—
OLIVE OF ODYSSEUS.*

The robbers' cave in the Myrene story, and the prison of the seven women in the other, is that dark prison out of which issue the seven days of the week. It is the cave of the Forty Robbers, and in the Corsican version these are *seven* in number, and the hero the shortest day, Stevanu (S. Stephen). Bluebeard's chamber is the same prison.¹

Myrene's detection of the robber is a common modern, popular tale (Grimm, 40); and the severed finger, on which this detection turns, is a conception of a day. Compare Herakles Daktulos ; the finger of Hermes (Hermodaktulos) ; the finger bitten off Hercules by the Nemæan lion ; the red fingers of dawn ; and even our common expression, " the finger of time." The lame goat (in the Myrtle story) is a frequent myth of the resuscitation of the week.

Odysseus is, like Hercules, the hero of the course of the year. His 360 boar swine are the days ; and the death of the days recurs in the myths of the oxen of the sun, the suitors, the Cyclops, and Circe. Proteus's herds² are, again, the days ; and Penelope's web is the chequered woof of time. Such being the bases of the Odyssey, we must compare the olive-tree wherein Odysseus and Penelope made their bed-chamber³ with Diarmaid and Gráinne in the quick-beam of youth, *i.e.* the tree of the year. This last instance, the

¹ It is the cave of the Nymphs, and that wherein Cronus hid his children (*Odys.* xiii. 7 ; Porphyrius, c. 7). This is again in Phorcys' haven (*Odys.* *ibid.*), and the nymphs (days) are both the many daughters and the many cattle of Phorcys, or Proteus, and the children of Cronus.

² *Odys.* iv. xxiii. Compare the olive at the cave of the Nymphs (*i.e.* the days) ; and the fig-tree which affords a refuge from drowning to Odysseus, as Thor was saved by the sorb-tree (*Ibid.* xii.).

³ *Ibid.*

quickbeam, with the light hero, Find, playing chess below it, and the light and darkness pair above, is another arrangement of conceptions such as have suggested the tree of the chequers, the tree, in the Mabinogion, with the white and black sheep, &c. In a whole series of Slavonic tales we find the immortal gold-haired twins, Day and Night, associated, as above, with a series of transformations. In one of these versions the king and queen sleep upon two pine planks made out of two trees, into which the twins have been transformed.¹

*CUPIDO AND PSYCHE—FALSE BRIDE—VARIOUS MYTHS
OF TIME.*

Diarmaid-Gráinne, Adonis-Aphrodite, Adonis-Persephone, Paris-Helen, are Cupido-Psyche, names which are late and intrusive features in the old popular tale so well related by Apuleius. A virgin is exposed on a mountain rock, and marries a bridegroom who flies from her side at the approach of day. In many versions the husband is a dragon; and Psyche's sisters attribute this very character to hers.

"Cupido" here is, by our view, Night; his bride, the Light. M. De Gubernatis (i. 367-369) makes the maiden the evening aurora. A later writer, Mr. Lang, compares the classical tales of the exposure of virgins on a rock with modern savage customs; and would explain the invisibility of the husband (Cupido) by a point of savage nuptial etiquette.² Such survivals of rude thought and manners do occur, as students of such subjects well know, in mythological tradition. We must thus explain the references to ill-usage of a debtor's corpse, and the part flaying of defaulters to a contract. Litigants were publicly threatened with Marsyas's fate, and if beaten must have once endured something of the kind. The *gess*, or prohibition in Irish romances, suggests the *tabú*. And the myths of Yggdrasill and Find's tree castle may be affected by traditions of tree houses.

However, these, taken alone, are obviously inadequate explanations of the several myths. The virgin offered (or child exposed) on a hilltop (on a Saturday in some versions) to the dragon is the day or light devoured, as we have seen so often, by time and darkness. Find, the light or time, gives name to many mountain tops, *Suidhe Finn*. Cupido flying from Psyche's side at daybreak is the conception of darkness and light so clearly expressed in the old Italian riddle on this subject (Straparola, ed. Jann. ii. 254):

¹ See M. Cosquin's study of the *Two Brothers* cycle of stories, p. 7.

² *Encyc. Britann.* xvii,

From the day was so begun our long alternate race,
Sees he ever me anear, straight he turns his foot to fly ;
Living ever by my death, *he may never see my face,*
And I my life renew when I see my brother die.¹

Basile has a primitive version of the Cupido and Psyche story which strongly confirms the above interpretations. It is under the Golden Root, of the time or year tree of the apples of day, that the heroine finds her blackamoor Adonis. All her misfortunes spring from "seeing a black face turned white"—as the night is at daybreak.

The dragon husband in this tale is sometimes an ogre like the Russian Koschchei the Deathless, or the Giant without a heart, or the Aged One, the Servian Vy. "His long eyelashes and thick eyebrows completely hide his eyes," and twelve heroes (the months) have to lift the lids.² Diarmaid has dragon shape ; and Diarmaid carrying off Gráinne (grain), Mider carrying off Etan (corn), answer to Pluto carrying off Persephone (sown corn). That some of the above are embodiments of time, as well as darkness, admits of demonstration. The Mother of Time in Basile's *Seven Doves*, "her eyebrows are so large that they overshadow her eyes," is one figure with the immortal Koschchei, the Aged One, the one-eyed Vy, and probably the Irish Balor of the blasting eye, and the Cyclops. Again, there are three-eyed giants, suggesting Orion and the Belt. The Cyclops and his sheep, the days, suggest Bo-peep and his (or her) sheep in the English rhyme.³

*NIGHT BEAR (URSA MAJOR)—ORION'S BELT CONSTANT—
SAINT FURSEY'S RULER.*

In many versions of the Cupido and Psyche and False Bride stories, the hero or heroine is transformed by night into a bear, wolf, or other animal. This animal seems always to be the midnight Bear ; and its occurrence in myths of the light is, as we have seen, due to an association of its seven stars with the seven days. The negress who personates the true wife (Basile), is Cowley's "old negress,"⁴ the night.

¹ So the Dioskuroi, Day and Night, had alternate life in the shades.

² The blinding of Orion, another unexplained myth, must seemingly be classed with these myths of time and light, or rather time and darkness. It is the same story with the blinding of the Cyclops.

³ The stories of the sheep of the Cyclops and those of Panurge have, as we have seen, the same basis.

⁴ *Hymn to Light.* Compare the African light-dark

CONCLUSION.

Traces of stellar legend are not wanting in the living tradition of the Celtic peoples. In the Scottish Highlands we find a magic crystal regarded as a star. The white stone got by Macgrigor from a mermaid "at one time composed one of the Pleiades."¹ In Wales, in a version of the Flayed Piper story, it is as a star that the piper reappears every leap year at the end of the cave.² Here the star is seemingly the odd day, as we have found the seven stars everywhere associated with the week. From various considerations, which brevity forbids us to set forth, we would see in the goat of Welsh national traditions the same animal as the mother of Pan-Calisto or Ursa Major.

In Ireland children are told that the devil used to be rising out of the ground in the shape of a star. Hence it is that people say a short prayer when light is lit—as did the Christians of Tertullian's time.

Or Saint Patrick, coming to a poor woman's house one evening, found her barring out the deadly light (candle, in many versions) of a certain star. Patrick, to obtain light, blessed the wet rushes and kindled them;³ and quenched the baleful light for ever. No story is more common in Ireland than this; and to vouch its truth people point to the name Carrigogunell, of an old castle near Limerick, explaining the meaning to be "Rock of the Candle."⁴ This very same pagan usage, of barring out the light of a star (Venus) at its rising, is found in ancient Mexico. "The planet Venus was worshipped as the first light that appeared in the world. . . . Its first twinkle was a bad augury, and to be closed out of all doors and windows."⁵

The famous "candle" of King Brandab in Iagenian legend⁶ may have also been a star, perhaps the Dogstar.

Stellar legend survives again in Celtic hagiology. We have seen some examples above ("Saint Fursey's Ruler," Saint Patrick's "arm" or "staff," Saint Brigit's three-knotted "Belt" = the Indian "Three-knotted Arrow," Orion's Belt, &c.). We might adduce others, as the luminous arm of Saint Fillan, the same conception with the pagan "Arm of Nuada's Wife," or silver "hand" or "arm" of Nuada himself. A famous saint was a star child. A star was seen

¹ Stewart, 219.

² *Camb. Quarterly Mag.* i. 45.

³ Another of the many fancies about the days of the year?

⁴ *Carrig Og Connell* means "the O Connells' rock."

⁵ Bancroft, iii. 113.

⁶ *Four Masters*, vol. i. p. 219. Cf. Rhys, *Celtic Britain*, 277-278.

to fall into his mother's mouth; "thereof was born the wondrous birth, Ciarán of Saigir." ¹

We will not occupy further space by our illustrations, or in detailed recapitulation. The evidence adduced has perhaps shown that time, the days, and the stars played a part in the making of myths which has not yet been recognised.

This evidence might, of course, be greatly increased. Thus the seven white men who used to haunt the streets of Caen some sixty years ago, are a reappearance of the days of the week. The stories of a wonderful dance—as in one of Croker's Killarney legends—where the seven dancers turn to stone must be compared with that of the stone offered to the insatiate maw of the time-god Cronus. This "stone" was a dead or petrified *day*. It was days also that so many other monsters preyed on, as the Sphinx, the Hydra, and the Cyclops.

Peau-d'Ane or Bearskin has this name from Ursa Major. Tom Thumb and his six brothers are the hand of the week. The days, as we have seen, occur in a long string of popular tales. They are the seven wives of Barbe-rouge (Barbe-bleue); and the Seven Robbers of some versions of Ali Baba. The number forty, or forty-one, in Oriental stories suggests again ancient nine-day *weeks*. The days are the Good People (*seven*, in the Breton version), whom the dwarf saw keeping up the eternal dance of the hours and seasons; and their monotonous song was *Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday*, the song of the week. ² With these Irish personified days compare the Russian Holy Mother Wednesday, Holy Mother Friday; the Depenau dwarf Jack Thursday; ³ Robin's faithful Man Friday; and

Pinch and Patch, Gull and Grim,
Goe you together,
*For you can change your shapes
Like to the weather.* ⁴

The days are the rats that follow the Pied Piper, and Hatto, and the day god, Apollon Smintheus.

Lastly, Yggdrasill, the Beltane Tree, Maypole, Christmas Tree, is an image of time or the year. The germ of the notion of a fire-tree (found in some of these myths) seems recognisable in the totem-pole and fire on savage graves.

¹ *Calendar of Oengus.*

² Müllenhoff, p. 578.

³ Croker, *Fairy Legends.*

⁴ *Life of Robin Goodfellow*, ed. Hazlitt.

SOCIALISM: A REPLY.

IN the November number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. Fox Bourne has favoured its readers with a sketch of the Modern Socialist Movement in England. Mr. Fox Bourne, as I take it, being possessed of a sincere belief that in Radicalism, with its political tinkering, lies the path of progress, not unnaturally resents as a "red herring" the doctrine which proclaims Radicalism as a principle to be a fraud of the grossest description—holding out to the workman delusive hopes of a change in society which it can never effect, and of gradual improvements which, on the most favourable hypothesis, are so gradual that the common man, with his unpractised eye, altogether fails to detect them; said 'common man' being consequently placed in the unfortunate position of having to accept the brilliant politician's assurance of their reality, and on the strength of this to live by faith, rather than by sight. This being the case, it is hardly to be expected that he should not let his desire to view the movement as a mere eddy of the main stream of human progress, leading nowhere in particular, to some extent distort his judgment of its actual proportions, or underrate the historical truths on which its theory ultimately rests.

An instance of the latter is afforded by Mr. Fox Bourne's first paragraph, where he alludes in a passing way to what really constitutes the first stage of social evolution, to wit, Primitive Communism. If Mr. Bourne would supplement his reading of Maine by that of Morgan's little-known, though infinitely more remarkable, work, "Ancient Society," he will see that the early social life of Historical Man not merely includes "communal institutions," but that society was then through and through communistic. Early society, which was based on Primitive Communism, it is true, was crude, the necessity of progress doomed it to destruction. The antagonisms or oppositions as yet latent in Humanity—the cardinal practical opposition between individual and society, and the cardinal speculative opposition between human and natural on the one side, and divine and natural on the other, with the multitude of lesser antagonisms these involved—were destined in the inevitable order of progress to develop them-

selves on the plane of History. But the fact of the transformation of primitive, implicit, undifferentiated Communism into Civilisation, in its various phases, does not hinder the fact that Civilisation itself is destined to issue in a higher form of Communism—a developed, explicit, differentiated Communism. The seed is not quickened except it die. Though Primitive Communism was smothered, strangled, by Civilisation, the Socialist-student of history sees the inevitable prospect of Civilisation in its turn strangling itself—evolving its own contradiction—in the very completeness of its development. Civilisation, which means the struggle between, and the perpetuation of, the oppositions liberated on the collapse of early society—oppositions of class, creed, nationality—must be played out, once the opposition or antagonism has reached its extremest point of accentuation. To take the economic opposition of Rich and Poor. Under the modern capitalist system, the “rich man” tends to become *very* rich, the “poor man” *very* poor; but the “rich man,” though becoming progressively stronger economically, becomes *weaker* numerically; while the poor man, though growing ever weaker economically (ever less able to cope with the momentum of accumulating and concentrating capital), becomes *stronger* numerically; and it is on this increasing numerical strength of the “poor man” which is involved in the modern accentuation of the antagonism between capital and labour, wealth and poverty, that the Socialist counts for the final abolition of that antagonism, the battle being in the last resort to numbers.

Mr. Fox Bourne adopts as axiomatic the common position that the “whole genius of Christianity is Socialistic or Communistic,” oblivious of the fact that (as the present writer has elsewhere pointed out at length), the Socialistic colouring of early Christian teaching is entirely superficial; that the Socialistic tendencies supposed to be inherent in Christianity are simply the *means* to another *end*, i.e. *personal* holiness and union with the Divine. In order to divert the attention from mundane things, to detach the individual from the sense-world, its pleasures and interests, and concentrate his attention on the super-sensual world, it is enjoined to hold all things in common. Riches in themselves are denounced as “the things of this world.” This is really the whole gist of the early Christian Communism. The passages quoted from the fathers are probably as much an echo of their Platonism as of their Christianity.

“None of us,” says Mr. Fox Bourne, “would like to go back to the rude savage life of our remote forefathers.” This is not merely a contestable proposition, but is positively untrue of a great many

of "us" who are Socialists, for they to my certain knowledge, would infinitely prefer Barbarism, or even savagery, to our Civilisation. Our critic is especially unfortunate in the particular instance he cites of the "author of the 'Earthly Paradise,'" who, we are told, "would be no more willing than anyone else to have us thrown back into the age of unæsthetic barbarism ("unæsthetic barbarism"; what sayest thou to that, O! "author of the 'Earthly Paradise'") or even into the æsthetic surroundings of Mediterranean existence as it is imagined to have been some two dozen centuries ago!" I will unhesitatingly say that no one who had known William Morris could have written this passage. But be that as it may, no Socialist dreams of reversion to the past, however desirable it might be, well knowing that such a reversion is impossible. There is no going back in Evolution. What the Socialist looks forward to, and that with a reasonable faith, is the passage of Humanity through and out of this "valley of the shadow of death," called Nineteenth-century civilisation, into a state corresponding in a sense, it is true, to that of the earlier periods of social life, but without their instability, inasmuch as the contradictions then latent will have already been developed and played out, in short, will have resolved themselves. The difference between the Socialist and the ordinary Radical is, that while the latter sees his highest ideal realised in an age of "industrial progress" inventions, and the like, this is to the former an unpleasant, albeit a necessary, stage in the course of progress. Mr. Fox Bourne defines the ideal of Socialism as the "perfection of civilisation": yes, a "perfection" in which the thing itself has vanished from the earth.

I now turn to the more directly critical side of Mr. Fox Bourne's article. The first point that calls for notice is the statement that Modern Socialism dates from Rodbertus-Lagetzow. This not uncommon assertion has been conclusively refuted by Friedrich Engels in the introduction to the recently published second volume of Marx's "*Kapital*" (pp. viii. to xxi.). Scientific Socialism dates from Marx, who, if he can be said to have drawn from anyone, drew from Ricardo and the English economists of the earlier part of the century, and certainly not from Rodbertus.

As to the statements more than once reiterated that those engaged in the present movement in England are not "serious," that Socialism is to many of them a "pastime," &c., I can only reply by asking Mr. Fox Bourne what he would consider necessary to constitute seriousness in a movement—premature erection of barricades, immediate use of dynamite or what not? It is quite true, happily (to my thinking), that there are few, if any, Socialists at present in this country who

gain their living by the movement. Hence, most of those concerned in it can only work in their spare time for the cause they have at heart. If this is making the thing a "pastime," the impeachment must be admitted. But is Mr. Fox Bourne's experience of the "professional politician," the "wire-puller," the paid "tub-thumper," so very favourable that he need cast his gibes at the new movement because it has as yet dispensed with the services of these worthies? If so, I can only say his experience is different from that of most men engaged in political life. Did St. Paul's professional tent-making constitute his Christianity a pastime? I claim from our respected critic more light as to this mysterious accusation.

With Mr. Fox Bourne's classification of Socialist groups I am not disposed to quarrel seriously, though those he terms "Æsthetic Socialists" might more fittingly have been gibbeted as "Sentimental" Socialists, for it is quite possible for the most strictly scientific Socialist to be also æsthetic—*teste* William Morris, and he is only one among many. The *dilletante* sentimental Socialist *pur sang* can, on the other hand, never be a scientific Socialist. And it is he that is evidently referred to under the former name.

Mr. Fox Bourne alleges that "Marx's contention that the capitalist *régime* has only existed in Europe for some three hundred years is in the nature of a quibble, for the feudal landlord, the trading guilds, the monastic institutions, the courtly sycophants, and so forth of the middle ages were, in truth, quite as much capitalists as the great merchants and manufacturers, the wealthy landholders, and the prosperous middlemen of the present day; and, however unjust may be the treatment of the labouring classes now, they fare much better than did their predecessors in former centuries." In the last clause Mr. Fox Bourne coolly assumes one of the points at issue; the Socialist contention being that at no period in the world's history have the working classes, *as a whole*, been worse off than at present, and that their condition tends to worsen precisely in proportion to the development of the capitalistic system. It would be interesting to know Mr. Fox Bourne's standard of "good fare"; whether he considers the under-sized, half-starved workman continually thrown upon the streets, and never certain of his next week's dinner, fares better than the sturdy yeoman and labourer with his enough and to spare of good food and clothing of the 15th century (the fact being admitted by such hide-bound *bourgeois* economists as Mr. Thorold Rogers)?

With regard to the allegation of the Scientific Socialists that the capitalist system (not monopoly *quâ* monopoly) is a recent growth sprung from the ruins of Mediævalism; if Mr. Fox Bourne really

regards this, to the student of history one would think very obvious proposition, as a quibble, and really thinks that there is no essential difference between the economic conditions of the middle ages and of to-day; that there is no vital distinction between the simple and direct methods by which the monopolists he speaks of exploited labour, and the complex, the remorseless, the unrelenting machinery of the capitalist system—if he can see no radical unlikeness between the feudal lord and his tenants, with their reciprocal personal relations of duty enforced by a real religious sentiment, and the capitalist and labourer of to-day, with their indirect, impersonal relations, in which "business is business," and from which all sentiment, human or divine, has vanished—then I must confess his case is beyond argument. But I would rather believe that the paragraph in question was written in haste, and, possibly, in one of those temporary aberrations of mind to which we are all at times liable, and that it does not represent the mature results of Mr. Fox Bourne's reflective faculties operating upon his study of history.

There are many more points I should like to take up in the article under consideration, but the limits of a "reply" necessitate my passing over some altogether, and dealing with the remainder as briefly as possible. The split in the Social Democratic Federation, of course, affords Mr. Fox Bourne material for a depreciatory paragraph, albeit professedly conceived more in sorrow than in chaff. Without going once more into this oft-told story, I will only say, as one of those acquainted with all its details, that the comicality which Mr. Fox Bourne finds in the circumstances attending it subsists entirely in his imagination. As Hegel has well observed, the vitality of a party is first distinctly manifested when it splits into two. It was not until primitive Christianity split into a Petrine and Pauline division that it began seriously to influence the Roman world. So I venture to think our kindly critic may temper his sadness with hope. The praises of trades' unionism are sung once more—that trades' unionism which, on the testimony of unionists themselves, is daily breaking down under the exigencies of modern crises and depressions in the labour market, and I may add, in spite of Mr. Fox Bourne, the former devotees of which are fast becoming Socialists in fact if not in name.

Mr. Fox Bourne, on two or three occasions in the course of his article, seems anxious to pose as the champion of law. Wherever Socialism (he says) goes beyond peaceable argument or constitutional reform, it becomes anarchic. This is, of course, merely using the words "anarchic" and "revolutionary" as convertible terms. "Every

intentional breaking of the laws of the land, or wilful violation of its social institutions," he says again, "however slight or it may be justifiable," is "a step in the direction of anarchy." If Mr. Fox Bourne likes to make a new definition of the word anarchy, and to pin his notion of "law" (in its wider sense) to the mast of the current Bourgeois order and the legal machinery designed to keep it together, that is his affair. But he should not forget that the revolutionary Socialist, whose aim certainly is to bring this sort of law and order into contempt, may well believe he is thereby only overturning a real anarchy of the worst description, albeit masquerading in the garb of "law" (*i.e.* of effete institutions and codes); in order to make straight the way for the advent of a real social "order," and a "law" which, whether embodied in a code or merely in public opinion, all sane men must respect, inasmuch as classes having ceased to be it is simply the expression of the interest of each in the interest of all, and of the interest of all in the interest of each.

We now come to the "Bourgeois property-marriage" question. As the colleague of William Morris in the drawing-up of the Socialist League manifesto, I naturally feel personally interested in any "discredit" attaching to this document. Two questions arise here: 1st, Is the doctrine right in itself? 2nd, Is it judicious to have it thus set down? As regards the first point, I would put it to Mr. Fox Bourne, or any other Radical, whether he considers the present *enforcement* of the barren form of a relation, after the reality it is supposed to cover has gone from it, is desirable or in any way justifiable? I have never yet come across a Radical who maintained that it was. But, I take it, the second question is the crucial one with our critic. To this I unhesitatingly reply, that if openness and candour in the expression of honest conviction (whether it be in itself right or wrong), is a discredit to any party, then ours is discredited again and again. But I confess I am surprised that Mr. Fox Bourne, who has himself in years gone by not shrunk from expressing Radical views at a time when Radicalism was not precisely the *mode* which it is at present, should cast in the teeth of any body of persons the honest statement of principle. As to the "private arrangements" hinted at, I can only say, that such arrangements, where they exist, are with Socialists (in general, at least) open and above-board, and in accordance with avowed principles, whereas, with the ordinary *bourgeois*, they are of a hole-and-corner character, and in flagrant opposition to avowed principles. That is, as I take it, all the difference.

The extraordinary statement on p. 462 that "Socialists themselves on all hands now admit that they must temporise, and content

themselves with securing step by step, if they can, the objects they have at heart," I can only meet by a flat denial, at least, in so far as the Socialist League is concerned.

As to the difference between Collectivism and Anarchism (in the technical sense of the word), it is in great part a case of a one-sided view of the shield. The Collectivist believes the ideal of the Communist Anarchist is only possible to be realised as the ultimate issue of a strong and cohesive organisation, in the first instance at least, based, like every other organisation, on force.

The concluding paragraph of Mr. Fox Bourne's article contains a repetition of the hackneyed monition that revolutions necessarily lead to despotism. It never seems to occur to the good people who so glibly use this quasi-argument that the central idea and purpose of a revolution must be distinguished from the more advanced tendencies which are liberated during the heat of the struggle. To the Socialist thinker, revolutions, more or less violent, are indeed necessary episodes in historic evolution. But their true meaning must be estimated from their permanent high-water mark, not from the ground covered by isolated waves during the storm. Thus the central purpose of the French Revolution, the ascendancy of the *Bourgeois* classes over the feudal classes, was completely realised, even in and by that stock-instance of the reactionary despot, Bonaparte himself. That Napoleon III. purported or directed the Socialistic tendencies of his age to the building up of his empire, we have Mr. Fox Bourne's word for, but I must confess to ignorance as to what he is referring to. Bismarck's attempts to utilise German Socialism for similar ends have been as yet conspicuously unsuccessful. What Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill will do in this direction remains to be seen. Meanwhile the true Socialist movement makes daily progress in this country, in illustration of which fact I may mention that the Socialist League has more than doubled its numbers since July last.

E. BELFORT BAX.

A NOTE TO THE ABOVE.

AS I am able, through the courtesy of the Editor, to append a few sentences to Mr. Belfort Bax's paper, I shall endeavour rather to state very briefly the general opinion concerning Socialism, which I hoped I had plainly indicated in my article, than to rebut the

details of his criticism. Unfortunately I have not read Mr. Bax's exposition of early Christian Communism, to which he refers me ; and if I have erred in this respect, or in my mention of Rodbertus-Jagetzow as a pioneer of Karl Marx, or in other items of history or criticism—or, again, if I have wronged Mr. William Morris and those for whom Mr. Bax speaks, by not recognising that they " would infinitely prefer barbarism to our civilisation," and have in other particulars credited the Socialists of their school with more common sense than they claim—I shall not attempt to defend myself. I cannot admit, however, that the paragraph in my article to which Mr. Bax chiefly takes exception was "written in haste" or in any more "superficial condition of mind" than may be inevitable to me.

The point here involved raises the whole question between Socialists and the social reformers among whose rank and file I claim a humble place. "The Socialist contention," according to Mr. Bax, is that "at no period in the world's history have the working classes, as a whole, been worse off than at present," &c. This is a "contention" that cannot be proved. It is contradicted by Professor Thorold Rogers, to whom Mr. Bax refers, and by all other competent writers on the subject. Any one who is acquainted with "The Vision of Piers the Ploughman" and the Lollard literature, such books as Wright's "Political Poems and Songs," and the mass of other matter illustrating the condition of the proletariat long before, and after, as well as during the fifteenth century, must admit this. It is true that "the capitalist *régime*," in its present shape, is of modern growth, but there have been capitalists ever since the commencement of money-making and wealth-hoarding. The tyranny of feudalism was worse than the tyranny of commerce ; and there is more misery among those communities in some parts of Europe, in Asia and in Africa, which are more or less "barbaric," than there is in "civilised" England. It is a deplorable fact that a vast amount of remediable misery now exists in England and elsewhere, and that the poor suffer grievously through the vices, which bring them no happiness, of the rich. One great cause of this is to be found in the over-accumulation and misapplication of capital, and social reformers fully acknowledge the evils arising from the abuse of capital and all its attendant blunders and crimes ; but they also discern other causes of the suffering and degradation which are endured by the majority of our fellow-creatures, and which corrupt the whole nation. Foremost among these, if not the root of the whole matter, is the ignorance that pervades the masses and leads them to become the dupes and bondsmen of the few. It is the removal of this ignorance—using the term in its broader

that we look for the regeneration of society. If each individual can be made intelligent, got to see what he is really worth and what is due to him, persuaded to make wise use of the capacity for self-advancement which he has, and trained to do that in a worthy spirit of self-interest, which necessitates equal respect for other people's interests and for his own, the whole community will profit and prosper.

The difference between Mr. Bax and myself I apprehend is not so much, if there is any difference at all between us, concerning the ideal to be aimed at as concerning the way of trying to reach it. Mr. Bax objects to "industrial progress," and every other effort to improve society by partial and tentative efforts. He objects to "civilisation," and longs for the time when it will be "played out," and will have succeeded in "strangling itself." He dreams of "a new heaven and a new earth," which he would like to reach by one jump, and he believes that when that is reached we shall all be at once happy. For my part, I venture to say that this is altogether foolish and pernicious. Whatever may be the faults of civilisation, it has helped forward the world thus far, and the only further advance possible is by prudent use of experience, by step-by-step development of such forces and functions as we have. Mr. Bax considers himself an evolutionist, though he would like to be a barbarian ; but he ignores the whole philosophy of evolution, and discards every logical and scientific process by which we may hope to bring society into anything but a state of anarchy. I do not, as he says, "use the words 'anarchic' and 'revolutionary' as convertible terms." All progress is revolution, and I recognise the inestimable benefits wrought by all the great political revolutions recorded in history, more or less anarchic as were many of the elements in them. But all that is good in revolutions comes from their reformatory, not from their anarchic, character. It is by reformation, inevitably slow, but as rapid as possible, not by anarchy, that I look for the reaching, if ever it is to be reached, of Mr. Bax's ideal and mine.

I must confine myself to three sentences on one other point. Mr. Bax has misunderstood my reference to the Socialist League's opposition to "Bourgeois property-marriage." I entirely agree with that opposition. But I hold that laws, while they exist, should be obeyed ; and Socialists who obey and profit by the laws which secure them wages, interest, and other accidents of the capitalist *régime* they denounce in theory, put themselves in a false position by publicly advocating the breaking of our marriage laws.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE ORIGIN OF BORIC ACID.

WHENCE comes the boric acid which issues in fumes from the fumerolles of Tuscany and other similar pseudo-volcanic regions? This is a geological conundrum that has probably exercised others as it has myself. A paper by F. Sandberger in the *Jahrbuch für Mineralogie* suggests a solution.

In a number of micas, such as the dark potassium iron micas of the gneiss and granite of Shapbach, Wolfach, and Wittichen, in the Black Forest; in micas from the Erzgebirge, Röslau, Tröstau, and from Ontario in Canada, and in others he found a small percentage of boric acid, and concludes that boric acid will be found in all the micas.

These micas belong to the very early rocks, the hypozoic, or those below the remains of the first beginnings of life. They also exist in some of the basalts that are erupted therefrom (the basaltic tufa of Aschaffenburg, for example, in which boric acid was found). These rocks, lying immediately above the plutonic rocks, are especially liable to fusion where deep-seated volcanic forces are operating. Boric acid is volatile at temperatures below that required for the fusion of such rocks, and therefore at such temperatures it should be distilled out of the mica, and thrown up as vapour, not only from active volcanoes, but from regions where the subterranean heat is considerable, though insufficient to effect the ejection of lava.

METEORIC EXPLOSIONS.

AT the most ancient of the learned societies, the Accademia dei Lincei (the lynxes or lynx-eyed observers), Signor Bombicci has expounded a novel theory of the explosions that sometimes accompany the passage of meteorites through our atmosphere. They are usually attributed to a bursting of the substance of the meteorite by internal expansive force. Bombicci contends that if such were the

case, the mass would be shattered to fine dust or small particles that would indicate fresh fracture, whereas the pieces that fall to the earth are crusted by the fusion of their surfaces. He attributes the explosion to the detonation of an explosive mixture of gases driven into the vacuous space behind the meteor.

What gases? and how do they get there? The gases are probably oxygen and hydrogen, and they may get there in two ways. The oxygen of the air, even its upper regions, must be greatly condensed in front of the swift-flying solid, and will rush behind it to fill the vacuous trail. Hydrogen, as Graham has shown, is occluded in meteoric iron, and is given out when the metal is heated. But there is another source of explosive gases besides this. When aqueous vapour is intensely heated, its constituent gases are dissociated to a mechanical mixture of oxygen and hydrogen in exactly the proportions for explosive effect when they reunite. Such explosive reunion must occur when these dissociated gases are cooled below the dissociation temperature on their way to the rear of the projectile. The character of the noise, which is usually a series of minor detonations, is consistent with this explanation.

MAGNETIC SIFTING OF METEORITES.

THE meteorites that fall upon the earth are composed chiefly of iron. Signor Bombicci, in the paper above-named, suggests an explanation of this. The earth is a big magnet, as shown by the proceedings of a bar of steel freely suspended, and accurately balanced on its centre. So long as it remains unmagnetised the bar remains horizontal, and will rest in any direction, but if magnetised in England, it becomes apparently heavier at one end; this end dips and points a little to the west of north, and when carried about over different parts of the earth, continues to behave in a manner showing that the earth is magnetically polarized like itself, and therefore, like itself, capable of attracting small particles of iron or steel towards its two opposite polar extremities. Bombicci's idea is that this big terrestrial magnet, when rushing through space containing meteoric particles, exerts a selective attraction for those which are ferruginous.

The fact that so many masses of meteoric iron have been found in the Arctic regions, so far as it goes, supports this theory. What may have happened in the region of the other pole we cannot tell, as ice and water prevail there so exclusively.

In any case, the northern hemisphere should receive an excess

of meteoric matter, as in the course of our journey through space, the northern half of the earth is more forward than the south.

FIREPROOF PAPER STRUCTURES.

THE Japanese are imitating Europeans in clothing and many other customs and ideas, and in turn we are learning from them and imitating some of their peculiar usages. One of the most remarkable of these is the application of paper to a multitude of purposes. *Engineering* describes a chimney built entirely of paper by a manufacturer of Breslau. It is 50 feet in height, and constructed of blocks of compressed paper, joined together by silicious cement. It is said to very elastic and fireproof. Its elasticity and lightness will not be questioned, but many will be disposed to doubt that it is fireproof. In reference to this I may state my own experience. A number of unbound sheets of "The Fuel of the Sun" were stored at a book-binder's warehouse at the time of a disastrous fire, and I took it for granted that they were consumed. The salvage of such material bearing so ominous a title appeared hopeless, nevertheless, I visited the premises and made inquiry. I found that although the package of sheets standing on the shelves had been freely exposed to the flames, only a few, those at the top, were seriously damaged, and that such was the case with other similar packages. The exposed edges of the sheets were burned only to a small depth. In many cases the effect was little more than a trimming of margins by burning away the irregularly projecting edges.

The difficulty of burning through a well-compressed mass of paper, even in sheets, is curiously great, but when made into solid blocks its resistance must of course be much greater. Although wood is far more porous and much more easily burned than such paper, it is found that a stout oaken beam stands in a raging fire far longer than an iron girder.

If two similar houses were built, one of paper-blocks painted over with a silicious coating, and the other of brick, the internal fittings and contents being alike in both, and both were "gutted" by fire, I have no doubt that the paper walls would stand far better than the brick walls. The latter would give way, partly on account of their weight and the disintegration of the mortar, while the paper would remain internally unaltered, merely charred superficially. Paper as a building and furnishing material has yet a great future before it.

If I were only half as mad as the majority of the twenty thousand victims who annually immolate their capital in securing and trying to carry out patents, I should rush at once to the Great Seal Office and obtain a monopoly for the construction of fireproof paper safes, to supersede the iron safes now so largely used.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

MANY years ago I read an ethnological treatise by Colonel Hamilton Smith, and was much interested in his classification of the varieties of the human race, and some consequences which he predicted. Instead of the Blumenbach classification (then generally accepted) into Caucasian, Mongolian, American, Malay, and Ethiopian, he makes but three primary varieties, the Caucasian, Ethiopian, and Mongolian, corresponding respectively to the three great zones of the earth, the temperate, tropical, and frigid. These are subdivided, of course. He contends that when either of these three is transplanted from its proper zone it is placed at a disadvantage in competition with the variety proper to that zone, and therefore, by the operation of natural selection, the immigrant race or variety will give way to the native.

Thus, in the temperate zones the Caucasian will always dominate, in the torrid zone the negro should prevail, and in the frigid regions the Mongolian.

He made some very direct predictions concerning the future of the negroes in tropical America, affirming that although slaves at present they will ultimately become the dominant race, overwhelming the white man by superior numbers.

These predictions appear to be in course of rapid fulfilment. The Rev. Dr. R. H. Allen, secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society, states that at the close of the war, twenty years ago, there were 3,947,000 coloured people in the Southern States, and that now there are more than 7,000,000; that the coloured population of the United States doubles every twenty years; the white population only once in thirty-five years. At the present rate of increase there will be, in 1985, 96 millions of white people in the United States and 192 millions of negroes.

These general figures refer to the whole of the States. If limited to the southernmost, the comparison comes out still more favourable to the negroes, but even these States are only sub-tropical.

We are too apt to fall into a serious fallacy in considering the

question of racial superiority. The superiority of the white man to the negro in steady persevering industry, in the self-denial required for the accumulation of the capital which is necessary for carrying out great projects, is unquestionable. The same as regards his aptitude for pure and applied science, *i.e.* for understanding the forces of nature and making them his slaves, instead of submitting to them as his masters.

But in the tropics these powers are of far less use than in the temperate zones. Our staple food, for example, is here produced under conditions that render foresight, self-denial, and economy absolutely necessary for existence. Our daily bread has to be stored from year to year, our fields yield but an annual harvest, therefore we must till, and sow, and watch, and reap, and store in advance ; but not so in the tropics. There are no seasons there worth practical consideration ; the storing of food is not necessary, as it is ripening always. The demands for clothing and shelter are similarly trivial. Nature provides ; the business of man is to enjoy. The negro is quite capable of doing this, and does it heartily. His lack of what we call enterprise is no disadvantage in his native zone, and it prevents the wear and tear of overwork that is deadly under a vertical sun.

The very energies of the Caucasian become a curse to him in the tropics ; they urge to vicious excesses of sensuality that tend to exterminate the race, and to perpetual warfare with his neighbours that supplements this physiological operation.

The leading laws of political economy as expounded by Adam Smith, Stuart Mill, &c., are inductions based on the actual condition of man in temperate climates ; but as we approach the equator, they gradually fail, and become quite fallacious in all those latitudes where either once or twice a year a man stands upon the shadow of his own head.

In considering this subject historically, we must remember that in all the great empires and smaller states of antiquity slavery was a fundamental institution, and the negro its most facile victim. The right of all human beings to freedom is a modern idea. The abolition of slavery by the Anglo-Saxon has opened a new world to the negro, in which he will perform his part in accordance with the unrestricted laws of natural social selection.

If Hamilton Smith is right, the white men of the Northern States have little to fear from the threatening growth of the negro. His overflow will proceed southward *via* Mexico, and settle the quarrels and revolutions of the South American states. A glorious field :

there open for simple tillers of luxuriant soil, who with spade and hoe will leisurely obtain from it a far greater yield than steam ploughs can produce, and who will sing and dance and laugh, and bask in the sunbeams and multiply, rather than wrestle in the arena of commercial strife and manufacturing competition.

THE SLEEP OF FISHES.

THE experiments of Mr. Carter at the South Kensington Aquarium, on the sleeping of fishes, remind me of a curious observation I made many years ago in the course of a nine weeks' voyage from Constantinople to London in a small schooner. A pilot fish, prettily coloured of blue-grey tint, and marked with darker broad surrounding stripes, was seen one morning a few inches from the side of the vessel, and swimming so steadily with the ship that it appeared as though attached to that particular spot. All day long it remained there, neither advancing forward nor lagging aft. The same again daily for five or six days. So constant was the position of the fish in relation to the ship that on rising every morning I went directly to the same place and found it below me on looking over the bulwarks. Then came a gale of wind, and we parted company.

The inference obviously suggested by this was that the fish could not have slept during all this time, as we were sailing at a rate varying from two to five knots per hour. The captain told me that he had known a pilot fish to thus accompany a ship for more than a fortnight; that what I had observed was quite a common occurrence.

Mr. Carter concludes from his experiments that among fresh-water fishes, the roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, tench, and minnow sleep periodically like terrestrial animals; and that among marine fishes, the wrasse, conger-eel, dory, dog-fish, bass, and all flat fish do the like; while the gold-fish, pike and angler-fish never sleep, but rest periodically. Also that fishes have no preference for night as their sleeping-time.

In considering this question, we must not lose sight of the fact that sleep is the rest of the conscious brain, and that the demand for such rest must bear some relation to the amount of cerebral energy. The brain of a fish is ridiculously small in proportion to the size of the animal, a double row of mere pimples with a leaf-like cerebellum; the portion corresponding to the all-enveloping cerebral hemisphere

of man being merely a pair of these pimples, the combined dimensions of both reaching but a fraction of that of one of the eyes.

With such an organisation and the automatic functions so far exceeding the conscious and voluntary in their normal energy, the difference between sleeping and waking must be but nominal.

ICEBERGS AND CLIMATE.

NORWEGIAN fishermen have during the past summer seen large blocks of ice floating on the coast of the Bergen district. None have ever witnessed the like before. Even at the North Cape the sea is open all the year round, and free from any iceberg fragments. The lumps seen by the Bergen fishermen, appear to be the remains of icebergs that have travelled from the North Atlantic in spite of the gulf-stream which supplies the Norwegian coast with its curiously exceptional climate.

What does this unusual drift of ice indicate?

At first thought it may appear to be a result of unusual cold, but a little further reflection leads to the opposite conclusion. The icebergs that ordinarily travel so far southward and westward with the polar current, are consequences of the thawing of Arctic glaciers, and therefore, Atlantic icebergs are most abundant in the hot summer-time.

Their southward drift is due to the polar current that flows southward and westward from Greenland to the east coast of the American continent, and this current is increased by the thawing of Arctic ice. When these icebergs meet the gulf-stream they gradually perish, their length of life depending upon their quantity, and consequent power of contending against the heat of its warm water. In the act of mere thawing the ice gives out $142\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of heat to the water around it, and thus a large accumulation of icebergs must have a considerable cooling effect upon this great equatorial current.

We thus have a curious paradox : if by any means the solar activity were to be increased sufficiently to sensibly raise the mean summer temperature of the northern hemisphere, the first effect of such excess of heat upon the western shores of the British Isles and Scandinavia—or the west of Europe generally—would be a lowering of summer temperature. This would be most distinctly felt at the latter part of the summer and during autumn.

Such contradictory consequences, which are not limited to our

own shores and those of Norway, indicate the difficulty of tracing the effects of variations of solar energy—of determining, for example, whether the periods of sun-spot maxima and minima are periods of increased or diminished solar radiation.

During the last three summers, and especially that of the present year, we have had accounts of extraordinary southward extensions of icebergs. I have collected a number of these records, but find them far too voluminous for quotation in these notes. The following, however, is so striking that I quote it fully, merely premising that it is confirmed by a number of other and perfectly independent accounts of unprecedented and dangerous accumulations of icebergs in corresponding latitudes. The reader should note that latitude 48° where the ship entered the great sea of ice corresponds to that of central France—Orleans, for example; while the latitude of its escape, 44° , is that of the Mediterranean, half-way between Genoa and Mentone.

Captain Lord, of the steamer *Critic*, which left Dundee for New York on April 26, with goods and passengers, reports that he arrived at that port on May 12, after a most perilous passage, during which the vessel was embedded for three days in an ice-floe, and narrowly escaped destruction. Captain Lord reports that for ten days after he left the Tay they had fine weather, but on the morning of May 5 the temperature suddenly fell, and kept going down till midnight, when a thick fog enveloped the ship. When daylight broke the sight that met the view was appalling. A vast wall of ice completely surrounded the ship, and many of the passengers were panic-stricken, especially the women and children. This occurred in latitude 48° north, and longitude $47^{\circ} 10'$ west, right in the highway between Europe and America. The *Critic* struck the ice about six o'clock on the morning of May 6, and the floe seemed to extend in a west-north-west and south-south-east direction all day long. The *Critic* tried to find a passage to the southward, but without avail. The icebergs were exceedingly numerous and of monstrous size. Many of them were 800 feet high, and assumed the dimensions of large islands. The fog became thicker and thicker (continues the captain) and it was with difficulty a way could be threaded through the bergs. Notwithstanding all the precautions taken the ship became fast in a held of packed ice. They remained in this position all night on the 6th, and on the 7th the morning opened clear, but still no way out of the floe could be found. Another long and fearful night followed, and it was only at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th, when those on board the *Critic* had almost given up hope of ever getting out again, that the held suddenly opened and the steamer got into clear water. Captain Lord says: "Such a shout of thanksgiving as went up then you never heard. We had been on the alert for sixty hours, and were nearly dead with fatigue. This wonderful ice-floe in such a latitude seems almost incredible. I never saw anything like it before, and I believe it is unprecedented in maritime history." The *Critic* left the ice when in latitude 44° north, longitude $49^{\circ} 20'$ west.

W. MATTHEW WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MEMOIRS.

IN the year of grace 1834, the Parisian public received with much amusement and with more misgiving an all-important contribution to its splendid stock of historical and literary memoirs. This consisted of the first volume of the *Historiettes* of Gédéon Tallemant des Réaux. These memoirs of the seventeenth century—by a man whose name was known to none but the veriest Dryasdust, had then for the first time been discovered. The effect of their publication was to raise into eminence a man who till that time had been known as an obscure member of the *pléiade* of poets who sang the praises of Julie d'Angennes, a famous *reine des précieuses*. Tallemant des Réaux is in some respects a predecessor of Greville. Like him he had abundant opportunities of close association with people of highest eminence; like him, too, he wrote for his own amusement, and with no view to immediate publication; and like him again, he was essentially caustic and cynical in his judgment and no respecter of persons. If the French memoirs are at times atrociously free in language, freedom of speech was customary in those days, and from the Court of Louis XIV. to that of George IV. even is a long step. Upon Tallemant des Réaux, Sainte-Beuve writes with more than customary happiness and brilliancy. “Inquisitive beyond belief, on the look-out for all that is said and done around him *up to* the last detail of all the incident and gossip of society, he keeps a register of all around him—a register not so much of turpitudes as of absurdities and gaieties. He writes what he knows for the pleasure of writing with the salt of his style (*langue*), which is a good style, and adding his judgment which is natural and fine. Such as he is thus forth set he is in his line inimitable and incomparable. He repeats what the world around him says, he chronicles current conversation, he never lies, but he speaks evil with delight and joy of heart (*Le Moniteur*, January 19, 1857).” Much of this is inapplicable to Greville, who was the outcome of a much later civilisation. Much is applicable also, and a sustained parallel between the two men and their works would be interesting, amusing, and instructive.

THE RAILWAY *VERSUS* THE CANAL.

WHILE wheat can be brought to our English centres of consumption from the western states of America for less money than from our own agricultural districts, and butter be carried from France by way of Weymouth at rather lower rates than from Weymouth itself, cheap communication by means of canals is impeded by the great capitalists of England, and neglected by those to whose welfare it would most directly contribute. Two years have scarcely elapsed since, before a Select Committee upon English canals, the evidence of civil engineers and others of highest position was obtained to the effect that "the restoration of canal traffic is necessary to the maintenance of inland manufactures," and that great economy would attend the "putting canal boats to discharge into vessels in port." The chief obstacle to the development of these improvements is found in the opposition of the great railway companies, who by their control, by purchase and interference of links, have obtained a power of hindrance, the effect of which is not easily over-estimated. In presence of their antagonism one is not surprised to hear that the actual results of the Select Committee were *nil*. "Such neglects," says Mr. Lewis d'A. Jackson, C.E., from whose "Statistics of Hydraulic Works" I draw my facts, "can only culminate in mob rule." Without taking so hopeless a view, I hold that the indifference of the trading masses to everything that is not immediately beneath their noses, and their reluctance to maintain the kind of enterprise by which the foundations of English commerce were established, is a serious matter. Neither capital nor privilege is, under modern institutions, capable of struggling against popular will, and a resolution to withstand all injurious monopoly, and to provide for closest and cheapest intercourse between the different parts of its possessions, is one of the first duties of a free and enlightened people.

THE LATEST ASPECT OF THE HAMPTHEAD QUESTION.

AT the moment when the press of London had taken up the views I have long advocated concerning the acquisition of Hampstead Heath; when arguments, which during years I had been alone in advancing, became common property; when statesmen of position undertook the charge of the measure I had long seen to be indispensable; and when I had rather too sanguinely looked upon my task as at an end, the scheme all but collapses before the conservative apathy of those to whom we entrust the government of our capital. Taking advantage of the first excuse that comes to hand, the so-called Metropolitan Board of Works declines the attempt to obtain posses-

sion of Parliament Fields, the East Park, and Caen Wood, for the purpose of preserving the chief lung of London. I am sorry to repeat what I have more than once previously said. Every one, however, who knows what the public is, how slow to action, and how difficult to arouse, is aware how persistent must be effort before the slightest good is obtained. Once more, then, I say that the public must insist upon the protection of the Hampstead reservoir of air. No less fatal than the destruction of one lung in a human body would be the loss of the land now about to be assigned to the jerry builder. If the Board of Works will not do its duty, and prevent the greatest city of the world from perishing of atrophy, let the Board and its ignominious record be dismissed to oblivion and contempt. It is time that London spoke out for itself. There seems some reason to fear the influence of a species of quasi-philosophic selfishness worse than any fatalism: the argument, "It will last my time, and after me the deluge." Not thus has England been made, and not thus will England preserve her place and her birthright.

FOUNDATION OF A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF WANTON
DESTRUCTION.

THE remarks I have made in recent numbers of *Table Talk* concerning the necessity of societies for the protection of beautiful birds and wild flowers have elicited a welcome response, to the effect that a society aiming at these objects is already in course of formation. My correspondent, Mr. George A. Musgrave, of 45 Holland Park, W., the promoter of this, tells me that he already knows people who have bought little bits of land in various countries, and, having planted them with strange trees and flowers, have left them in charge of kindly-disposed persons. Travellers, cyclists, and others, are, I gather, in the habit of carrying with them the seeds of rare plants to be deposited in places congenial to their growth. A good service is thus rendered, and the occupation, as Mr. Musgrave points out, is at least as amusing as tearing up *Osmunda*. So far as regards one of the plans I advocate a good start is made. In the case of birds, Mr. Musgrave, who has learned the difficulty of enforcing protective Acts, seeks to direct a crusade against all employment of feathers except those of birds used for food, destroyed as vermin, or farmed for their feathers. He is sanguine enough to hope that by a constant series of attacks upon milliners, and upon the silly and uneducated women who wear the feathers of canaries and other song-birds, the fashion can be disgraced. I trust he is right, but I should like to have coercive Acts to fall back upon. It is sad to think that among the enemies of natural beauty are so-called naturalists, who will destroy

rare plants and birds for the sake of enhancing the value of their own collections.

SPECIAL AIMS OF THE SOCIETY.

THE precise objects of the Society Mr. Musgrave supports are to obtain pledges from members : 1st. Not, except for scientific purposes, to buy dead birds of beautiful plumage ; 2nd. Not to shoot rare birds in England, but simply to note their appearance and report it to the nearest Field Society ; 3rd. Not to uproot plants, but, if rare, note and report upon them ; 4th. To protest against the wanton destruction of beautiful places ; 5th. To add to the beauty of the world by the introduction of harmless creatures, by sowing seeds, planting ferns, &c.

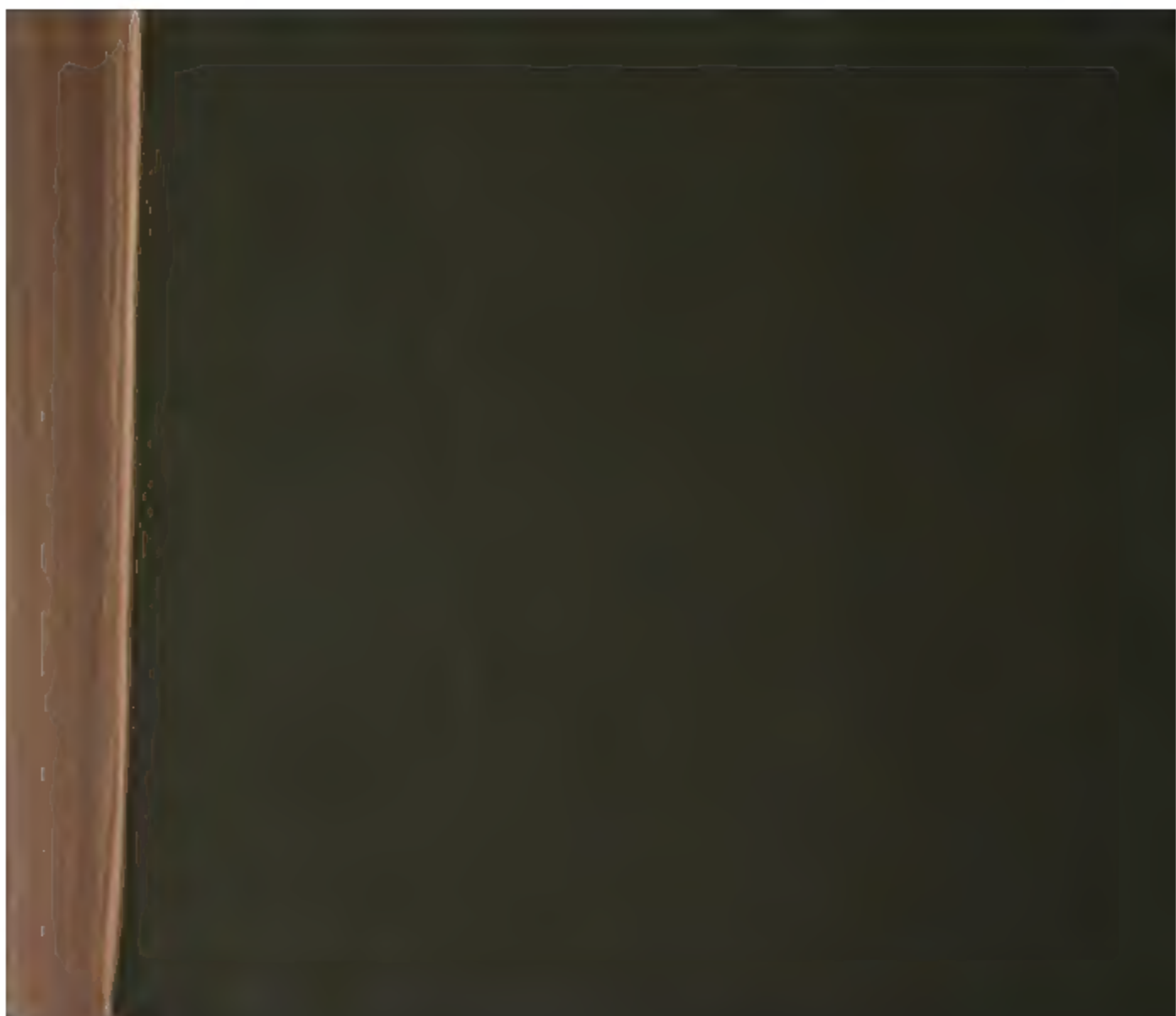
All of which programme I warmly advocate.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE THEATRE ROYAL.

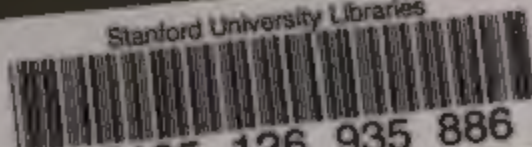
TO the average Englishman, curious concerning his social superiors, not averse from a little scandal pleasantly flavoured and agreeably served, and possessed of a special inquisitiveness concerning the details of Court life—which must always have a certain attraction of mystery—the appearance of a second instalment of the Greville Memoirs, and the probable completion of the work within reasonable space, cannot be other than pleasurable. In no other work to which the public has access is an insight so close afforded into royalty and its appanages. A species of modern Asmodeus Greville accompanies the *bourgeois* Gil Blas on an excursion through England, and not caring to meddle with the house of proletarian or *parvenu*, straps on for him the roof of palace and council-chamber. While the journalist is content to chronicle the drives of royalty, its presence at a place of entertainment, and the speeches of the Minister *in esse* or *per se*; and while the royal biographer or the close ministrant upon the throne speaks “with bated breath and whispering humbleness,” Greville writes with a frankness that to conservative minds savours of downright irreverence. He says of the behaviour of the Queen at a dinner-party immediately after her accession, that “there was nothing to criticize, nothing particularly to admire” speaks of her beginning to show signs of a peremptory disposition; chronicles that after her marriage she and the Prince “went off in a very poor and shabby style”; and depicts her in her early married life as “running in and out of the house all day long.” As with the Queen so with her Ministers, of whom more than one is shown “in his habit as he lived,” and with a paucity of moral trappings that conveys an idea anything rather than impressive of his moral and intellectual configuration. SYLVANUS URBAN.







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